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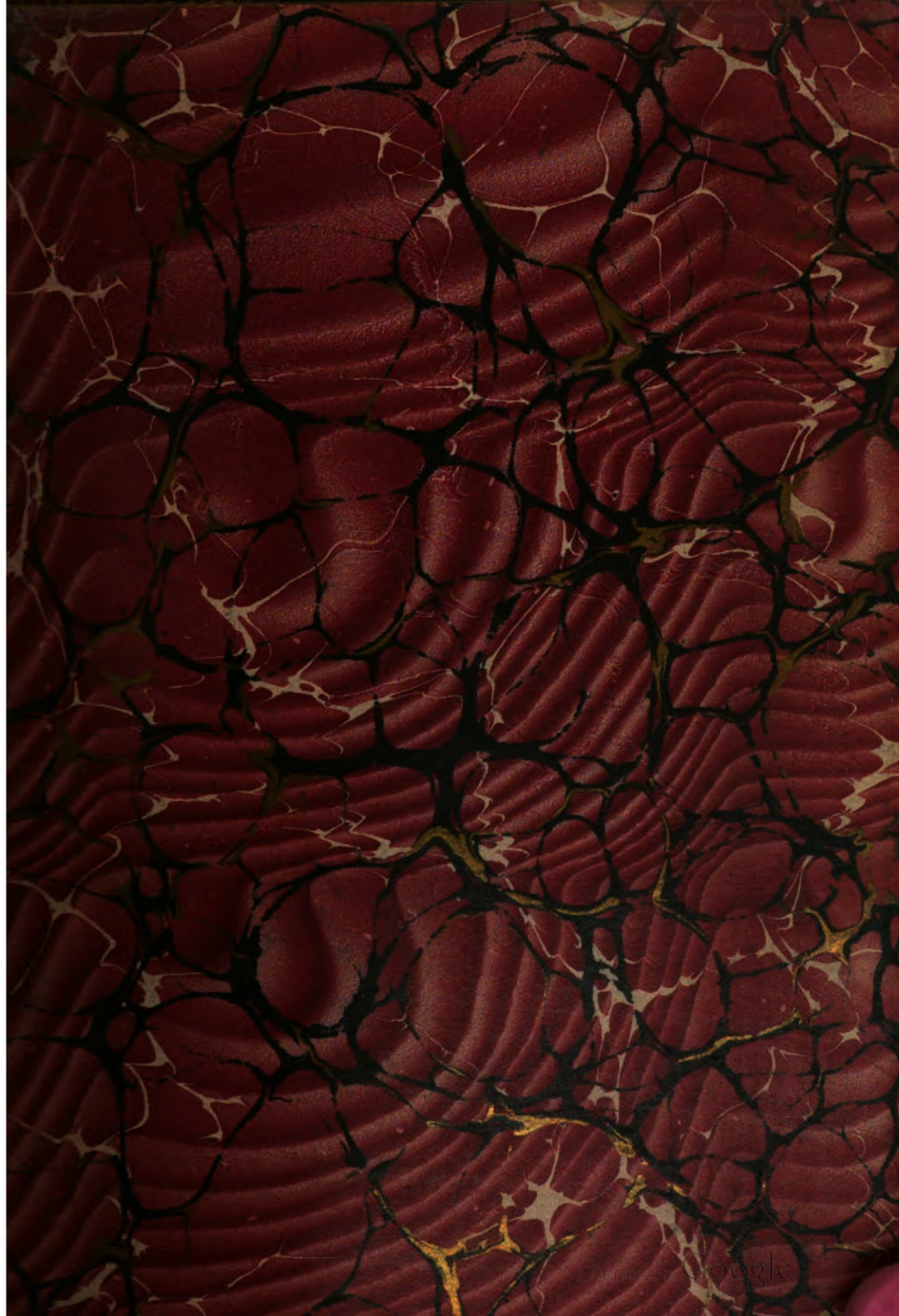
Aunt Judy's Magazine

Alfred Gatty, Horatia K. F. Gatty Eden, H C Andersen,
Juliana Horatia Gatty Ewing, G M Fenn, Agnes ...

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AUNT JUDY'S
CHRISTMAS VOLUME
FOR 1879.

EDITED BY
H. K. F. GATTY.



WITH A COLOURED FRONTISPIECE AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

BY R. CALDECOTT, CHARLES GREEN, F. FLINZER,
AND OTHER ARTISTS.

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* "WE AND THE WORLD" was begun in November 1877, and the whole of Part I. is included in the Volume for 1878. Part II. was reluctantly deferred till 1879, in consequence of Mrs. Ewing's illness.

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"MADMOISELLE, MUST FORGIVE ME."

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MOTHER MOLLY.

By the Author of 'The Rose Garden,' 'Through Rough Waters,' &c.

I.

Waters

MOTHER MOLLY HERSELF.

"A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow,
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now!"—*Jean Ingelow.*

"**T**IS very difficult, Nan, to please everybody."

Mother Molly said this to me one day, I remember, when she and I were standing at the window, and gazing straight before us, where by a little craning of our necks we could see Plymouth Sound, and the grey water coming in with a steady rush as if it never meant to stop. That was one of the things which puzzled us as children; how the waves came on, and never looked as if they were going back again. But as I have said, Molly made this remark, and when she had made it, she gave a little sigh, and both the words and the sigh were so unlike herself, that I left off looking at the sea, and looked in her face instead. It comforted me a good deal that I saw there nothing different from usual. She had small delicate features, grey eyes, darkened by long lashes, very pretty hair, light brown, with a wilful curl which nothing could baffle, and cheeks just tinged with the fresh pink which you see in our Devonshire apple-orchards. Perhaps her eyes had not all the brightness which they generally showed, otherwise she was just the same, so I asked her what was the matter, knowing how seldom it was that she allowed anything to be difficult, but that when she did she never sighed over it. I suppose she saw that I was puzzled, for she laughed, and began to pull up my sash, which was always

slipping down from under my arms, because I was so thin, and then she said, well, that 'twas about Dick.

This left me silent. If it had been anything to do with Harry, who was ten years old, or our baby, who was three: or, still more, the parrot, who had been ailing for the past day or two, I should have been ready with my advice; but Dick was nineteen, two years older than Mother Molly herself, and I could do no more in any matter that concerned him, than listen with the respect which was due from fourteen to her elders, and which, to do Dick justice, he was never loth to accept. And all this Molly understood, so that I knew something must have been hanging heavy on her mind for her to bring the weight of it to me, when Dick was mixed up with it. But though it was she who had begun, she was so long before she said any more, that I grew quite impatient; and she looked so steadily at the dancing waves, all stirred as they were by a fresh south-wester, that I asked her at last if she expected to see the French fleet lying off the harbour. For this was the year 1779, and our minds were very much taken up with expectation of the French.

"I am thinking about them, partly," Molly allowed. "At least if there were no fear of their coming I shouldn't be so uneasy." She broke off again and looked in my eyes—"Nan."

"Yes, Mother Molly."

"You're as wild as a hawk, but as true as steel; you know father always says so. I'll tell you what frightens me about Dick—his thinking so much about that French count."

"But everybody thinks much of him; and Molly, he likes you so!"

She was leaning against the shutter of our little bow-window, and nervously twisting a little forget-me-not ring round and round her finger. And she was looking at it when she answered me.

"I would rather Dick did not bring him to the house, and I have told him so; but of course, he is older than I am, and thinks it hard he can't choose his own friends. And I don't know but what it is," said Molly, with a sudden laugh; "only the truth is, I don't trust M. de Lantenac."

I opened my eyes and stared at her. We were all prejudiced enough against the French, but M. de Lantenac had fascinated everyone. He had been living in England before war broke out, and had stayed on; and his blithe good humour, his charming manners,

and his romantic story, had carried every prejudice by storm. Though it was Mother Molly who said these hard words, I felt quite sure they were unjust, and told her so, pouring forth a string of his perfections.

"There is no one like him," I concluded vehemently.

"No," she agreed sadly. "'Tis no wonder that poor Dick should be taken with his pleasant ways."

"And why not?" I persisted. "Molly, what has come over you?"

Her laugh broke out again, that laugh which was as silvery and bright as our sea looked sometimes in the early morning.

"I only wish I knew, Nan. I wish I had something to go upon wiser than just fancies. And for all that, I don't think they are fancies, I don't. It seems to me that M. de Lantenac asks a great many questions wherever he goes, and that he gets Dick to find out things for him, and that he may be collecting information to be used against us."

"A spy!" I cried out, horror-struck. "Moll, if I thought he were a spy I would kill him!"

She hastily clapped her hand over my mouth.

"For shame, Nan!"

"I would," I said, struggling away from her with my face as crimson as the June roses in a beau-pot on the table. "Father is away, fighting for the king in his ship, and I have heard him say that spies never expect anything but to be shot, and——"

I stopped in my eager rush of words, for Mother Molly's bright eyes made me feel very uncomfortable and rather ridiculous, and with them fastened upon me, I really did not quite know how to finish; so I said lamely and crossly, "But I am sure it is nonsense about M. de Lantenac. Dick says girls are always fancying things, and when he is so kind and has brought me a little box which he made himself, and tells us about his mother and his sisters——"

Something else stopped me again, but this time it was a quick kiss from Molly.

"Never think of it more, then, Nan!" she said brightly. "Perhaps I am doing the poor man an injustice, and at any rate he may learn no more from Dick than from others. Grandfather wants me by this time. And, by-the-bye, poor Loveday is in trouble about her mother, and I have promised to spare her till to-morrow. Will you take out Harry and little Madge for a little while?"

"Harry likes best to go by himself."

"He will go with you if I ask him," Mother Molly said gently, "and I think it is better."

Miss Hallam always said that a fit of heroics left me cross, and perhaps there was some truth in the remark; at all events, I remember that afternoon I was not pleased that Harry should be joined to Madge and me. I had been used to dashing about in an independent sort of way, which my father, in his short home visits, was disposed to encourage, but I think that it troubled Molly, now that I was growing tall and out of my childhood, and Harry, even at ten years old, was always a grave and quiet boy, so that he acted in some degree as a check.

Looking back, I see that I have told something of our five selves, and how we fitted into the family; but a little more must be explained to make us quite intelligible.

Grandfather lived with us, in the first place. He was very old, with a gentle kindly face, all wrinkled with delicate lines, and his hair was white and as soft and glossy as the inside of a chestnut. He was a clergyman, and had had charge of a parish in Exeter for more years than I can say, but at last there came a time when everyone saw that he was too feeble in body and in memory to go on with his faithful work, and then he resigned his living and came to live with mother and all of us. People there were who wanted him to keep it on and to let a curate take the labour, for grandfather made himself very poor by doing this, but he never would listen to their advice for a moment. It brought quite a fire of indignation into his soft blue eyes, as if he had been asked to make merchandize of God's work. And my father spoke out strongly:

"He shall always be free of a berth with you and the children, Anne. But if he held on to the command when he was past giving orders or looking after his crew, he'd be no true father of yours, or servant of his Master's."

So grandfather came very gladly.

I think just at first we were afraid of him. He was feeble, and stooped, and when we made rather more noise than usual, he would look up in a sort of bewildered way which we could not understand. But by and by that wore off on both sides; he was so gentle that the roughest of us could not bear to startle him, and I think he soon liked the feeling of all the young lives about his life, and that the

stir and bustle, instead of annoying, pleased him. He was no great student, but a lover of natural history in every branch, and Molly declares that he grew happier from the moment when he had interested me in his favourite pursuit. It began, I believe, over a black beetle. If there was a creature I feared and hated in the world, it was a black beetle; but when one day I encountered one, and after a loud "Oh!" had rushed at the tongs, and in an agony of fear had managed to destroy my enemy, grandfather's wonder and distress were so great as to cover me with shame. He showed me pictures and told me stories about the whole beetle family until I was obliged to be interested; and to please him, I at last arrived at such a pitch of heroism as to hold a black beetle in my hand. But I shall never forget the creepy feeling it gave me.

When grandfather—Parson Ridley as everyone called him—came to us, no one would have thought that mother would have been taken first. She was like him in her gentleness and her soft sweet face, and never very strong, but she hardly ever complained, so that we took her delicacy as a matter of course, though father sometimes held her at arms' length, and looked at her uneasily. I can see them now, he with his handsome sunburnt face and blue eyes, and the odd old naval uniform with an immensely deep red stock, and she, laughing and flushing rosy red at his scrutiny. He had been away for many months, when our little golden-haired Madge was born, and mother died. She would have us all come in and see her first, though she could do little more than look at us. But she took Molly's hand and guided it feebly to where the baby lay by her side.

"Mother Molly," she breathed faintly.

They were her last words; and that is how Molly came to be called "Mother Molly."

II.

PLYMOUTH SOUND.

"A port so famous that it hath a kind of invitation from the com-medioussness thereof to maritime noble actions."—*John Prince*.

OUR house was at the end of a short row. By this means we had a few more feet of garden than our neighbours, and that little squint of the harbour and of Drake's Island which I have already mentioned,

and of which as a sailor's children we thought a vast deal. A jessamine grew over the house, and was just bursting into flower; and there were tamarisk bushes waving, and old cabbage roses scenting the air, and almost as many shells as stones in the little gravel walk; and the parrot in his cage at the open window of our small dining-room, where grandfather generally sat in a slippery horse-hair arm-chair. Mother had always liked the house because it was airy, and we could get up on the Hoe without having to pass through the narrow dirty streets of the old town; and, besides, the garden, small as it was, was a great outlet and resource for active children who would always be doing something. Harry was knocking some pieces of wood together when I went out, and Madge was sitting on the ground by his side, gravely handing his materials. I had her little hood with me, and tied it under her chin. Harry stood up and looked at his work regretfully.

"Where are you going, Nan?" he demanded.

"Up to the Hoe."

"I wish you would go to Mrs. Harty's instead."

Mrs. Harty was the Miss Harriet Hallam who has been mentioned, and I knew Harry wished us to betake ourselves there, because as soon as he had seen us inside the gates he would have rushed home again, and we might have waited till we were fetched. But I was cross that Harry should be sent with us at all. A little boy of ten years old, indeed!

"No, I shall not go there," I said. "It is very hot, and I shall go where we can see the water and feel a cool breeze. But I can't think why you should come."

"Because Mother Molly told me," he said quietly; and I knew there was an end of it.

So we started, the parrot calling cheerfully after us, "Good-bye, good-bye; say good-bye to Polly. *Allez, allez, allez, méchantes,*" which was what M. de Lantenac had taught him. And we went up to the Hoe.

About ourselves I have had to explain, and to say in the best fashion I could who we were, and what we were like. But everybody knows Plymouth Sound, and how there is no place to equal it all through the world. You climb up from the town, hot and breathless, but on the hottest day a cool freshness of wind meets you as you reach

the Hoe gate; and there below and spreading away to a far horizon, is a great breadth of busy water, catching every puff of wind and every flash of light, with Drake's Island lying across it like a toy, and the beautiful woods of Mount Edgcumbe sweeping down in a green curve on one side. And what with the keen salt smell in the air, and the boats darting in and out of the harbour, and perhaps a king's ship lying in Cawsand Bay—so long as the weather was not rough, when they would be forced to run for Tor Bay,—and the wind meeting one wholesomely in the face, I never knew a place so fit to sweep away the cobwebs, whether of fortune or of temper, from young and old. But I do not know whether I did not love it better when 'twas rough weather, and blowing what the sailors called half a gale. For then there was a roll of mighty waves so strong and forceful that it gave one a strange feeling only to watch them, and the scud would come flying before them, and the foam sometimes be driven right over Drake's Island; and, as it grew dark, far away in the heart of the hurly-burly, a tiny star would shine out from the Eddystone light-house.

And so on this day, the beauty of it all pretty well took away my ill-humour with poor Harry, and though he still held out that 'twas foolish to do no more than walk backwards and forwards, and see the gay ladies and gentlemen do the same, in his heart I don't think he disliked it either, and there was not one of us that could look at the Sound and not feel proud to think of father's ship, the *Invincible*, coming up to Hamoaze with all her sails set.

As for Madge, she had Molly's sweet temper, and seldom troubled her head with wanting what she could not get; and she was soon so taken up with watching two or three little ragged boys playing at French and English, and shooting each other dead twenty times over at least, that she kept us looking at them too, and we did not see M. de Lantenac come close up behind us, until his voice made us turn round.

"But this is charming," he said in his pleasant way, "to meet one's friends here in this so beautiful a scene! And you, Mademoiselle Anne, you do act the part of the good protector."

M. de Lantenac was the only person in the world who treated me as if I were quite grown up, and, strange to say, I rather liked it. I say strange, because when others, without reaching this imaginative

point, made appeals to my increasing years and to the wisdom which they hoped might have been their fruit, I was apt to treat both ends of their argument with scorn. But with M. de Lantenac it was different. There was something in his courtly manners, in the attention he paid one's little speeches, and the general fine air which surrounded him, which seemed to me delightful. I think even now when I look back, that he had a wonderful power of adapting himself to his company, whatever it was. Just at this moment I was startled by Molly's thought, and by his coming upon us in so sudden a fashion, and I could do nothing but look at him as if I expected to see written in his face whether he were a true man or not. And never being quick at hiding what was in my mind, the bewilderment and questioning in my eyes as I stared at him, must have shown him that I had got hold of a doubt, and did not know what to do with it.

"Is anything the matter, dear Mademoiselle?" he asked anxiously.

I stammered out, "No."

"Then you are distressed at something for me. You have heard something. You will tell me, I am sure; you are too honourable to keep it from me."

"It was Molly who was distressed," I said, still looking at him.

His eyes brightened. "For me?"

I did not notice his question. I was quite convinced that he could not have gazed in my face as he did, if he had not been trustworthy. All the villains of whom I had ever read or dreamed, looked down, or askance, or in some direction which proved their villainy at once. But still it might be well to put him to a severe test. "You are not a spy?" I said suddenly.

"A spy!" His eyes flamed, and he clapped his hand where his sword might have been. "If it had been a man!" he exclaimed, and then all his wrath seemed to die out and he made me a low bow. "Mademoiselle must forgive me. I see in her face that it is not she who believes this slander——"

"No, indeed!" interrupted I with eagerness.

"Nor her sister, nor one of those who have been so good to the poor stranger. For the rest I care nothing."

And he waved his hand with such a grand air, that I was near crying to think how Molly had misjudged him. Yet I did not feel easy in my mind, because he seemed to take her trust in him as

much for granted as my own, and I did not like to hurt his feelings by saying otherwise; indeed, I felt sure that when I told her how I had put the question and had an answer, she would have no more misgivings. Still, it made me uncomfortable, and I was glad enough to see Dick sauntering up to us at this point.

My brother Dick was a student at the University of Oxford, but a severe illness had so prostrated him that 'twas thought well that he should come home before term-time began—and he had been with us since May. This coming back had been a great vexation, for he was at the age to look down upon woman-kind—or at the least his own woman-kind—and children. He liked books and poetry, and found none of his own age of a mind with him. For the Plymouth lads, such as there were left, were all afire with the ambition of knocking their enemies on the head, and by way of practice were not unwilling to try the trick upon their friends, and in fact their talk was chiefly of larboard and starboard, and how you might lie across the Frenchman's hawser, and pour in a good broadside, or what each one would do when the volunteers were called out again, and all this had no charm whatever for Dick, who was ready to fight if need was, but thought there were finer things in the world. I could understand him no better than they could, for all my sympathies were on their side, and it always had troubled me that I was not born a boy, and could not be out with father on his ship. And it vexed father too, I think, a little. But as I was saying, with Dick in this mood he would have chafed the more if it had not been for M. de Lantenac. He had read so much and remembered so well, that poor Dick hung on his words with delight, and prided himself upon being above the idle prejudice, as he called it, which in those times treated a foreigner with suspicion. I don't think any of us were naturally of a suspicious nature, and Dick's generosity in this case had a strong liking to back it. As he came up now, M. de Lantenac took the best possible means to enlist it in his favour.

"No, my friend," he said, stepping back and folding his arms; "it is better you do not join me here in public. Mademoiselle, who is goodness herself, has just warned me that there is an impression abroad that I am a spy."

"A spy!" cried Dick flushing, and looking angrily at me.

"Perhaps it is not so to be wondered at. It is not to everyone

that I can lay bare the secrets of my heart. People do not know as you, that this your England in which I have lived so long is become dear to me as if it were my own country. For my France I weep. I see her faults, her crimes, her follies. I am clear-sighted enough to perceive that were she to succeed in her mad enterprise it would be her ruin. I cannot fight against her. No! That would be to demand of me that I should out-Brutus Brutus. But neither can I aid her in her madness. And so, my friend," he went on, with a sadness in his voice which brought the tears into my eyes, "I am a Frenchman, but—for a spy!"

"What fool's story have you been picking up, Nan?" said Dick in a fume, and I was so shocked and hurt to think it could have rested for a moment in my head, that I lost all wish to excuse myself. But M. de Lantenac stepped between us.

"Hush!" he said, putting up his hand, "you must not let your good friendship make you unjust to your sister. If she had not spoken so bravely, how could I have defended myself? I thank her from my heart. You and your dear family will trust me always, I know, and with that I am content. But we must not forget that others are not as you are, above prejudices, and if they see you with me here, they may suppose that you are disclosing to me all the secrets of the dock-yards, of the fortifications, of—I really do not know what it is that you should be telling me! I am afraid I shall never make my fortune as a spy!"

"I will walk with you in the face of the world!" cried Dick enthusiastically. "Why, sir, do you think us so mean as to drop off from our friends because foolish knaves bespatter them with mud? I only wish I knew of something worth the telling, that I might show whether or no I trust you."

And as Dick said it he looked so bright and handsome that I could not help admiring him, and thinking again that 'twas pleasant to be a man, and able to speak when one had the mind. He put his arm into M. de Lantenac's, and held his head higher than usual, and the two walked off together towards the citadel; M. de Lantenac, who all the time that he had been talking with us, had stood hat in hand, making me a deep bow before he moved away.

(To be continued.)

DOGS OF LEGEND AND ROMANCE.

By M. F. O'Malley.

HOSE of us who have had, or have now, some dog friend in whose faithful affection we have absolute trust, must often feel hurt by the disrespectful manner in which dogs are spoken of in the Holy Scriptures. The dog is always mentioned with a mixture of disgust and abhorrence, and his name used as the vilest term of reproach. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" asks Hazael when Elisha foretells his cruelty and ingratitude—a dog indeed! when was a dog ever guilty of cold-blooded treachery?—And, in the last chapter of the book of the Revelation, "dog" is still used as the type of all uncleanness. The Eastern traveller however realises the cause of this Oriental dislike of the dog, as he sees the lean and hungry packs of half-wild dogs, the scavengers of the town, that flit through the streets in the shadows of evening. As in the days of King David, the Eastern dogs still "in the evening . . . make a noise and go round about the city," and Dean Stanley tells us that on the ruins of Jezreel, troops of dogs prowl about and devour the offal thrown out to them just as they did when of old they licked up the blood of Jezebel.

But despite the Oriental loathing of the dog, two dogs have their place in the Mahomedan Paradise together with the ass of Balaam, the camel on which the prophet made his first journey to Mecca, and a few other favoured animals. These dogs are that of Tobit, and Katmir, the dog of the Seven Sleepers. Any child who, on a Sunday afternoon, has turned over the pages of some old illustrated Family Bible, has doubtless pored over the strange apocryphal story of Tobit, and has wished that further mention had been made of the "young man's dog" that accompanied Tobias and the angel on their journey. Some quaint woodcut of the young man, the angel Raphael and their canine companion, is vaguely associated for ever after with the fire-light glow of a winter's twilight, or with the scent of roses and honeysuckle, the golden lights and long shadows, the far-off sounds, and the ineffable sense of peace and rest of a Sunday summer evening

in the country. The dog is never forgotten, either in the illustrations of the old Family Bible or in the miniatures of mediæval illuminators, but he is only mentioned twice incidentally in the text. As Tobit lived in Nineveh, doubtless his dog was of the kind we see represented in the Assyrian bas-reliefs, a large animal of the St. Bernard character, with the tail curled upwards over the back, and with a collar of metal wrought in the form of leaves.

The dog of the "Seven Sleepers" is mentioned in the chapter of the 'Koran' about them called "The Cave." He is a Mahomedan addition to the Christian legend, which runs as follows: In the reign of the Emperor Decius, seven Christian youths of Ephesus, having refused to sacrifice to idols, fled to the mountains and hid in a cave; there they fell into a deep sleep, which lasted for 360 years. At the end of that time (the Roman world being now converted to Christianity), arose a heresy which denied the resurrection of the dead. "Then these youths awoke, and it seemed to them as if they had slept but a single night. Feeling the pangs of hunger, they sent one Malchus of their number into the town to buy bread. He was amazed at seeing crosses over the city gates, and at hearing on men's lips the name of Christ, which but yesterday (as he thought) no one dared speak, and he astonished the townsmen by the manner of his speech and the strange old coins of the reign of Decius which he offered in the baker's shop."

Being suspected of having discovered a treasure, he was taken before the Roman Governor and the Bishop: to them he told his story. "And they were greatly astonished, and saying, 'The hand of the Lord is here!' sent for his companions in the cave. There were found the other six young men with faces fresh and blooming as roses. On being told how long they had slept, they cried out, 'God has raised us before the Judgment Day to the intent that ye might believe in the resurrection of the dead,' and, having thus spoken, they bowed their heads, and their souls returned to their Maker."

In the Mahomedan version of the story the dog Katmir follows his masters to the cave. They try to drive him away, but he is thereupon gifted with the power of speech and says, "I love those who are dear unto God; go to sleep therefore, and I will guard you." So he slept in the mouth of the cave, turning, as his masters did, from side to side that the flesh might not wear from their bones! The Arabs say

of a very covetous person, "He would not throw a bone to the dog of the Seven Sleepers;" and the name of "Katmir" written on a piece of paper is used as an amulet to preserve from dangers in travelling. According to the Turkish tradition Katmir was a shepherd's dog, and as large as an ass. His supposed descendants are greatly prized by the wandering races of Turkistan and the great pasture steppes of Central Asia.

Of dogs of ancient myth which merit equally with Katmir a place in Paradise, the most celebrated is Gelert, whose grave is shown to every traveller through the lovely vale of Gwynant. But despite Bedd-Gelert, and the belief long given to this story as a fact, it has been proved to be but one form of a legend common to the whole Aryan race, and found in the folk-lore of every branch of that great family. The root, or idea, of the myth is that some dumb animal renders a signal service to a man, who misunderstands the act, and kills his benefactor. The Gelert legend can be traced upwards through the '*Gesta Romanorum*' (a collection of stories compiled by a monk of the fourteenth century), to the Arabic tales of the '*Seven Wise Masters*,' which tales were derived through various Hebrew, Greek, and Persian translations from the ancient Sanscrit '*Pancha-Tantra*.'

The legend is almost too well known to bear repetition. The Welsh Prince Llewellyn left his infant son alone in the house under the charge of his noble deer-hound Gelert. On his return he was horror-stricken by the sight of the cradle empty, and the dog with blood dripping from his jaws. The unhappy father immediately rushed to the conclusion that the great hound had devoured his child, and, in his furious anger, killed the dog on the spot. As the poor creature gazed at his master with reproachful, fast-glazing eyes, behold a cry from a corner led the father to where his babe lay unharmed on a pile of skins, while, near by, the dead body of a grim and fierce old wolf showed how the faithful Gelert had defended his charge.

In the '*Gesta*' the enemy is a serpent, and the story is told as follows:

A knight named Folliculus had a greyhound and a falcon, whom he loved next to his infant son. One day there was a tournament, to which went, not only Sir Folliculus, but also his wife and all the servants, leaving the baby in the cradle, with the greyhound beside

him, and the falcon on a perch over-head. Encouraged by the silence of the castle, a serpent crept out of its hole and was about to devour the child when the falcon fluttered her wings till she awoke the dog, who instantly attacked the reptile, and, after a fierce conflict, killed it. The brave dog, who was sorely hurt, now lay down by the cradle to lick his wounds, when the nurses came back, and finding the cradle overturned on the ground and the dog covered with blood, concluded that he had eaten the child. They rushed to meet the mother, and told her what they supposed to have happened, and she, in her turn, told the dreadful news to her husband. As, maddened with grief, the knight entered the house, the faithful wounded dog made an effort to rise and meet his master, but was received on the point of the sword and fell lifeless to the ground. Scarcely had this happened when the infant was discovered to be alive and unhurt, with the dead body of the serpent beside him. The knight now saw what had taken place, and lamenting bitterly over his noble dog, "*blamed himself for having believed the word of a woman.*" He abandoned the career of arms, and vowed a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he spent the rest of his days in peace. The monkish hit at the wife is amusing, and is an invention of the authors of the 'Gesta.'

In the Sanscrit 'Pancha-Tantra' the attacker is a serpent, and the defender a mungoose, and in all the different versions of the story both the invader and the faithful animal vary, the main idea only being the same.

The Rev. Charles Williams, however, in his dog-anecdotes, gives an account of a modern 'Gelert,' for the authenticity of which he vouches. Whether true or not, it is such a touching story that it cannot be passed by.

A French merchant was travelling on horseback with a large sum of money tied in a bag on the saddle before him, while his dog, who accompanied him, was frisking, jumping, and barking about the horse in especially joyous spirits. After riding for some distance, the merchant alighted from his horse to rest in the shade, laying the money by him under a hedge. On his remounting, the dog followed him, crying and howling, and at last began to bite the legs of the horse. The merchant now suspected that the dog was mad, and, as the creature's distress and agitation appeared to increase every moment feared lest he should be bitten, and thought it necessary to fire at and

kill his poor companion, then, spurring on his horse to avoid the sight of his favourite's death, he rode on full of sorrow.

Presently he discovered that he had lost his bag of money, and, turning back to look for it, found traces of blood all along the road as far as the hedge where he had rested, where, beside the treasure, lay the too-faithful dog, who had dragged himself to that fatal spot, and was guarding to the last the property to the loss of which he had vainly attempted to call his master's attention. The noble, loving animal was fast bleeding to death, but was just able to wag his tail and lick his master's hand before he died—leaving the merchant to curse the money which had cost him the life of such a friend.

The story of the dog of Montargis, though related as a fact by Montfaucon, is probably a legend of the same kind as that of Gelert, only true in its main idea—the faithfulness of a dog, and his revenge on the murderers of his master. The story is as follows:

In the reign of Charles VI. of France, one Aubri de Montidier was murdered in the forest of Bondy by an enemy called Macaire. The murderer buried the body in the forest and went away well satisfied, knowing that no human eye had seen the crime. But Montidier's dog, who had vainly tried to defend his master, now stretched himself on the grave, never leaving it save once a day when he ran into Paris to the house of Montidier's dearest friend where he obtained food. As soon as his hunger was satisfied he immediately returned to his post. At length this daily appearance and disappearance excited curiosity; the dog was followed, the ground upturned, and the corpse discovered. The animal now attached himself to his master's friend, but, whenever he saw Macaire, growled and flew at him, till at last suspicion was excited that Macaire was the murderer. According to the custom of the time the matter was put to the ordeal of combat, and the dog being the accuser, the fight was between man and dog. The trial took place in the Île de Notre Dame, in the sight of an immense crowd of people. The man was armed with a club and shield, the dog had a tub in which to retire when weary. The combat lasted so long that Macaire, worn out by fatigue, fainted, and on coming to himself confessed his crime.

A striking story of the same kind is told by Evliya Effendi, a Turkish traveller of the seventeenth century. A certain Haji Aivad was murdered on his way to Mecca by some Arabs, who buried the body at

Honain. The Haji's dog remained with the murderers, and accompanied them to Damascus, at which place he attracted the attention of passers in the streets by pulling at their clothes, and then barking and growling at the Arabs. These latter were consequently seized and searched, and Haji Aivad's sling, hatchet, letters, and bloody dress found among their baggage. Thus convicted, they were hanged in the market-place, and the faithful dog, lying beneath the gallows, breathed his last, having avenged his master. Evliya Effendi adds that it is still a proverb, "To yell like the dog of Haji Aivad."

There is also a Persian version of this story, and besides these, Oriental tales in which a dog is the discoverer and avenger of a crime. St. Ambrose, so early as the fourth century, tells us of a murder at Antioch which was detected by a dog, and a story of the same kind is related as having happened in the time of Charlemagne. Sir Walter Scott in the '*Talisman*,' makes the noble hound Roswal the accuser of the traitor who tore down the banner of England. Held in a leash by his disguised master, Roswal watches defile past all the chivalry of the Crusade, till Conrade of Montserrat rides by, when, with a savage yell, the dog flies at his throat and tears him from his horse. But it is doubtless unnecessary to remind our readers of such a dear dog-friend as Roswal, as important a personage to those who turn over the magic pages of the '*Talisman*' as his master Sir Kenneth or as Richard the Lion-heart himself.

Such a hound as Roswal was greatly prized in the days of chivalry, and we always picture to ourselves the knight "slow-pacing on his battle steed," with hawk on his wrist and hound by his side.

Of the dogs of mediæval romance one of the most celebrated is "Cavall," "King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth." One of the Breconshire mountains is still known as Carn Cavall, and there may be seen in the rock an oval indentation supposed to be the print of Cavall's paw, while hunting the wild boar of Troynt.

A pathetic story of a dog's faithful affection is told in the old romance of Sir Thomas Mallory—the '*Morte d'Arthur*.' Queen Isolt the Fair had a little brachet, (a greyhound), that Sir Tristram had given her when first she came to Cornwall, "and never would that brachet depart from her." When Sir Tristram, (who had gone mad), had been captured in the woods and brought to the castle of Tintagel, none there knew him, so changed was the wild man of the woods

from the once gallant knight. Even the fair Isolt herself can only vaguely say, "Me seemeth I have seen him heretofore in many places." But though the woman's instinct may fail, the dog's does not. No sooner does the brachet see him than it leaps upon him, licks his face, "whines and quests and smells at his face and hands," so that Queen Isolt cries out, "Alas! I see it is mine own lord, Sir Tristram!" Then Queen Isolt swooned away, and so lay a great while, but when she might speak she said, "Blessed be God, ye have your life! And now I am sure ye will be discovered by this little brachet, for she will never leave you." Sir Tristram had been restored to his senses by the first sight of his ladye-love, and now promises to take her advice and quit the dangerous neighbourhood of his enemy King Mark, (in whose castle he now was), and to seek the court of King Arthur. "Then the Queen departed, but the brachet would not, from him, and therewithal came King Mark and others, and the brachet *sat upon Sir Tristram and bayed at them all.*"

Elsewhere we hear how, when Tristram and Isolt were dead, and brought to Cornwall to be buried together, this dog watched upon their grave, "and would neither eat nor drink, and so died."

In Southey's poem, 'Roderick,' "the last of the Goths" is not recognised on his return by the mother that bore him, but his dog "Theron" follows him, and, throwing his arms round the faithful creature, he exclaims:

"Thou Theron, thou hast known
Thy poor lost master, Theron—none but thou!"

A similar instance of a dog's recognition of his changed master is given in a touching passage of the 'Odyssey.' When Ulysses, aged and worn, and disguised as a beggar, comes to the door of his old home in Ithaca, even his faithful servant Eumæus does not know him; but poor, half-blind, decrepit old Argus is not to be deceived.

"He knew his lord; he knew and strove to meet
In vain he strove, to crawl and kiss his feet;
Yet, (all he could), his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul—
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole.

* * * * *

The dog, whom fate had granted to behold
 His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
 Takes a last look, and having seen him, dies;
 So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!"

Pope's Homer's 'Odyssey.'

And thus died this first dog celebrated in old romance.*

There are some famous dogs in the old Icelandic Sagas. One is Samr, given by Olaf the Peacock to Gunnar. "'He is,' said Olaf, 'huge of limb, and for follower equal to an able man. Moreover, he has a man's wit, and will bark at thine enemies but never at thy friends. And he will see by each man's face whether he be ill or well disposed towards thee. And he will lay down his life for thee.' Then he said to the hound, 'From this day forth follow Gunnar, and help him what thou canst.' So the hound went to Gunnar, and lay down at his feet and fawned upon him."

Samr could not prevent his master's murder, but he died in his defence. "When the party of Gizur came near the homestead, Samr lay watching on the low roof, and as Thorkel the bond came into the court, the dog flew at him and so tore him that he died. But Osmund of Trollaskog smote Samr on the head with an axe, so that it pierced the brain, and the dog, with a great and wonderful cry, fell dead on the ground."

That grim northern hero, Olaf Tryggvason, who made Norway Christian by the might of the sword, had a famous dog called Vigr, who played in his part in that last great and terrible sea-fight wherein, as some chroniclers say, Olaf perished, while others hold that he departed to some unknown and mystic region, to return, like Arthur, Holger the Dane, and other heroes, at his country's greatest hour of need. Throughout the battle Vigr lay by the great mast of the king's long ship the 'Long Serpent,' and Olaf, clad in glittering armour and scarlet kirtle, stood all day shooting on the gangway, his faithful follower Einar beside him. At last a Laplander, in Eric Hakonson's ship, aimed at Einar and shot his bow in the middle, so that it broke in two parts. "What was that," said King Olaf, "that

* Do our young readers remember one of the most pathetic of Mr. Briton Rivière's wonderfully sympathetic and tender studies among beasts—"The death of Argus"? But those who saw "the dying eyes" of Ulysses' faithful hound, as the artist has imagined them, are not likely to have forgotten the picture.—Ed.

broke with such a loud snap?" "Norway, king, from thy hands," replied Einar; then, throwing aside the broken bow, he took sword in hand, for now Eric's men were boarding the 'Long Serpent,' and the fight was hand-to-hand. In the confusion of the struggle Olaf disappeared, and was seen no more, and Einar went up to the great hound Vigr and said, "O Vigr, we have lost your master!" Vigr sprang up, leaped overboard, and swam to land. There he crouched himself on the top of a green hillock that overlooked the bay, refusing to eat though food was brought to him in plenty, and though he drove away from it dogs and birds of prey; and there he died, starving himself to death for love and grief. Most vivid is the picture the old chronicler gives us of Olaf's grand and glittering figure amid the hail of arrows, and of the noble hound lying mournfully beside the waters of the gloomy Norwegian fiord, the sea-gulls screaming round him, and the wild sunset of the North lighting with fire the dark waters and sombre pines as the dog listens and yearns for his master's step and voice.

At this same period, (the tenth century), the fierce pirates of the North were in the habit of making constant descents on the western coast of Scotland. Not content with burning, ravaging, and plundering, they built forts on the sea-coast, where they kept a supply of men and provisions, so as to have a constant footing in the country. The commander of one of these forts, over which floated the Black Raven banner of Denmark, had a famous dog, known in Gaelic tradition as "*Cu dubh*," or the black dog. Dog-fights were amongst the favourite pastimes of the savage Danes, and this dog had killed no fewer than two hundred and fifty of his canine fellow-creatures. His owner, (who is known to tradition as "Master of the Black Dog," or as "Chief of the scarlet vestments"), had accordingly an inordinate pride in him, and challenged the whole country-side, both Danes and native chiefs, to match him with their dogs. For a long time the challenge remained unaccepted, but, at last, it was taken up by a certain Gaelic chief, who possessed a dog called "Galman-Car," which afterwards became celebrated as being the mother of the famous Bran. A day was fixed for the combat of the dogs, and a place chosen for the purpose, called "the lawn of meeting." At a given signal the dogs were let loose, and flew at each other with fury, but, so evenly were they matched, that the fight remained for a long time indecisive. At last Galman-

Car became the victor, and the Dane's black dog was killed. Bitterly disappointed and grieved was the "Chief of the scarlet vestments," and sadly he returned to the fort of Barichaboan, where he buried the body of his favourite, placing over the grave a massive stone pillar, which remains to this day.

More famous than Galman-Car is her son Bran, the dog of the Gaelic hero Fingal. In the so-called "translation of the poems of Ossian" by Macpherson—a mixture of Gaelic poems and traditions with modern invention,—we are told how when Fingal had a great hunt in which a thousand dogs took part, a deer fell by every dog, but three by the "white-breasted Bran." "Call," said Fingal, "call my dogs, the long-bounding sons of the chase. Call white-breasted Bran, and the surly strength of Luath." A vivid picture is drawn of Bran lying on the broken shield of one of Fingal's slain companions. "He had missed the chief on Mora, and searched him along the wind. He thought the blue-eyed hunter slept; and now he watched his sleep, while the spear gleamed bright from the withered furze, and the moon shone on the hero's broken shield."

Isolated masses of rock on the western coast of Scotland are still known as "Bran's pillars," and one of them near Dunolly Castle is said to be the stake to which Fingal tied up Bran during his own fight with a "chief of the black Danes." Bran is said in Highland tradition to have died after a fight with "Thorp," the dog of a Sutherland chief, whose heart Fingal tore out in revenge, and then buried his favourite under the heap of rocks known to this day as "Cairn Bran."

The Irish version of this story, (for the legends of Fingal are Irish as well as Scotch), is very curious. It relates that in a fight between Fuenvicouil (Fingal) and the Danes, the battle continued so long, and the result appeared to be likely to be so indecisive, that both parties agreed to abide by the issue of a fight between Bran and a certain "*Cu dubh*," or black hound belonging to the Danish chief. The dogs fought on the top of a great rock in Connaught till they tore the very stone under their feet to fragments, reduced it to powder, and then trampled it hard again—(a delightful specimen of Irish exaggeration). The victory seemed likely to be with the "*Cu dubh*," when bald-headed Conal, who knew that the secret of the Danish dog's strength lay in his name being unknown, *turned his face to the*

East and bit his thumb, a rite whereby he became possessed of the power of divination, and thus of the strange hound's name. Therewith he shouted it to Bran, and the black hound lost his magic strength and was straightway killed by his adversary.

A legend of County Clare also describes the final disappearance of the canine hero as taking place in a small lake called Tier-mac-Bran. This lake is wild and picturesque enough to be the scene of a romantic story: high limestone cliffs surround it, on one of which are perched the ivy-covered ruins of an old castle, while the cliff immediately opposite has for many years been occupied by the eyry of a falcon. No streams can be seen to flow in or out of the lake, whose dark sullen waters are said to be of unfathomable depth, and, though they swarm with fish, nothing will tempt the peasantry to cast a line into the "haunted lake." Its legend runs as follows:—Once upon a time Fuenvicouil (Fingal) went out with his attendant chieftains to hunt upon the heath-covered sides of Mount Callaw. A noble hart, snow-white, with horns and hoofs of gleaming gold, was started, and eagerly did the chieftains urge their hounds in pursuit. Hour after hour passed on, and still the deer sped on with unabated vigour, while, one by one, hunter and hound dropped off exhausted from the chase, till none were left save Fuenvicouil and his matchless hound, the snow-white Bran. And now, just as the sun was setting, the wondrous hart reached the edge of the cliff where now stand the ruins of the castle. A moment's pause, and the deer, followed by the gallant Bran, sprang over the cliff into the waters below; but no sooner had the hart touched the water than it vanished, and, in its place, appeared a lovely lady, clad in white, who laid her hand on the noble hound's head and submerged him for ever. The cliff from which the dog sprang is called Craig-a-Bran, while the lake and the castle are Tier-mac-Bran (corrupted into Tiernach Bran), or the lordship of Bran.

While on the subject of legendary dogs, we must not forget Mrs. Malaprop's "three gentlemen at once!"—Cerberus, the fearful three-headed dog, which guarded the entrance of the classic Hades. The belief in Cerberus, like many other Greek and Roman myths, lingered in mediæval superstition. Dante places gluttons in the third circle of the 'Inferno,' where they lie prostrate on the muddy ground, beaten down under a perpetual rain, mixed with great hailstones,

sleet, and snow, while over them stands Cerberus, with crimson eyes and sharp claws, tearing and rending the unhappy ones, and barking so that it were well to be deaf.

Ovid, in his 'Metamorphoses,' describes how Scylla was changed by Circe's enchantments into a foul monster:

"She finds herself adhere
To backs of monster dogs, a maiden fair."

And Milton has taken this same idea in his awful description of sin:

"About her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing bark'd,
With wide cerberean mouths, full loud, and rung
A hideous peal."

In fact, many popular superstitions mark the dog as not only unclean but terrible—an incarnation of that which

"Well may I guess, but I dare not name;"

and of this character are those strange hunting-hounds which are met with in the folk-lore of so many different countries.

A widely-spread superstition makes the belated traveller through some great forest, or over wild moorland or mountainous country, see a ghostly hunt sweep past him, or appear as an awful vision in the midnight sky. Doubtless this legend had its rise in the effect produced on the excited imagination of the benighted wanderer by the strange shapes of the clouds scudding before the wind, and the shrill screaming of the wild-fowl taking wing to fly either north or south on spring or autumn nights.

The ancient Greek saw and heard Artemis hunting with clamour at night through the Thessalian woods; and, far in the wild North, the Finns see the "*Gannried*," or "Ride of the Spirits," in the sky, and when the Aurora shines in the dark winter nights they

"Know by the streamers that shoot so bright,
That spirits are riding the northern light."

The Celtic form of this legend is found in Wales in the "*Cron Annwyn*," or "Dogs of Hell." The Welsh peasant hears the voice of these spirit-hounds on stormy nights mingling with the hurtling of the tempest. They hunt lost souls through the air; and when they

appear to anyone, portend death or disaster. They are black, with eyes and teeth of fire, and jaws dropping gore; and, says the Rev. Edmund Jones, who described them with a firm belief worthy of a better cause, "It is to them the Psalmist referred when he said, 'Deliver my soul from the power of the *Dog*.'"

These "Couriers of the Air" (as they are also called) are sometimes accompanied by a female fiend, called "Malt-y-nos" (Malen of the night), the Hecate of the ancient Britons.

It is to some version of this legend that Milton refers where he speaks of the hounds that

"Follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipses at their charms."

And Shakspear, in 'The Tempest,' makes Prospero and Ariel set spirits in *the shape of hounds* on Caliban, Trinculo, and Stefano—Mountain, Silver, Tyrant, and Fury "hunting soundly" the wretched victims.

In Staffordshire there is heard in the air a sound as of a pack of beagles in full cry, which is supposed to be the wailing in the air of the souls of unbaptised children, condemned to wander there as a pack of hounds until the Judgment Day. They are known as the "Gabriel Hounds." In point of fact, the superstition has originated in the strange yelping cry of the bean-geese which winters in this country.

In North Devon also the souls of unchristened infants howl in the air as the "Yeth" or "Yell Hounds," while over the wild moorland scenery of Dartmoor hunt the "*Wish Hounds*," large and rough, with fiery eyes, followed by a tall dark figure, with a hunting-pole in his hand and a horn slung round his neck, who is known as "The Master." A person once passing at night over the moors above Withecombe, saw the ghostly pack sweep through the valley below him with a great cry and shouting. When they reached the ancient earthwork of Hembury Fort, "The Master" blew a great blast on his horn, and the whole company sank into the earth. A woman who lived in a lonely cottage once saw the "Wish Hounds" enter her open door and sweep round her kitchen. She recognised, (but *how* it does

not appear), in one of them a neighbour who had lately died, and asked him "What he did there?" whereupon he replied, "Why should not my soul wander as well as that of another man?"

To see this ghostly hunt is a warning of danger, and even to hear the distant cry of the hounds likely to be followed by misfortune. In some places a piece of bread is put under the pillow of the baby's cradle to prevent the "Wish Hounds" from devouring the sleeping child; this custom being evidently a relic of the days when it was customary to keep a piece of the sacramental wafer in the house as a preservative against the powers of darkness.

In Cornwall the spectre-huntsman with his pack is known as the "*Devil and his Dandy-dogs.*" A poor herdsman was journeying homeward across the moors one windy night, when he heard at a distance among the tors the baying of the Dandy-dogs, and presently, oh, horror! they gained so on him that he could distinctly see the hunter and his hounds. The former, terrible to look at, had the usual characteristics of saucer-eyes, horns, and tail, was tall and black, and carried a hunting-pole. The dogs, a numerous pack, blackened the neighbouring moor. They snorted fire and yelped in the most frightful manner. No cottage, rock, or tree was there for shelter, and the wretched herdsman sank on his knees in awful terror and prayed aloud. Thereupon the Hell Hounds stood still, howling more dismally than ever, and the huntsman shouted, "*Bo shrove I!*" "which," said the peasant who told the tale, "means in the old language *the boy prays,*" at which huntsman and pack disappeared.

The apparition of a dark figure with pole and horn following a pack of hounds haunts Windsor Park, under the name of "Herne the Hunter," and in the Forest of Fontainebleau is known as "*Le Grand Veneur*" (the Great Huntsman), many parts of the forest being named after him. The Duke of Sully, in his *Memoirs*, relates that King Henri IV. disbelieved in this spectre, until one day, in the summer of 1598, he saw it himself—a gigantic black man surrounded by hounds!

In the north of France this ghostly chase is known as the hunt of the "*Maisne Hellequin.*" Hellequin is said to have been a Norman knight, ruthless in sacrificing his vassals to his love of hunting; and all who, like him, are regardless of mercy and justice, must after death join his train. The wickedest of the company is hunted as the

stag, the others have the shape of dogs, while Hellequin himself rides a black steed with fiery eyes. No one must call to the fiendish train as it sweeps through the forest at dead of night, for a mighty witch accompanies the hunt, and will tear the luckless wight in pieces who dares betray his presence. The "Wild Huntsman" of the Harz Mountains was also a cruel and profligate lord, who indulged in his passion for the chase without regard to the crops or even the lives of his vassals, or of the holy days set apart by the Church. He is firmly believed in by the peasant of the Black Forest, and many ballads have been written on this legend. The following is a translation of one of Tieck's poems:—

"At the dead of the night the wild huntsman awakes
In the deepest recess of the forest's dark brakes;
He lists to the storm and arises in scorn,
He summons his hounds with his far-sounding horn.
He mounts his black steed; like the lightning they fly,
And sweep the hush'd forest with snort and with cry.
Loud neighs his black courser; hark! his horn how 'tis swelling;
He chases his comrades, his hounds wildly yelling.
Speed along! speed along! for the race is all ours;
Speed along! speed along! while the midnight still lowers;
The spirits of darkness will chase him in scorn
Who dreads our wild howl and the shriek of our horn.
Thus yelling and belling they sweep on the wind,
The dread of the pious and reverent mind;
But all who roam gladly in forests at night,
This conflict of spirits will strangely delight."

There is a delightful ballad of Bürger's called 'Der Wilde Jäger,' of which Sir Walter Scott has given us a translation, or rather an imitation, but it is too long to be quoted. In the notes to Scott's poem he tells us that once as a benighted Chasseur heard this infernal chase pass by him he could not refrain from calling out, "Good sport to ye, Falkenburg!" (the Wildgrave Falkenburg is the name of the Wild Huntsman). "Dost thou wish me good sport?" answered a hoarse voice; "thou shalt share the game!" and there was thrown at him what seemed a huge piece of foul carrion. The daring huntsman lost two of his best horses soon after, and never recovered the effects of this ghostly greeting.

In the south of Germany, it is Dietrich of Berne who is supposed to

lead the chase. In Denmark, King Waldemar's spirit hunts at night in the woods of Gurre, near Elsinor, as a punishment for having once said, "If God will leave me my Gurre, He may keep His Heaven to Himself!" and, near Sleswig, the peasants say that on stormy nights King Abel, the fratricide, hunts through the forest with the blast of horns, the neighing of steeds, and the cries of hounds. The Swedish "bonder," however, still keeps a lingering tradition of the mighty god of his forefathers, and exclaims, "Odin hunts!" when he hears in the darkness the strange screaming of the sea-fowl. The belief is not extinct that he who then invokes Odin will become possessed of wealth, while in Mecklenburg the peasants throw corn in the air for Odin's, or Woden's, horse Sleipnir, chanting meanwhile a rude verse:

"Wode! Wode!
Hohl deinen Rossen nu voder,
Nie distel und dorn,
Aechter Jahr, bäter Korn."

There is a Swedish popular tale known as * 'The Three Dogs,' of which several versions are current in different provinces. The story relates with variations how a shepherd-boy delivers three princesses from the interior of mountains, where they have been shut up by the Trolls. This he does by the aid of his three dogs, called in the different versions "Hold," "Tear," and "Quick-ear;" "Snipp," "Snapp," "Snorium;" or "Break-iron," "Strike-down," and "Holdfast." In the South Småland story the dogs are given to the boy by a huntsman on a tall horse, who, according to popular belief, was none other than Odin himself.

There is no doubt that the dark master of the "Wish Hounds" and the other "Wild Huntsmen" are all vestiges of the tradition of Woden. When Christianity gradually conquered heathenism in the different European countries, it did not destroy the belief in the old gods but placed them amongst the powers of darkness. Thus Odin All-Father came to be degraded to the position of the huntsman-fiend of popular tradition with his wolves turned into phantom-hounds. Our Scandinavian and Teutonic forefathers believed that the "Einheriar," or spirits of those slain in battle, passed every evening, led by Odin on his horse Sleipnir, through the golden gates of

* See Thorpe's 'Yule-tide Stories.' (Bell & Sons.)

Valhalla (the Paradise of the Brave), to amuse themselves by hunting or by fighting with each other. When the hour of the feast arrived, those who had been killed in the fight came to life again, mounted their steeds and rode back to Valhalla, where they feasted on the flesh of the wild boar, Sæhrimner (which, eaten every day, came to life again every night), and quaffed the horns of ale and mead.

It was this hunting and fighting of the Einheriar which the old German or Norseman thought he saw in the storm-clouds, and which has been perpetuated in the modern legend.

But, besides the hounds that hunt at night, are other spirit-dogs famous in folk-lore. Such is the "Mauthe Doog" of Peel Castle in the Isle of Man, the apparition of a large black spaniel, with curly hair, which at night was said to haunt the castle, and especially the soldiers' guard-room, disappearing down a passage into the chapel at break of day. A story is told of a soldier, rendered foolhardy by drink, who insisted on following it, "to try whether it were dog or devil." He came back "sober and silent enough," never spoke again until his death, which occurred three days afterwards, whereupon the passage was blocked up, and the "Mauthe Doog" never seen again.

Here is a curious story from 'Notes and Queries':—In the parish of Dean Prior is a narrow wooded valley, through which runs a streamlet that, in two or three places, falls into cascades of great beauty. At the foot of one of these is a deep hollow, called the Pool of the Black Hound. Its story is as follows:—

There once lived in the hamlet of Dean Combe a weaver of great fame and skill. After a prosperous life he died, and was buried, but lo! the next day he appeared sitting at the loom in his chamber, working diligently as when he was alive. His sons applied to the parson, who went accordingly to the foot of the stairs, and heard the noise of the weaver's shuttle in the room above. "Knowles," he said, "come down; this is no place for thee." "I will," said the weaver, "as soon as I have worked out my quill" (the "quill" is the shuttle full of wool). "Nay," said the vicar, "thou hast been long enough at thy work; come down at once." So when the spirit came down the vicar took a handful of churchyard earth and threw it in its face, and in a moment it became a black hound. "Follow me," said the vicar, and it followed him to the wood. When they came there it seemed as if all the trees in the woods were coming together, so great

was the wind. Then the vicar took a nutshell *with a hole in it*, and led the hound to the pool below the waterfall. "Take this shell," he said, "and when thou hast dipped the pool out with it, thou mayst rest—not before." And still at midnight the black hound may be seen at its work.

In a family in the East of England, the apparition of a black dog is said to portend the death of some member of the family, and there is a very universal belief among superstitious people that the persistent howling of a dog is an omen of misfortune or of death. In the poems of Ossian, when one of the heroes dies, his dogs become aware of it, however far off they may be, and howl lamentably all night; and the same idea is current among the Indian tribes of America.

Another curious superstition is to be found among the Esquimaux. When a child dies, a dog is killed and buried at the head of its grave; for, as a dog can find its way anywhere, the dog's soul will be able to guide that of the helpless infant to the land of spirits.

Of a better reputation than the spirit-hounds of which we have spoken, were those that always appeared in the visions vouchsafed to devout worshippers of the hunter-saints, St. Eustace and St. Hubert. "Whereby," says an old chronicler, "we may suppose that all good hounds shall follow their masters to Paradise." Both the above-mentioned saints were great huntsmen, and converted while following a snow-white hart with a golden crucifix between its horns.

The feast of St. Hubert is on the 2nd of November, and on that day the church, which is all that is now left of the famous Monastery of St. Hubert, is crowded with pilgrims who come to obtain a blessing on themselves and their dogs, and to procure the small cakes of bread which, blessed on the shrine of St. Hubert and St. Roche, are supposed to avert canine madness from the kennels during the year; and here, also, are brought persons actually suffering from hydrophobia, or who fear an attack of it, to be cured by the miraculous stole of the Saint, which was brought to Rome by an angel at the time of his consecration by the Pope.

The descendants of St. Hubert were also supposed to have the power of curing hydrophobia by the imposition of hands, and in 1649 one George Hubert, attached to the household of Louis XIV., received permission, *de part le Roi*, to perform in this manner any cures in his power.

The church of Luisé, near Soissons, possesses some relics of St. Hubert, and to this church pilgrimages are also made on the 2nd of November, when the following quaint old rhyme is chanted :

“Saint Hubert glorieux,
Dieu me soit amoureux ;
Trois choses me défend :
De la nuit du serpent ;
Mauvais loup, mauvais chien,
Mauvaises bêtes enragées
Ne puissent m’approcher,
Me voir, ni me toucher,
Non plus qu’étoile au ciel.”

The local tradition says that neither man nor beast has ever been attacked by hydrophobia within the limits of this commune.

St. Hubert was Bishop of Liége for some time, and after his death was enshrined there, his relics only being removed a century later to St. Hubert’s Abbey. I well remember, in my childhood, the great fair which took place in Liége on the 2nd of November, and the gilt gingerbreads I bought there representing dogs, wild boars, stags and other appurtenances of the chase.

The monastery of St. Hubert, in the Ardennes, had, for a long time, a breed of dogs supposed to be descendants of those owned by their patron, and much prized for the chase. In the ‘Lady of the Lake’ we hear how FitzJames had

“Two dogs of black Saint Hubert’s breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath and speed.”

This reminds us that we must not take leave of our subject without some mention of Sir Walter Scott’s dogs. What lover of the Waverley novels does not feel the dogs therein described as distinct personages as their masters—Roswal, in ‘The Talisman,’ drawn from the author’s own beloved Maida ; Harry Bertram’s little Wasp, and all the generations of Mustard and Pepper in ‘Guy Mannering ;’ Ban and Buscar brushing the dew off the lady-fern in ‘Waverley’—are they not all enshrined in our hearts, inhabitants of that fairy-land to which the “Wizard of the North” gives us the key.

No less vivid as portraits are the dogs of Scott’s poems. For instance, the lines in ‘Lady of the Lake :

“See Stumah, who the bier beside
His master’s corpse with wonder eyed.

Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
 Could send like lightning o'er the dew;
 Bristles his crest and points his ears
 As if some stranger step he hears."

But we must not linger over Sir Walter's dogs, nor have we time to speak of our other canine friends in fiction, tempting as it would be to do so; and we will therefore bring this paper to a conclusion with Bob Jakin's advice to Maggie Tulliver, in the 'Mill on the Floss': "Hev a dog, Miss? They're better friends nor any Christian. Lons! it's a fine thing to have a dumb brute fond on you; it'll stick to you, an' make no jaw!"

AUTUMN SONG.

I.



THE summer wastes and wanes away,
 The leaf grows crisp and brown and sere,
 And slowly nears, each shortening day,
 The shortest of the year.
 Yet weep thou not, fair child and gay,
 For leaves must sprout and leaves decay;
 The autumn's blight, the winter's sway,
 Not long will stay,
 And spring returning bring once more
 The beauties back thy tears deplore.

II.

And if thy heart in future years
 Should yearn for childhood's fairer days,
 And oft reflect in grief and tears
 That joy with time decays,
 Oh! yield thee not to phantom fears
 Which blind the eyes and cheat the ears;
 Be sure, though dark the world appears,
 In brighter spheres
 Our God will give thy heart once more
 The youth and joy thy tears deplore.

ARTHUR E. WAITE.



UNPROVEN COURAGE,

From the German.

ON a lovely moonlight night in the middle of June, a light open carriage drove down a grand avenue of lime and birch trees that led to an old manor-house in the province of Livonia. Harness-bells, which there serve to distinguish between post carriages and private ones, broke the silence merrily.

In the carriage sat, or rather stood, a boy of fifteen, whose eyes

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were intently fixed on the house in front of him, eagerly watching for some sign that his coming was noticed, or for the sight of a familiar face. And not in vain, for the sound of the bells reached the servants' hall, and before the carriage had time to draw up at the door, an old servant stood there waiting to greet Oscar with a smiling face of welcome.

"Can I believe my eyes, young sir? Is it really you who have arrived at this late hour without giving notice of your coming? Can it indeed be you, Master Oscar?"

"Yes, Petruschka, I am really myself. Do you think it likely that I should stop away at school a moment longer than I was obliged to? No! not I; and the holidays began rather sooner than we expected. But, I say, is there no one at home?"

"No one but the servants. Your father, the Baron, has not yet come back from the Landtag at Riga, and the Baroness has gone away, for three days, on a visit in the neighbourhood."

"What! My father and mother away, and all four carriage-horses out too. But I suppose that my dear old pony is in the stable anyhow. Tell me, how is Tuckum the fox getting on,—and the grey mare,—and how are the colts? They ought to be fit for light work by this time."

Thus eagerly inquiring after everything that seemed most lovable to his boyish heart, the handsome, well-built lad walked into the old hall; a large low room decorated with ancient weapons, armour, and many a finely-antlered red deer's head, all of which he had not seen since his last summer holidays.

"If it were not so late, Petruschka, I should like above all things to run out to the stable this very moment and give the old pony a kiss. But I'm afraid it must be nearly midnight, and hark! the cuckoo-clock in the dining-room is striking half-past eleven."

"Yes, indeed," answered Petruschka. "It is half-past eleven, sir, and much too late to go out to the stable. But would you not like to have some tea?"

"No, thank you, I had tea at the last post-house, as I thought it very likely that I should find you all in bed and asleep; so light me up to my room, and then we can tell one another all the news."

The old servant, who had known and dearly loved her young master from his earliest childhood, took him through the music-room to his own bed-room, which led out of it.

"Let us go out on the verandah for a few moments," said Oscar. So Petruschka unbolted the French windows which opened on to it.

They walked out together into the bright, clear, Northern summer night, 'which at this time of year is no darker than our earliest summer twilight, and filled with intense pleasure at finding himself, after twelve months' absence, once more in his dearly-loved home, Oscar drank in the delicious smell of the wild cherry-blossoms and elder-flowers, which there bloom later than with us, and often both together.

"Tell me, have the storks come back?" asked he, looking up at a large chestnut-tree in which they always built.

"Yes, young sir; they came back, and there is a very curious story about them."

"What has happened? Tell me."

"Well, first came the mother-stork, as usual, and sat on her nest, waiting patiently for her mate. Heaven only knows what became of him, whether he was shot, or whether some other accident happened to him on his journey from the South; but he never appeared. It seemed very likely that the mother-stork would die of hunger, as she never stirred from her nest day or night. So we fed her by handing up frogs and other things in a long cleft stick, and whenever she was hungry she screamed out to us. After having waited in vain for her mate for more than a fortnight, she disappeared, and the nest was left empty for two days. On the third morning we saw a fresh pair of storks circling above us in the air, then they flew down and one took possession of the deserted nest, and began to sit, whilst her mate flew away in search of food. But not long after, the old solitary mother-stork came back to her nest, and we were summoned to the window by loud and angry screams, and the noise of flapping wings, and we saw a bloody fight going on up there by the nest. The stranger-stork flew at a young one that was just hatched, and deliberately stabbed it with her beak, so that it fell dead at the foot of the tree. When the mother-stork saw this she left her bleeding young one where it lay, soared circling up into the air, and returned no more; but the new pair remained."

"Petruschka! Petruschka! Are you telling me hunters' tales? That story sounds rather too marvellous to be believed."

"No, sir; it is perfectly true."

The old nurse now turned to go in, but Oscar hung back, listening to the nightingale, whose voice gave a mysterious life to the deep stillness around. He waited there looking at the weird light of the moon glistening coldly on the silvery stems of the birches, but at last reluctantly dragged himself away, remembering how late it was, and went into his own bed-room. When he got there he sat on the edge of his bed and opened his heart to his old nurse and friend. He told her that he was now in the second class, and that therefore his schooldays would be over in two years and a half. "And then! then!" cried he, his eyes bright with excitement, "I will go into the cavalry. What a glorious life it must be when one can ride every day! And, who knows? perhaps a great war may break out, and if so, I feel an inward certainty that I shall distinguish myself in it; or I may be sent out to the Caucasus, or to Tashkent, to fight under General von Kaufmann. But be sure of this, until I have accomplished something that my father and everyone shall be proud of, until I have become a hero, a celebrated man, never will I sit down in ease and idleness under my ancestral roof-tree!"

"For heaven's sake, my dear young master, do not talk of war. Your good mother, and all of us, would be ready to die of anxiety if we knew that you were in danger and far away. We have only to see how well you sit a horse, and to know how kindly you deal with the servants and labourers, in order to be assured of your courage. You need not kill a lot of people to convince us of that."

"Indeed, Petruschka, you are wrong! Unproven courage is no courage at all," cried Oscar, stretching himself on his bed. "You have often said that I am kind-hearted, but I can tell you that if anyone ever dared to insult me, I should never rest until I had taken full vengeance."

"Dear! dear! young master, how can you have such wicked and terrible ideas in your head, and on the first evening of your return home, too! You should rather be thinking of returning thanks to God for having escaped the dangers of travelling by day and by night, and being safely housed here with us. Now, good-night, God bless you, and send you quiet rest."

With this Petruschka shut the door, and five minutes later Oscar was in bed, and asleep as sound as a top, only disturbed now and then

by dreams of flying Tcherkesses, whom he pursued on a coal-black steed, and struck down without mercy or pity.

Suddenly he was awakened by a strange noise. He rubbed his eyes. Was he still asleep and dreaming? No, he was quite sure he was awake. Again that very odd noise. Someone seemed to be pressing heavily on the latch of the door, and grumbling and grunting at it in a very odd way. Then the thing seemed to press harder and heavier on the fastening, till at last the door burst open.

Oscar knew that he was alone on this floor—all the servants slept below. He felt his blood run cold, in spite of the dreams of heroic courage which his imagination had painted in such lively colours a short time since.

But what on earth was it that he saw coming in?

An enormous bear, clearly visible in the bright Livonian summer-night, strode very solemnly into the room; it stood erect on its hind legs, growling gently to itself and swaying its body from side to side. It looked and sniffed about as if searching for something, and then softly and cautiously took its way towards Oscar's bed.

Oscar's hair stood on end with terror, and beads of cold sweat broke out on his forehead as the monster came nearer and nearer.

Had Petruschka forgotten to close the French windows in the music-room, from which a flight of steps led down to the garden, and had the wild beasts in the forest, close by, now become so bold that they dared to come inside the house without fear?

Nearer and ever nearer came the bear, swaying its head from side to side—just then the cuckoo-clock struck twelve. A half-formed train of thoughts crossed Oscar's brain. Did ghosts ever take the form of animals? But no. How could a ghost growl in such a natural manner? No. It was reality—naked, horrible reality. Then Petruschka's last words came back to his memory. "Rather thank God that you have arrived among us safe and sound." But he had forgotten to do so. Would the all-merciful God now punish him so severely for that one fault, that in a few moments his young life, with all its heroic aspirations for the future, would come to an end?

Ever smaller grew the space between him and the monster. Thoughts raced with lightning speed through the boy's fevered brain. In a few seconds all the stories he had ever heard about bears came into his head; how men had escaped from their deadly embrace by

shutting their eyes, and holding their breath as if they were dead. But now there was only a pace between him and the growling beast, and he, shuddering and trembling, watched the bear raise itself up and stretch out its huge paws towards the bed—then—all his plans about shutting his eyes and pretending that he was dead were scattered to the winds, and the poor boy hid his head like lightning under the bed-clothes.

But what did it mean? He felt nothing, no deadly clutch of those savage-looking fore-paws; though Oscar still heard the enemy growling away close to his head.

What an age those few seconds seemed to him! At length he plucked up courage and moved the clothes very gently to get a breath of air, and then cautiously peeped out; when, to his amazement, he saw the bear turn to the spare bed which stood at the foot of his own, and begin to roll up the bed-clothes and pillow into a bundle. It then squeezed them, together with its powerful fore-paws, and dragged them quietly towards the door.

With every step that took the bear further and further from him, Oscar's presence, and peace of mind returned more and more, and when at last he heard the growling well outside in the music-room, he drew a deep breath, and felt that a spark of his old heroic courage still smouldered within him.

He got up very gently and crept towards the door, wondering all the time what on earth the bear could want with bed-clothes and pillows. He locked his door hurriedly, and then peeped through the keyhole, and, behold! the bear had placed its stolen goods on one of the divans that stood against the wall of the music-room, just as if the regular cushions were not soft enough, and was turning round and round on the divan, like a dog making a bed, and evidently meant to make itself quite comfortable and curl itself up for a good night's rest.

The boy watched all these proceedings quite rigid with astonishment, and then, after having again made sure that his enemy was securely locked out, he rushed to the bell and rang it violently for help.

It was a long time before anyone came to answer the bell, but at last Petruschka appeared, sleepily rubbing her eyes.

"Oh, Petruschka, I have passed such a terrible night!" cried the

excited boy. "It is a miracle that you did not find me dead!" and he poured forth in glowing language a vivid account of all the horrors he had gone through.

Petruschka listened attentively at first, but gradually an amused expression stole over her face, and at last she could contain herself no longer, and just as Oscar came to the climax, she burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

If Oscar had been astonished at the behaviour of the bear, he was hardly less so at that of Petruschka; but as soon as she could find words she said, "The fact is, young sir, that nobody expected you to return so soon, and in the middle of the night, like this. Your father, the Baron, has been looking forward to your coming home, and he had arranged a little surprise for you. The bear was caught in the woods about this time last year, just after you left for school. It has grown very large, but at the same time so tame that it is allowed to go about anywhere, and it constantly plays with the men outside and the dogs. It has even learned to open doors very cleverly. The Baron has often pictured to himself your face, the first time the bear came gravely in to breakfast, according to its custom. And although I could not help laughing just now, yet I am really very sorry you have been so badly frightened by our tame bear."

Oscar's face during this recital would have been a curious study as it went through the various changes from excitement to astonishment, and from them to shame and self-reproach.

When the old nurse had finished her story he cried, with a burning face and broken voice, "Petruschka, I will confess something to you that I would not have admitted to any other living soul. Never till now did I feel what fear meant; but to-night, during five minutes, which seemed as long as eternity, I learned to know it only too well, and I shall never forget the sensation as long as I live. I felt so utterly helpless with the wild beast, as I thought it, that, had I been able, I would have run away out of the room and hidden myself like a coward."

"Don't be ashamed of yourself on that account," answered Petruschka; "many another man would have done the same in your place." And she wished him good-night and left him.

Oscar turned and tossed on his bed for many a weary hour that night before he went to sleep. In his heart of hearts he saw clearly

that his courage had not stood proof, and from his lips rose the neglected thanksgiving for his protection from all evil.

He never forgot the lesson, and when in after years he became a brave soldier and celebrated man, his favourite saying was, "Unproven courage is no courage at all, but all true courage comes from trust in God."

HOW NICE IT WOULD BE!

"**H**OW am I ever to get this room tidy?" said Ada to her brother, with a disconsolate sigh, as she looked first at the table covered with lesson-books, and then at the floor which was strewn with toys.

"How nice it would be if our books and things would put themselves away when we have done with them, instead of our having to do everything. I wish you would help me, Freddy," she added impatiently, "instead of lying on the floor."

"How nice it would be," echoed Freddy, without offering to stir, "if the bell would ring itself at meals, and the letters go to the post alone."

As these little errands generally fell to Freddy's lot, he spoke feelingly.

"It would save us a great deal of trouble, if things were not so helpless," continued Ada, who was of an indolent disposition, and disliked exerting herself in any way. Just then she heard the rattle of tea-cups, and was obliged to quicken her movements and clear the table, but she could not help thinking to herself, "How nice it would be for Jane if the cups and plates would arrange themselves on the table, and if the knife would cut some bread and butter."

So full was her mind of this idea, that, as she was preparing for bed, her nurse exclaimed:

"How slow you are, Miss Ada; do you expect your brush and comb to come to you?"

Ada thought that nurse must have read her thoughts; she bestirred herself accordingly, and soon got into bed and fell asleep. She was aroused by a violent jerk which precipitated her on to the floor, and

opening her eyes, she found that it was broad daylight, and the clock was striking seven.

"So," she thought, "my bed has actually turned me out on to the floor; how very disagreeable! I hope this isn't going to happen every morning. However, as I am out of bed, I may as well get up."

She proceeded to dress herself, surprised at the alacrity with which each garment offered itself in turn; and she would have been dressed in unusually good time if she had not taken up a story-book, and become so absorbed in the contents that she was quite startled by the ringing of the breakfast-bell.

She hastily took up her brush, smoothed over her tangled hair, and ran downstairs, without observing that she was pursued by her comb, which was vainly endeavouring to attract her attention.

"Why do you bring your comb down to breakfast, Ada?" said her father.

"What a tangle your hair is in!" exclaimed her mother; "you had better go and make it tidy at once."

Ada was only too glad to escape from the room with her pertinacious comb, which she used so diligently that it was persuaded to remain in its drawer for the present.

She returned to the breakfast-room just in time to see Freddy (who was very late) enter the room, closely followed by his tooth-brush.

The poor boy got very little breakfast, as nearly all his time was occupied in trying to conceal this importunate article, which kept placing itself continually before him.

When Ada entered the schoolroom, she found all her books waiting for her in a row. Her geography and French—both of which she had forgotten to learn—made themselves particularly conspicuous. She carried them quickly back to the shelves, hoping that they would be forgotten, and then sat down to her other lessons.

She thought her plan had succeeded, when, to her great annoyance, she saw the two books place themselves open before her governess, who, finding that Ada could not say a word of them, kept her an hour longer than usual to learn them.

By this time Ada was heartily tired of being waited on so assiduously, and only wished that she could make everything remain in its place till she wanted it.

At dinner-time she was much disgusted to find a piece of soap by

the side of her plate, in the place of her bread, which reminded her that she had forgotten to wash her hands before coming downstairs. She was obliged to run up and do it at once, in order to get rid of her soap; and on coming down again, she was reproved for being late so often.

Ada retired to the schoolroom after dinner in rather a desperate state of mind. She knew that she ought to sit down quietly and learn her lessons for the next day, but she was feeling rather cross and particularly idle, and so, hearing her brother's voice in the garden, she ran out to him. But as she sprang down the steps, she caught her frock upon a projecting nail, and a gaping rent was the consequence. Ada had no idea of giving up her play to mend her frock, so after sticking in a few pins, she was running out again, when she found herself surrounded by the contents of her work-box. The cotton wound itself round her feet, the thimble placed itself firmly on her finger and refused to be moved, and the needles attacked her on all sides. Ada sat down despairingly, and was obliged to spend the long fine afternoon in needle-work.

Just as it was finished, she found that it was time to dress for tea, and was a little cheered by remembering that her mother was expecting some friends to spend the evening with them.

"I do hope I shall have a little peace and enjoyment now," thought poor Ada, as she went down to tea in her white frock and pink ribbons. For a little while she quite forgot her troubles, but in the course of the evening, she sat down in her father's arm-chair. She was particularly fond of arm-chairs, and had no sooner settled herself comfortably, than the conscientious chair leant forward and quietly landed her upon the floor, to her great disgust, and to the extreme amusement of the guests.

No other mishap occurred until Ada's bed-time, when her eye suddenly fell upon a pile of lesson-books, conspicuously arranged among the ornaments on the table by which she was standing.

Ada remembered with a pang that she had entirely forgotten to prepare her lessons for the next day. What should she do? It would never do to get into disgrace again—so she took her books, and concealing herself behind the sofa, tried to learn as fast as she could, expecting every moment to be discovered and sent to bed.

Presently an unusual light shone upon the page of her book, and

looking up in some alarm, she saw her bedroom-candle presenting itself before her, prepared to light her at once to her room. Ada thought this candle would certainly lead at once to her discovery, and tried in vain to blow it out; the flame only waved about, flickered, and burned more brightly than ever. As she leaned over it in her efforts, her white muslin frock caught fire, and in an instant she was enveloped in flames. She succeeded in extricating herself from her corner, after setting fire to the muslin curtains—and rushed screaming into the middle of the room, to the utter amazement and horror of the assembled company. Her one idea was to escape, and resisting with violent struggles all efforts made to help her, she rushed wildly from the room and up the stairs.

By the time she had reached her own room, flung herself upon the bed, and covered herself with the clothes, as a last hope of extinguishing the flames, her strength was quite exhausted.

She lay still, overwhelmed with misery and nearly stunned with the ringing of bells, the cries of her brothers and sisters, and the direful confusion she had caused.

At last the sounds ceased, and Ada ventured to open her eyes. Daylight was streaming in at the windows, the noise and bustle, the terrible fire, all had vanished. She was safe and unhurt in bed, and nurse was standing by her side.

"The bell rang five minutes ago, Miss Ada," she said, "and I have been knocking at your door and calling you for such a long time, that I came in at last to see if anything was the matter."

"Those must have been the sounds I heard in my dreadful dream," thought Ada, as she got up with a sense of unspeakable relief. She looked round the room, and from the sight of her clothes on the chair, her books on the shelves, her soap in the soap-dish, and her work-box shut and locked, she derived a pleasure which she had never before experienced from so simple a cause.

She did not tell her dream to anyone, but it was not without its effect. That morning, as she and Freddy were getting out their school-books, she astonished her brother with the remark, "How delightful it is to do everything for one's self!"

A. L. H.



THE WEARY PILGRIM TO HIS SOUL.



N golden wings of faith and prayer,
 Oh, troubled soul! arise!
 Awhile forget thine earthly care,
 And lift to heaven thine eyes.

Oh, weary clay! with toil beset;
 Lo! fast declines the sun,
 And eve draws nigh; then faint not yet—
 Thy race will soon be run!

Oh, heart! perplexed by words that lie,
 And deeds of impious wrong;
 Be still thy cry to God on high,
 “*How long? Oh, Lord! how long?*”

Yet not in vain is trial sent;
 In vain no soul hath striven:
For duties done with pure intent
Make plain the way to heaven.

And e'en as gold is purified
 In fire from earth and dross,
 So every heart is proved and tried
 By its appointed cross.

Ah, then, my soul! rejoicing go,
 Refreshed upon thy way;
 And faithful still, in weal and woe,
 Cease not to “*Watch and Pray!*”

And when thy labours here shall end,
 And thou shalt quit the clod,
 My soul! wouldst thou with Christ ascend?
 Go,—*tread the path He trod!*

H. S. E.



LANDMARKS IN THE HISTORY OF CIVILISATION.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS AND THE RELIEF OF THE POOR.

“OR the poor shall never cease out of the land ; therefore I command thee saying, thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land.” So spoke the great Hebrew lawgiver, “in the plain over against the Red Sea, between Paran and Tophel,” and other places, about fourteen hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, and considering that the same social question of pauperism, and how to deal with it, has been before the world in all countries for so very long a time, it is perhaps remarkable that so many mistakes have been made in recent times in connection with the subject, and that the experience of the world has not before this found out a more complete and satisfactory method of dealing with the question than at present prevails. The object of the last series of questions was to draw attention to this important subject, and rapidly to inquire how it has hitherto been dealt with in different countries at different times.

In ancient Greece, when wars were frequent, the families of the soldiers fell into a state of poverty. Consequently State relief to the poor in Athens first took the form of a provision for those who were mutilated in battle, in the shape of an allowance or pension, and provision for the children of soldiers who lost their lives in battle, in the shape of maintenance, education, and instruction in some business up to the age of eighteen. This system of State relief attributed generally to Solon, was afterwards extended to the old, infirm, blind and sick poor, any person possessing less than three minæ being entitled to petition the senate for the allowance, which varied at different times from one to three oboli a day. In times of scarcity recourse was had to the expedient, which has since been followed in other countries, of selling corn to the poor at very low prices, or even giving it away. Again, the expedient of encouraging emigration, so much recommended by modern political economists to our own government, was adopted in Greece chiefly by the advice of Pericles. In this way the surplus

population was dispersed to found colonies, the State granting a free passage and other small relief to each emigrant. But apart from the system of State relief and the private charity which prevailed in Greece to a large extent, the poorer citizens formed themselves into societies, analogous to our "mutual benefit" or "friendly" societies, called *Eranoi*. Their principle seems to have been a sort of insurance against poverty, each member subscribing a small sum and becoming as a member entitled, in case of need, to ask for a loan out of the common fund.

The *Leges Frumentariæ* of Roman times were remarkable, as showing to what evils the abuse of laws originally meant to serve a good purpose may lead. They were part of the scheme of agrarian laws introduced by the Gracchi. By the second Sempronian law of Caius Gracchus, the *Lex Frumentaria*, the senate was to provide corn for all Roman citizens, to be sold at the public stores at a price considerably below market-price, the loss being borne by the treasury. Various enactments on the same subject were introduced by subsequent leaders, who used the reduction of the bread-rate as a popularity-cry, by which to serve their own political purposes. The abuse became so great that Cæsar, on becoming Dictator, found that 320,000 citizens were monthly receiving each $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of corn from the State for nothing. Augustus attempted to remedy this abuse, but the seed once sown was never eradicated, and during the latter times of the empire the cry of the idle populace was for "bread and circuses."

So far in Roman history the system of State relief for the poor had not been successful. With the introduction of Christianity into Europe, a new method of dealing with the pauper question arose. From the reign of Constantine in the Roman Empire the duty of providing for the poor was handed over to the clergy, who were at the same time richly endowed for the purpose. Traces of actual poor laws are to be found in the Theodosian Code and the novels of Justinian, but the Church took the matter up. Councils impressed upon the Church to divide her income into four parts, between bishops, clergy, poor, and Church fabrics. The clergy were told to exhort the laity to give money for the purpose of providing for the poor, and, generally speaking, the relief of the poor passed into the hands of the Church. But in some countries in Europe, traces of the modern system of State relief for the poor were showing themselves during the Middle

Ages. In Sweden the duty of relieving the poor was considered to belong to the relations of the poor person. A system of poor relief by boarding out, authorised by the Church, was adopted. In the Netherlands in the fourteenth century, rich foundations for the relief of the poor existed, and stewards were appointed to attend to their interests. In Belgium, at Yprès, in 1530 A.D., collections were ordered by the magistrates to be made, and voluntary offerings to be given by the rich for the relief of the poor.

In England, also, the duty of providing for the poor after the decline of feudalism, devolved upon the Church, and it was not until a comparatively late period that the State undertook the relief of the poor in any way. It is true that there are statutes respecting the poor even as early as 12 Rich. II. (1388), but all the earlier efforts in poor-law legislation had merely the restraint of vagrancy as their object. "Sturdy beggars" were to be whipped, mutilated and even put to death as felons. Impotent beggars were to be sent back to the "hundred" where they had last dwelt for three years, and were to beg there and nowhere else. The magistrates were to assign a district in which such poor people might beg. It was not until the twenty-seventh year of Henry VIII.'s reign that an Act was passed converting voluntary charity into compulsory payment. The head officers of every parish to which the impotent or able-bodied poor had been assigned by the magistrates, were to keep and receive the poor, so that none should be compelled to beg openly; money for the purpose was to be raised partly by the head officers of towns and churchwardens of parishes, and partly by collections in churches; alms-giving outside the town or parish being prohibited, under a penalty of ten times the amount given. By a subsequent Act the collectors of alms were to "gently ask" everyone for contributions to the weekly relief of the poor. In 1563, "Good Queen Bess" put rather more pressure on her wealthy subjects. By an Act of that year any person able to contribute, and refusing, was to be summoned by the bishop before the justices at sessions, and if he then refused the justices were to tax at their discretion, and in default of payment commit the offender to prison until he did pay. Power was given to the magistrates to assess for the relief of the aged and impotent poor previously to the Act of 1601 (43 Elizabeth, c. 2), which for the first time dealt with the whole subject as a State matter apart from any duty of the Church or private

individuals. Overseers of the poor were to be appointed with power to raise weekly, or otherwise, by taxation of every inhabitant of lands, houses, tithes, coal mines, &c., money to provide materials to set the poor on work, and sums for the relief of the lame, blind, old, and impotent. The overseers were further to build poor-houses for the reception of the impotent poor only, and to bind children chargeable to the parish as apprentices. The magistrates were to assess persons for the relief of a child, grandchild or parent. This Act of Parliament was in force until 1834, when the board of Poor Law Commissioners were appointed under the Poor Law Amendment Act. During the interval, abuses had crept into the system, and the old poor law was said to be pauperising the country. In 1795 relief was given, in the shape of flour, to each family in the parish, to meet the pressure caused by the high price of provisions! The system of outdoor relief to able-bodied paupers was found not to work, and the amending Act was passed which provides for the appointment of a central board of Poor Law Commissioners, and gives power to unite parishes into unions for poor-law purposes, to be managed by guardians who are elected annually by ratepayers. The system of paying wages out of the poor rates is discontinued, except in very extraordinary cases as to which the commissioners are judges, and relief to able-bodied paupers is only given within the walls of the workhouse. This last was a most important provision. Parish outdoor relief was not disagreeable to the able-bodied "sturdy" beggar, who, however, objects to be put to work inside the workhouse, while having to live in more or less restraint. So at once during the winter months the workhouses were relieved. Whereas farmers used to discharge their labourers for the winter, who then fell upon the parish, the labourers, finding they could get no parish relief without entering the workhouse, refused to work in the summer and spring for a master who would not employ them in the winter too, and thus compelled the farmers to give them work in winter, and relieved the rates of their burden. The better education of workhouse children has been another benefit of the amending Act. But the question is not yet fairly grappled with. It is true that the rates may have been relieved of burdens which formerly took the form of parish relief, and the workhouses are not now so full as they used to be under the old system; on the other hand the vagabond class would not seem to have diminished, and it is a question whether the country, while escaping

from giving relief in the old form of parish-relief, is not relieving the same class of society in another way by supporting the vagabond class in the gaols of the country.

The lines which were eventually adopted in the poor laws for England, were to some extent foreshadowed in the attempts which were made in early times to stem the evil. The establishment of Bridewell by Edward VI. as a house of correction, a mixture of hospital, prison, and workhouse, where juvenile delinquents were sent as apprentices; the foundation of St. Thomas's Hospital as a refuge for the sick poor by the same king, and the institution of Christ's Hospital on the foundation of the old Grey Friars monastery, all point to the fact that the State was beginning to recognise the necessity of providing work, education and medicine for the indigent classes. But these institutions, although large in one sense, were insufficient to grapple with the evil, and nothing short of general taxation by means of poor rates could give the requisite relief.

It was not until the year 1836 that attention was seriously turned to the state of the poor in Ireland, and the necessity for an Irish poor law was made apparent. The wretched condition of the Irish peasantry was due to a combination of causes: a redundant population, woeful cultivation, an absentee gentry, political agitation, low prices, and no means of emigration, are mentioned as some of the chief causes. A commission was appointed to inquire into the condition of the poor in Ireland, and the report of Mr. Nicholls, who was at the head of it, shall speak for itself. "Capital has increased in Ireland, but population has increased still more, and therefore the great body of the people remain wretchedly poor. The extreme subdivision of land tends to the same result; the soil, fertile as it is, becomes exhausted by incessant cropping. There being no legal provision for the destitute, and the subdivision of the land into small holdings, having destroyed the regular demand for labour, the occupation of a piece of ground is to the peasant the only means of subsistence. He cannot obtain a livelihood as a day-labourer; he must get a plot of ground on which to raise potatoes, or starve. Mendicancy is universal, and has therefore ceased to be disgraceful. At present the burden of the poor falls entirely upon the poor; the higher classes generally and the absentees entirely escape [it altogether. The poor at present are the sole providers for their own necessities, each out of his little

holding. Hence the agrarian outrages to prevent their being deprived of them, and hence the kind of famine which annually occurs in Ireland between the going out of the old crop and the coming in of the new." There were 585,000 heads of families, who for seven months in the year were without employment, with persons dependent on them to the number of 1,500,000. No less than 567,000 persons had no land, and lived in summer by occasionally getting sixpence a day wages, and in winter by begging. In July 1838, the Irish Poor Law Bill became law, and by the end of 1840 about 140 unions were appointed, and a number of large workhouses erected for the paupers. "It is impossible," says Alison, "to overestimate the importance of this great healing measure for Ireland."

Scotland, like England, at the Reformation had experienced the immense evils arising from the suppression of the streams of charity which had flowed from the walls of monastic establishments. An Act similar to that of the 42nd of Elizabeth for England was passed in 1579, which should have been sufficient, but the administration of the law was left to the very persons who were to bear the assessment, the heritors and kirk session who sat in judgment on each claim for relief. The result was that, though they did not absolutely resist all claims for parochial relief, they doled it out with so sparing a hand, that, practically speaking, it was no relief at all. So long as Scotland was a purely agricultural and pastoral country, this state of things did not produce the evils which might have been anticipated. The landlords were generally resident, the collections at the church doors liberal, and the peasantry so proud as to endure any privations rather than apply for public charity. But with the rise of manufactures and towns, things altered, and in 1845 a new and effectual Poor Law for Scotland was passed, differing chiefly from the English law in making no provision for the *able-bodied* poor. Great fault has been found with the legislature for this omission, which was probably unintentional, creating as it does a painful and undeserved distinction between the situation of the poor in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

In France before the Revolution there was no adequate provision for the poor in the country. Amongst other causes which led to the outbreak of the working-classes at that time was "the want of any legal provision for the poor in the country, which drove the working-classes in undue proportion into the towns, where the numerous and magni-

ficent hospitals and establishments for the relief of suffering promised to afford that succour which they could not find in their own districts."

Previous to the Christian era we find but few traces of public provision for the sick poor in Europe. There were indeed public buildings for the aged women of Delos built on the island of Rhene; other buildings were erected near the Temple of Æsculapius for sick persons coming in search of health. Antoninus founded a similar institution at Epidaurus. The Taberna Meritorum was the resort of invalids at Rome, and there was a hospital on the island of the Tiber at Rome to which sick slaves were taken; but the beginning of hospitals arose after the spread of Christianity. The great hospital of Cæsarea was endowed by the Emperor Valens and was of immense dimensions. In the ninth century there were twenty-four hospitals in Rome alone. The first foundling hospital was established at Milan A.D. 787, and a lazaretto about the same time in Constantinople. The Hospital of Chrysostom at Constantinople became notorious, but space forbids an extension of the list. In Smith and Chetham's 'Dictionary of Christian Antiquities,' under the title "Hospital," a list of the most important early hospitals may be found. Whereas at first the science of physic was practised by the monks as part of their general duties, new orders and societies soon were formed who devoted themselves to nursing the sick. The orders of St. Basil, St. Augustine and St. Benedict all had a third class attached to them, who made nursing their special duty. The order of Hospitallières for the same purpose was established under St. Augustine, and after doing much good work and reforming their rules about A.D. 1600, they have since been known by the name of the Sisterhood of Charity. The Sœurs Grises, a branch of the Franciscans; the Poor Clares, the Ursulines, who took no vows but devoted their lives to nursing; the celebrated Hospitallers or Brothers of Charity, founded by S. Juan de Dios, not deliberately, but by his example in bringing the sick home to his own little hovel to be nursed by him; and the many other societies which followed his example, are some of the best-known societies who devoted their attention to the sick poor. Perhaps one of the most complete systems of affording medical relief to the poor was that established by Catherine II. in Russia, who with all her faults did much to improve the condition of her people, by her broad policy of importing the best information on all subjects into her country. The details of her scheme for establishing hospitals

all over Russia, and supplying them with physicians from a central academy, is to be found in the second volume of Tooke's 'Russian Empire.'

To turn from Europe and glance at the provisions made for the poor in other countries in early times. In the Hebraic Code are to be found enactments in favour of the poor. They were to have a right of gleaning. They were to receive a portion of the produce of the land in Sabbatical years. They were to re-enter upon their land in the year of jubilee. Usury was forbidden, as was also perpetual bondage. Manumission was enjoined, and the poor were to partake of the entertainments at the Feasts of Weeks and Tabernacles. The daily payment of wages was strictly enjoined, but the most remarkable provision, as foreshadowing the laws of the early Christian Church, was that which declared that a portion of the tithes was to be shared by the poor after the Levites.

The provision for the poor in Mexico was not so complete as that in Peru, for we hear of the Aztecs resigning their liberty and becoming slaves voluntarily on account of poverty; yet they possessed an institution which, as Mr. Prescott remarks in 'The Old World,' is ranked among the beneficent fruits of Christianity. "Hospitals were established in the principal cities for the cure of the sick and the permanent refuge of the disabled soldiers, and surgeons were placed over them who were so far better than those in Europe," says an old chronicler, "that they did not protract the cure in order to increase the pay."

Among the Incas the provision made by the State for the poor was most complete. No mendicant was tolerated in Peru. When a man was reduced by poverty or misfortune, the arm of the law was stretched out to minister relief, not, says Mr. Prescott, the stinted relief of private charity, nor that which is doled out drop by drop, as it were, from the reservoirs of "the parish," but in generous measure, bringing no humiliation to the object of it, and placing him on a level with the rest of his countrymen. Such a poor law might naturally be supposed to be liable to produce endless evil in a community. But in considering the Peruvian method of dealing with pauperism, it must be remembered that if the Peruvian could not starve, he could not become rich or better his condition in any way. As he was born, so he was to die. His labour was completely claimed by the State for

the general community, he receiving provision under all circumstances from the general exchequer.

In America the relief of the poor is recognised as a State duty. The system varies in different States. In some the State is the principal or sole agent; in others the counties or towns, or both, bear the chief responsibility. In some States a bond or commutation-money is required from immigrants to indemnify the State for the possible necessity of supporting them. As might be guessed, foreigners form a large proportion of the indigent classes in America. One of the subjects most needing improvement in the United States is the administration of public charity.

Reviewing this short sketch of the institution and working of Poor Laws, the reader will probably come to the conclusion that the problem of dealing with poverty in large communities is not yet satisfactorily worked out. The system of promiscuous relief, without some check to deter the idle and unfortunate from availing themselves too freely of the public charity, soon becomes liable to abuse, and would ruin the country. The history of the Roman *Leges Frumentariæ* and our own early Poor Laws shows this; on the other hand, such classes will always exist in a community, and probably the most successful method theoretically is that recommended by Mr. Mill—a system of great national colonisation which practically was adopted in Greece with success. Until some complete system of State relief is discovered, there will always be a necessity for the practice of private charity, and of opening “thine hand wide to thy poor and thy needy in thy land.”

COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

The following is the order of merit of the answers to Questions set in September.

B. E. B., 120.	G. A. L. P., 70.	M. H. J., 55.
F. H. & B. M. M., 103.	C. B., 65.	M. H. G., 25.
A. M. S., 98.	M. G. P., 65.	M. A. Y., 20.
A. C. L., 90.	G. A. R. D., 62.	
F. C. G., 84.	H. G., 59.	

M. H. J. is credited with 70 marks for May.

M. E. P. with 47 marks for June, and

M. E. P. & H. G. with 50 and 30 marks respectively for August.

SPITZ AND THE GEESE.



GREY old gabled farmhouse stood,
Well sheltered by a dark pine wood
That grew to northward, like a crown
Of dull bronze green upon the down.

The barns and ricks lay grouped around
The house upon a rising ground;
While lower down, amid the grass,
There lay a pond as smooth as glass.

Now on the pond some fine grey geese
And goalings swam about in peace;
Contented, happy in their lot,
Thoughtless alike of spit or pot.

The happy farmyard was a commonwealth
Where each had equal right to live in health,
And peace, and quiet; but they one and all
Had to obey their master's beck and call.

'Tis strange those words, "an equal right,"
Too often only cause a fight;
Kindness and love they put to flight,
As sure as daylight does the night.

Now the yard Bully
Never could fully
See why the grey geese
Should swim on in peace,
And their little ones teach
To keep out of reach.

So this Bully—a white Spitz—
Thought he'd scare them into fits;
And by driving them ashore,
Frighten them yet more and more.
Quick he ran down to the brink
With his tail curled in a kink.



He barked and yapped,
 He snarled and snapped,
 As on the bank he stood
 In vicious, spiteful mood,
 His mane and tail erect with rage,
 Just like a lion in a cage.

Goosey to her gander said,
 "It were best to turn your head.
 Let him think we don't remark
 His excited, angry bark;
 For I fear he'll mischief do
 To my goslings or to you."

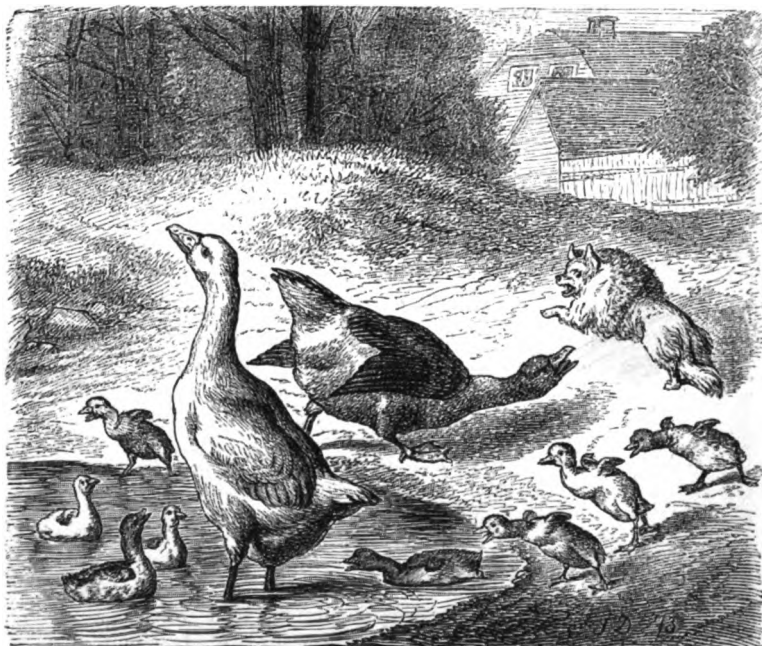
The gander he ruffled his plumes in a rage.
 "This insult's too great for a bird of my age.
 Whatever betide, I will chase him away;
 He shan't have our goslings for dinner to-day."

No sooner said than done,
 With splashing flight and run,
 Up from the pond he flew,
 Rage in his eyes so blue.

Did he of danger reckon?
 No! but with outstretched neck
 Quick he the foe assailed,
 And his brave heart never failed.

What did the hero do?
 Growl, bark, and snap anew?
 Made he the grey goose rue
 His rash attack?

No! To his heels he took,
 The battlefield forsook,
 And, with one craven look,
 Ran away back.



The gander then returned with pride
 To his timid partner's side.
 "It was no great feat," he said,
 "To make that foolish dog afraid.
 But now every soul shall hear
 How Spitz fled in abject fear.

"Little Grethel, chubby Hans,
 Maiden with her milking-cans,
 And the garden-woman old
 (Eighty-nine, as I've been told);

"Pigeons wheeling up on high,
 Glistening brightly in the sky,
 With their ruffles, hoods, and crests,
 And their quaintly-pouting breasts;

"Then the jackdaws and the rooks,
 With the sparrows on the stooks,
 And the swallows in their nooks,
 In the thatch ;

"But the peacock above all,
 As he sits upon the wall,
 With his sweetly-pensive call,
 Hard to match ;

"Dogs and cats,
 Mice and rats,
 Owls and bats,
 Flies and gnats,

"Each one shall say,
 'Spitz ran away
 From the goose !
 From the goose !!
 From the great grey goose !!!"

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



MY *first* like human life unceasing glides
 Through varied scenes, till lost in ocean's tides.
 My *second*, ever deemed the type of peaco,
 Clothes the soft hills of Italy and Greece.
 In Shakspeare's moated grange my *third* still pines,
 Or breathes her grief in Tennyson's sweet lines.
 My *fourth* a son of Carthage wise and brave,
 Whose death was compassed by a wily slave.
 My *fifth* a tribe of Gaul who scorned the yoke
 Of Rome—and fell 'neath mighty Cæsar's stroke.
 My *sixth* in famed Verona boasts her tomb,
 Round which the Muses shed immortal bloom.
 My *seventh* pervades the earth and cleaves the air,
 Whilst heaven's artillery speaks its presence there.

Go seek my *first* on history's glowing page,
 Where warlike glory would our hearts engage :
 But my *stern last* is found on Plevna's plain,
 Inscribed in blood, betokened by the slain.

H. F.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.



ANY Subscribers having made kindly and anxious inquiries after the prosperity of the Magazine since the price was raised, the Publishers are glad to be able to report that the alteration has placed it on a satisfactory financial footing. The circulation is, however, still so limited, owing to its appealing only to an educated, and therefore small class of readers, that the Publishers are not able to supply as liberal an amount of original Illustrations as they should like to do, but they hope to have ensured an improvement during the coming year by securing the able services of Mr. C. Green's pencil to illustrate 'Mother Molly' and other tales. But though the artistic adornments have necessarily been limited by pecuniary considerations, yet a high standard of literary merit has invariably been aimed at; and ever since the Magazine was started twelve and a half years ago, under the editorship of the late Mrs. Alfred Gatty, the contributions have always been selected from an unlimited staff of carefully-chosen, and paid writers.

The apology which is due for entering into these details, rests on the fact that they have been asked for, and on the consideration that the continuation and well-being of the Magazine depends upon those, who care sufficiently for its principles, to support and recommend it.

BOOK NOTICES.



APPROACH to the Holy Altar' (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, London), and 'Aids to Communion with God' (E. Longhurst, 30, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.), are manuals for the use of communicants. The former is compiled from Bishop Ken's works, and best suited for young and well-educated people; it has lately been republished in a new and cheap edition. The latter is edited by the Rev. Vernon W. Hutton,

simple and sound in character, and can be safely recommended for parochial use. It is published together with the collects, epistles, and gospels for each Sunday at 1s. 6d., and in a smaller form without them at 6d.

Canon Walsham How's 'Plain Words to Children' (Wells Gardner, Paternoster Buildings, London) are written in such admirably simple language as to well deserve their title. The sermons are short and graphic, and cannot fail to be

a boon to those who have to teach or supply sacred literature for the young. The sermons on Holy Baptism and missionary work are especially clear and excellent.

'The Children's Scripture Help' (6d.) (W. Poole, 12a Paternoster Row, London) is a set of exercises on different parts of the Bible. The facts in each exercise are intended to be written out by the pupil two or three times, in order to fix them in the memory, and after that the questions set at the end of each exercise have to be answered. The plan

seems to be a helpful one for acquiring biblical knowledge.

The fourth series of 'The Ladies' Crochet-Book' contains forty-two patterns for various kinds of useful and ornamental goods. We recommend those who want to make presents for men to study the directions given for making travelling-caps. The Scotch bonnets, Deerstalkers, and Tam O'Shanter shapes are very good. Price 1s. 6d. cloth cover, 1s. paper ditto. (Hatchards, Piccadilly, London.)

FRENCH BOOKS FOR ENGLISH SCHOOLROOMS.



N 'La Fille de Carilès' *

Madame Colomb gives us another charming tale.

Carilès is an old man who lives in a wretched garret, and gains his living by selling those whirligigs of coloured paper well known to little children both in France and England. He is alone in the world, very poor, slovenly and lazy, thoroughly contented with his lot until he finds himself responsible for a little girl who has escaped from the cruel hands of some mountebanks. The gradual interest which he feels in the orphan, the self-denying tenderness which underlies the crust of selfishness and idleness that has grown over the solitary old man, and the sunshine which his adopted daughter brings into his life is so charming that we are not afraid to say that it recalls in a degree that masterpiece, 'Silas Marner.' Not the least well-imagined part of the story is the way in which a family of the middle class, far from rich, lend a hand to bring up and educate 'La fille de Carilès,' who, we are glad to say, does not turn out some little stolen princess,

and remains to make a home for the good old man when age comes upon him.

'Bigarrette' (2s. 3d.) is for younger readers; it is one of those autobiographies of animals which are in fashion just now in France in juvenile literature. Bigarrette is a little hen, so called from her pretty striped plumage. She tells her story prettily, but we think that her desire to know what human beings mean by words such as "mind," "heaven," etc., and her distress on discovering that animals have no soul, would be better omitted. Such serious thoughts should never be mingled with fairy tales or stories of this class. They are not, however, prominent enough to be really objectionable.

One more book may be named, this time for the elder members of schoolrooms, 'Les récits de la Grève' (2s. 3d.), by Charles Delys, tales thoroughly fitted for reading aloud, and with the merit of more *story* than we often get in French tales for the young. The first 'récit' is especially pretty, though the undeserved gratitude of M. Duvernay must, we should hope, have sorely pricked the conscience of 'le casseur des pierres.'

M. R.

* Price 5s.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

" S." Miss Ollivant thinks that the book you inquired about must be 'The New Jerusalem, a Hymn of the Olden Time' (Nisbet). The first line of the hymn is: "O Mother dear, Jerusalem." She kindly offers to lend you her copy for a fortnight, if you will send your address to *Bishop's Court, Llandaff*, by the 15th of November.

In answer to "Mabel's" questions about the interpretation of Beethoven's Sonata in C $\sharp$ minor, "Mamma" says: "Mabel must remember that music expresses ideas which cannot be rendered in any other way, that it is in itself a great language which would suffer by translation into mere words even were it possible to translate it. The first *adagio* in the so-called *Moonlight Sonata* expresses in a few notes more mental suffering than volumes of written words could describe. As indicated in 'Mamma's Music-lessons,' it is the record of a very sad episode in the great composer's life, the exact details of which are not now known. The *adagio* is all despair, but the *allegretto* seems to express the sudden and proud determination of a noble mind to struggle manfully against sorrow and adversity, or perhaps to indicate the comforting and hope-renewing effort of such determination: while into the splendid *presto agitato* is crowded the grand emotions which naturally succeed extreme depression when the reaction sets in; and these again subside in the final *adagio* into tender lingering regrets. But Mabel may cling to her pretty fairy story if she likes, and think the mournful opening notes are drops of rain which threaten to spoil the fairy's sport, and

the lovely *allegretto* the harbinger of fair weather and bright moonlight, which shines on their merry games in the *presto agitato*, and sets in the final *adagio* on their regret that night is ended."

"Mamma's" interesting interpretation will doubtless commend itself to some musicians, but music lends itself to the "many minds" of "many men" better than most arts. That it "marries" itself "to immortal verse" of strangely-differing order (even in its simplest form of simple melody), and that one air can be, by mere change of time and expression, the most stirring of battle-cries or the tenderest dying farewell to a woman, will be understood by those who remember that 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled' and 'The Land o' the leal' are one and the same tune. The old proverb, 'As the fool thinks, so the bell clinks,' is not really as uncivil as it sounds, because it is so true. A politer poet put it more gracefully when he said:

"Lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live."

As regards meanings for music it is especially true; and the very name of *Moonlight* by which this sonata of Beethoven's is now universally known, has no connection with the composer's original ideas; it arose from a criticism on the work by Rellstab mentioning moonlight on the Lake of Lucerne. Herr Von Lenz (who has published an elaborate work on the interpretation of Beethoven's compositions), in talking once to Carl Taurig (the pianist) about the C $\sharp$ minor Sonata, said: "Do you know that this Sonata ought always to be played in a chamber hung with black?" "No, I did not know that," replied Taurig. "Holz wrote and told me this," said Von Lenz, "and he knows; for Beethoven told him that he improvised the *adagio*

in a room hung with black where a friend of his was lying dead."

This Holz, who played second violin in the celebrated Schuppanzigg quartette, was a most intimate friend of Beethoven (Von Lenz calls him his *Famulus*), and Beethoven told him many similar things.

"Excelsior." The ballad of 'The Bonnie House o' Airlie' is founded on the circumstances that occurred when Lord Airlie's castles of Airlie and Forter were destroyed in 1640. James who was then earl, being a devoted royalist, passed into England in order to avoid signing the covenant, and left his lands in charge of his son Lord O'Gilvy. The Committee of Estates, who had usurped supreme power, sent a small force of men to Lord O'Gilvy and demanded the surrender of his father's castles. This he refused to submit to, and the matter was then put into the hands of the Earl of Argyll, well known by his nick-name of "Gillespie Grumach." He, being at enmity with the O'Gilvies, joyfully accepted the task, and having raised 5000 men of his own clan marched on Airlie castle and razed it to the ground, obliging Lord O'Gilvy to escape. He then went on to Forter, where Lady O'Gilvy was ill, but in spite of that he showed no mercy towards her, turning her out of the house and completely destroying it. The ballad refers to what took place at Forter.

"Gabrielle." MSS. intended for the press may be written on any kind of paper that you please, but on one side of the sheets only; the pages must be numbered, and fresh chapters may either begin where the previous ones end, or on fresh pages. Illustrations had better be offered in a separate parcel, and marks made in the MS. where they are intended to be inserted. Publishers usually require drawings to be made on wood blocks ready for engraving; but if the illustrator cannot draw on these, it does not matter whether the sketches

offered are done in water-colours, pen and ink, or pencil.

"C.H." calls our attention to some lately-printed Cards for Sponsors, which are intended to be kept in church vestries and given to God-parents after ministrations of baptism, as a remembrance of the duties that they have undertaken. The cards contain the four short prayers from the baptismal service which follow the address to the God-parents, and a place is left below in which to insert the child's name and date of baptism. The price of them is 4s. per 100; 2s. for 50, or ½d. each. They can be obtained from *Mr. G. Phillipson, Bookseller, &c., Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.*

Quotation 1, in October, is from "Abt Vogler," one of Robert Browning's *Dramatis Personæ*.

"M. E. G." is anxious to make an institution at Leamington known to the public. It is called the "Royal Charitable Repository," and its object is to afford a place of sale for work done by ladies—those whom distressed circumstances lead to wish for a means of procuring assistance from their own talents and industry. "M. E. G." tells us that "ladies wishing to help a bazaar would do more than double good if they would order work, &c., from the 'Royal Charitable Repository,' Leamington, where the work of those 'who have known better days' is always on sale. If they would send P.O. Order or cheque, they might rely on getting the full amount of their money. One of the ladies of the committee would superintend the selection, and send the greatest variety of useful as well as ornamental things."

"M. E. G." will be glad to receive orders for goods, and to supply printed rules of the institution, and any further information that may be required. She also offers to supply copies of 'The Exiles at St. Germaine,' by the authoress of 'The Ladye Shakerley,' post-free for

2s. 6d. each. Half of the proceeds will be given to the Royal Charitable Repository, and the other to the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street. Address, *The Oaks, Leamington.*

"Lena" will find a list of industrial societies and agencies for the sale of ladies' work on page 143 of 'The Woman's Gazette' for September, 1878, published by Hatchards, 187, Piccadilly, price 1d. The number also contains an advertisement of "The Gentlemen's Self-help Institute," 15, Baker Street, Portman Square; but that, like the Royal Charitable Repository at Leamington, is intended for the benefit of *necessitous* ladies only.

"N. Y. C." of New York, has kindly sent us the following problem which he thinks some of our readers may be interested by solving. "Thirty-three school-girls have to take a walk daily, three girls in a row; the order is changed every day so that two of the same girls may not walk together twice. How many days will elapse before any two of the girls will have to walk together a second time?" The problem is similar to one that was given in 'Correspondence,' November, 1870, but in that the number of girls was fifteen. [This is a problem in 'Permutations and Combinations.']

"Flo. K." offers a painted tea-table, the centre being in shades of red on a pale pink ground, margin black, with gilt edge rim, price one guinea. She will be glad to send it on approval if desired. Proceeds to be given towards a debt of 10l. still remaining after the purchase of a church-organ. Address with the *Editor.*

Members are wanted for a "Poor Needlework Society." Rules and particulars can be had on application to the Honorary Secretary, *Miss Amy Nicholson*, 15, William Street, Albert Gate, London, S.W.

"Miss Conybeare" wishes to obtain twelve or fourteen copies of 'AUNT JUDY'S MAGAZINE,' No. 71, Vol. X., which contains the song of 'The Walrus and the Carpenter,' in order that she may teach it to school-children. She offers in exchange for copies, books, postage-stamps, or red mallow seeds. Address, *St. Leonard's Grange, Ingatesstone, Essex.*

"Miss Conybeare" may like to know that the song has been republished in a volume of songs for children by A. S. Gatty, price 2s. 6d. (Metzler).

"F. C. W." will be glad to receive contributions of coloured scraps, for making hospital scrap-books, or large coloured pictures that can be glazed and mounted to brighten the walls of an infirmary. *The Vicarage, Abbeyleix, Queen's County, Ireland.*

"E. B." offers five white mice and a cage for 1s. 6d. *St. John's Lodge, Cambridge.*

"M. A. P." asks for a copy of the rules of a German and French translation society, and for those of a daily musical practising society. Address, care of the *Editor.*

"M. A. P." must please send the *Editor* a stamped envelope in which to forward replies.

"The Saucepan" offers to give a quantity of half-penny stamps, towards making a snake, to anyone who will pay for the postage.

"P. L. M." offers scrap-pictures in exchange for crest and monograms; also mats at 5d. each.

"The Elephant" will be glad to sell a copying music-book for 9d.; original price 1s.

"Five White Mice" will give the following books for foreign stamps: 'Hardy the Hunter,' 'George Clifford,' 'Loss and Gain,' and 'Children's Friend,' 1870. The address of the "White Mice" and of the three previous advertisers is *Hopland, Kew Gardens Road, Kew.*

A cockatoo's lemon-crest feathers are offered on sale for making salmon-flies. Proceeds for a charity. Address "N. D.," care of the *Editor, Ecclesfield, Sheffield*.

"Robert W. Yate" offers New Zealand stamps in exchange for arms, crests, and monograms. Address, *Baltrasna, Timaru, Canterbury, New Zealand*.

"A. Z." begs to thank all the secretaries of drawing-clubs, who have kindly offered to admit her as a member of their societies. She has joined one under the management of Miss Townsend of Rugby.

"Mrs. Bayne" asks if anyone will lend her a copy of 'The Catechist,' a small book printed in Ireland about the time of *Father Clement*. She will return it in a week, and pay the postage both ways. Address, *40 York Terrace, Regent's Park, London*.

"Georgie" wishes to borrow a copy of Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare.' She will pay for postage both ways, and return the book with care. *Miss G. C. Hallows, Glapwell Hall, Chesterfield*. Can our readers also tell "Georgie" where to find directions for frosting holly and other plants for Christmas decorations?

Quotation wanted:

"Her fresh and innocent eyes
Had such a star of morning in their blue,
That all neglected places of the field
Broke into music when they saw her."

If from Shakespeare, where does it occur?

"M. L." has still fifteen pieces of music to sell at moderate prices, for the benefit of the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. Address, *Old House, Swanbourne, Winslow*.

Report of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Cots at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street, London, October 11, 1878.

The "Aunt Judy" little girl is just gone to Highgate, so the Cot is now ready for a new occupant. In the Boy's Cot is Charles Z—, aged ten, a quiet

child, fond of reading. It is not at all surprising that his spirits are not boisterous, for the poor little fellow's complaint is heart-disease.

"Dusters" (mentioned in the last Report) has continued to make good progress, and has lately been removed to Cromwell House.

The singular patient, James N— by name, who can walk on his hands with his feet in the air, is still to be seen in the Alice Ward. He is a nice boy from the country, and looks quite happy and contented. His age is eleven, but he has never known what it was to walk like other human creatures, for when only nine months old, his little sister let him fall in trying to lift him over a stile, and he never recovered from the effects of the injury he then received. He often moves about the ward in a kind of go-cart, which may help him to learn to use his poor useless feet, and the cart is generally drawn along by a good-tempered little companion, who is himself partially paralysed. James has contrived to teach himself to read, and says when at home he always walks out a little (in his own strange way, of course) on fine days. When asked if he suffered at all, he replied, "No, I 'as no pain 'cept pins and needles like in my 'ands and my legs." Anyone who is apt to be discontented and ready to grumble about small troubles, should come and look into this poor cripple's smiling eyes, and listen to his cheerful answers when he is questioned about his life and its great trial. A good and useful lesson might thus be soon learnt.

It is a pleasant thing to walk through the Hospital wards on a "friends' day," and notice the little family groups which gather round some of the cots. Many are the kisses which are given by fond mothers on these occasions, and incessant is the talking which is to be heard, for the little patients are eager to have the home news related to them, and as

eager to tell their Hospital stories in return. The hour allowed for these meetings no doubt seems a short one to all. Small brothers and sisters are often among the visitors, and may be seen eyeing the fine rocking-horses and other Hospital treasures with much admiration. Here and there may possibly be a lonely disappointed child, who looks out anxiously for friends or relations, and looks in vain; and perhaps by the side of some cots sit sorrowful parents, watching little ones who are too ill even to know them; but on the whole the scene in each ward on the visiting days is a very bright and happy one.

Winter is fast approaching, and though our patients are many, our stock of warm jackets is very small. Are there no "Aunt Judy" readers, skilful in plain sewing, who will put aside their beautiful fine art needlework for a time and make some of these useful little garments? Both red and white flannel jackets are much needed. Patterns would be forwarded on application to any kind friends who are willing to give help of this sort. And those who have not the time for such work need not be cast down by the thought that there is nothing for them to do. If they will only be good enough to send presents of flannel, they will be most heartily thanked for the same.

In spite of the liberality of many of our Hospital supporters, the funds are not yet in a sufficiently flourishing condition to allow of the re-opening of the Alexandra Ward.

Contributions to the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Account in aid of the Building Fund received to October 15, 1878.

	£	s.	d.
Mildred (half yearly) . . .	0	10	0
A White Rose (monthly) . . .	0	1	0
The Misses Warren, Mount House, Shrewsbury (annual)	0	14	0
Ethel M. Down, Oakridge (monthly) . . .	0	1	6
Helen, Halesworth (quarterly)	0	10	6

	£	s.	d.
Little Tom (annual)	0	5	0
Nellie (monthly)	0	1	0
Hester (monthly)	0	1	0
Laura (quarterly)	0	12	0
Ditto (general fund)	0	8	0
E. M. D. (monthly)	0	2	0
M. D. (monthly)	0	1	0
Two Yorkshire Dumplings (monthly)	0	0	6
A Tabby Cat (for 2 months) .	0	2	0
Mother's Daisy (for 2 months)	0	1	0
Proceeds of Tableaux Vivants performed by three little girls	0	8	0
Miss Hendley 1s. 1d.; ditto Samaritan Fund, 9d. . . .	0	1	10
M. L., sale of music	0	10	0
H. Gee	0	1	0
Francis Spencer Peel 1s. 10d., E. J. Peel 2s., J. M. MacDonald 1s., F. W. Peel 1s., E. Peel 1s., A Friend 3d., Lucy Peel 1d., A. F. Peel 1s., L. C. 6d., M. P. 1s., P. P. 3d., A. M. P. 1d.	0	10	0
Ellen, Julia and May, proceeds of bazaar	1	6	0
M. H. S., St. Leonards . . .	0	10	0
Some Cheshire Cats 8s.; a Welch Rabbit 2s.	0	10	0
In memory of K. S. P., who died 22nd October, 1877	0	17	6
Proceeds of Bertha's bazaar, Darwen	1	15	3
Miss Heaton, 6 Woodhouse Square, Leeds	1	0	0
Enid, Alan, Hereward, Manly and Geraint	0	10	0
"Red Stockings," Whitby . .	0	4	0
Nellie, Addie and Dolly Vernel	0	3	6
Charlie, The Grange, East Sheen	0	0	6
J. H., some toys.			
A parcel of old books from "Two out-grown Nursery Chicks," for the sick chicks.			
Maidenhair, some picture-cards.			
Maud and Helen, some dolls, mittens and flannel.			
The Misses Feild, St. Petersburg, presents for the Aunt Judy's Cot, also a large quantity of clothing for general use.			
K. and M. Barrows, Taigmouth, a box containing worsted-work, shells, &c.			



**"AND THERE MADGE . . . WOULD PRATTLE ON ABOUT THE BLACKBIRD,
AND WHAT HE WAS SAYING, AND THE FUNNY THINGS HE THOUGHT
ABOUT US."**

Page 71.

MOTHER MOLLY.

By the Author of 'The Rose Garden,' 'Through Rough Waters,' &c.

III.

MRS. HARTY.

"Here at the half-way house of life,
Upon these summer highlands raised,
Her thoughts are quieted from strife,
Peace grows wherever she has gazed."—*L. Larcom.*



WENT homewards in a doubtful frame of mind. I was sure that I ought to have asked the question which had been answered, to my thinking, so triumphantly; but I was not sure that I ought to have introduced Molly's name, and it seemed that Harry, who had been pricking up his ears, made out from what I said that 'twas she told me. And though Dick was not present at that moment, the chances were that he would not rest until he found out; and he was always too ready to carp at Mother Molly. Not one of us could stand that, and yet we were all on Dick's side about the count, down to Betty the cook, whose heart he had won by praise of her curing of bacon.

So when we reached the turning which leads to our house, I stopped, and asked Harry, being in a meeker frame of mind, whether he would mind going with Madge and me to Mrs. Harty's. He grumbled a good deal, but finally, on my making a solemn promise to bring back with me a pottle of strawberries, consented; but he insisted on our running very fast, and poor Madge was quite out of breath when we came to the green gates. And there he left us.

Mrs. Harty was my Godmother, and we were all pretty nearly as free of her house as our own, so that instead of going straight into the house from the formal carriage-drive which went in a careful circle round a centre of turf, I turned through a narrow gate into the garden, where I was sure we should find her. Such a garden as it was! The scent of it seems to reach me as I write; and on that day, late in June, the air was quite heavy with sweet fragrance. Roses

clambered over the house, and mignonette and clove pinks, and great white annunciation lilies, and lemon verbenas, and tobacco-plants were there in profusion. The grass had been cut that morning, and on the gravel-path before the windows, Mrs. Harty was sitting reading with her favourite cat by her side.

She was a large woman, tall and stout, with no particularly remarkable feature in her face except bright dark eyes. Long ago Mrs. Harty has passed from her lonely life, to join those who had left her behind them for a little while; but looking back, I know, better and better as each year goes by, that no more faithful friend could have lived for us motherless children, and no brighter example have led us towards the way she loved.

She laid down her book, took off her spectacles and kissed us both.

"Pussy has been missing her play-fellow," she said, stroking our baby's golden head; "and the strawberries are wanting somebody to eat them that will do it more nicely than the slugs. Will you pick them yourself, Nan, or ask Mrs. Smith to send out James?"

"Oh, please let me!" I cried eagerly.

"Then put it off a little, and I will try to get up to the garden with you. We shall see Dartmoor clearly this evening."

"Mrs. Harty, do you know what Mother Molly says?"

"What?"

"That if the French come, they will burn the town; and we shall all have to go off to Dartmoor."

"Ah! Well, don't leave it too late," said Miss Hallam, more gravely than I expected from her.

"But," I cried incredulously, "they will never land!"

"Why not?"

"We should not let them."

"There's a true daughter of the Invincible," she said with a smile, pushing back the hair from my face. "But suppose we can't help it?"

"We would all fight—you would fight."

"No, indeed," she said, shaking her head. "I promise nothing of the sort. Don't trust to me, Nan."

"There's something else I wanted to ask you, Mrs. Harty," I said, after a momentary pause; for I was a good deal disappointed at her

want of martial ardour. And then I told her about what had happened that day; how Molly had mentioned her fears, and how, when I saw M. de Lantenac, I could not help asking him straight out, and what he had said. "Molly will be satisfied," I ended, drawing a deep breath, "but I am afraid that Dick will be angry. What do you think?"

"I think you forgot your discretion in your zeal," she said gravely; "and that it is Molly, not Dick, who has most cause to be angry. Don't you see that you were betraying her confidence?"

I know I got very red at these words. We had plenty of faults; but there was not one of us who would willingly have done anything mean or dishonourable; and it cut me to the heart that my Godmother should think so badly of me. I sat upright and looked straight before me with hot eyes. Mrs. Harty quietly took up her book again and left me alone.

"I don't know what you mean," I said at last in an injured tone. "If Molly had desired me not to say anything, of course I should not have spoken. But she only told me what she thought, and I—I——"

"Told M. de Lantenac," said Mrs. Harty, quietly finishing my sentence.

The tears began to gather in my eyes.

"I did not know it was wrong—I did not think—" I said brokenly, and she put down her book at once, and said with a little impatience:

"My dear, have I accused you of any worse sins? For pity's sake, Nan, don't grow up a touchy woman! But now, let us just talk it over quietly. Does it ever strike you that Mother Molly has a great deal on her head and her hands? She keeps things going so smoothly that, perhaps, no one knows how much thought it costs her. There is your grandfather to be cared for, there is the house to be looked after, there are Betty and Loveday to be kept from falling out, there is your teaching, there are Harry's lessons to be prepared for school, there are all your clothes, and all your tempers; and now Dick home ill from college with a dozen tantrums; and bread scarce, and everything dear, and not much money to meet it."

My Godmother had said all this in a quick odd way, and then she turned and looked hard at me.

"And don't you see, Nan, that you have been a child rather longer

than most children, and no one has said anything against it? Mother Molly, God bless her! has carried her burden with a cheerful heart, though she was not much older than you when it fell on her shoulders. And if now, seeing you growing tall, and almost woman-like, she sometimes takes a perplexity to you, and likes to talk it over and see what two sets of young wits can make of it, why then, my Nan, it seems to me that if I were in your shoes, and had a Mother Molly, I should be very proud of such a confidence, and should do my best to be a helper in it. You have done nothing wrong, but 'tis just as you said—you did not think, and so instead of helping Molly you will have made it more difficult for her."

I could not speak, but I slipped my hand into Mrs. Harty's, and she held it fast. It was from that moment, I think, that some new thoughts and feelings began to awake in me. I had always before taken a delight in being wild and reckless. To be like a boy had been an actual ambition in my mind. I was proud to be counted one of the most daring climbers in the neighbourhood, and quite indifferent to the long rents in my frocks, which Mother Molly's patient fingers toiled over so uncomplainingly. Somehow, the remembrance of that unwearying patience seemed to smite me more strongly than even my Godmother's words. I had never thought—no; but how much she had thought for me!

"I am going on," said Mrs. Harty with one of her quick looks.

I nodded.

"If M. de Lantenac were really what Molly feared——"

"But you don't think he is!" I interrupted.

"No, I don't," she answered. "I think 'tis very natural Molly should be fearful about Dick, but 'tis the sort of report to which any foreigner would be subject, and most people seem to speak of him with praise. But if he were a spy, 'twould not be likely that he would make the confession to you, my wise Nan. That's all. So now, little Madge, if Pussy's daisy chain is finished, Nan shall go and get a basket, and you and I will set off for the strawberry-beds."

That was always my Godmother's way. She said her say, and left it alone, and I fancy 'twas one reason why her advice was always so well worth having. But I was resolved to ask her one more question presently.

It took us some time to reach the strawberries, for we had quite a

hill to go up before we were in the kitchen-garden, which lay to the left of the house, and behind. But when once you were there, it was almost the best of all, what with the wonderful growth of the things. There was a long gravel path running through it, bordered with espaliers, and between the apple-trees and the fine gravel a strip of gay flowers, sweet peas, scarlet lychnis, honesty, larkspurs, winter cherry, London pride, and a host of others. The garden was walled all round with a good cob wall, and deep coping of thatch, but it lay on the slope of the hill, and the wall followed the irregularities of the ground, so that on one side, where was a little summer house, you could not only look down on the harbour, and in the direction of Saltash, but straight away towards the Dartmoor tors and their wild wastes. And for all that we were really in the town, on this June evening 'twas as quiet as the heart of the country could have been, just some smoke curling up between us and the masts of the ships, and the gardener scuffling—which they tell me is a downright Devonshire word, and none the worse for that, say I; and I should like anyone to show me another that expresses its meaning so well—the paths at the other end of the garden, and a blackbird singing its heart out for joy over its supper of strawberries, and that was all.

Mrs. Harty, who was never strong, was quite exhausted by coming up the hill, and Madge and I left her in the summer-house, whilst we went to pick the strawberries. And there Madge, who had more fancies in her baby head than all the rest of us put together, except, perhaps, Dick, would prattle on about the blackbird, and what he was saying, and the funny things he thought about us, so that between this and the number she popped into her mouth, her picking of strawberries for the basket did not help it much, and it took me a good while, remembering, as I did, what Harry would be expecting. Before I had finished she ran off to chatter to the old gardener.

When I went back to my Godmother, the sun was setting; across the strange clearness of the sky lay bars of rosy light, so intense in colour that I could scarcely turn away my eyes. All the soft masses of wood which stretched away were lit by the brightness, and beyond them lay the dim and dusky moorland, here its outline marked by boldly-rounded sweeps, there broken by the ruggedness of great tors, gravely solemn in the sunset. Mrs. Harty only smiled as I came up, she had the far-away look in her eyes which we sometimes noticed

and did not like to disturb. I had my thoughts, too, about Dartmoor, though I am sure they were not the same as hers; for they had but grown out of that lately-hinted possibility that we might have to take refuge there. They were enough, however, to keep me still, and I almost started when I heard my Godmother's voice. She was only murmuring aloud, as solitary people sometimes do; I just caught a few words—"In Thy light shall we see light."

Then she looked round at me.

"Was I talking to myself? a bad habit, Nan, and unsociable, when I have you sitting by my side. But that is a sight which takes hold of one's thoughts, whether one will or no. Have you any more questions you want to put?"

"One," I said doubtfully.

"Ask it then," she said, with a kind look on her face.

"Mrs. Harty, you don't really think I shall grow up a touchy woman?"

"That's a question you'll have to live out, Nan; it depends on yourself as yet. But if you like I'll tell you why I dread it. I have, as you know, a good many visitors, and most of them unmarried women like myself. Generally they tell me their troubles, and some are heavy enough, but still more are so trifling and fussy, that if they were not so sad they would be quite absurd. Little affronts and neglects, and repeating of silly speeches, and fancying everyone is set against them, till they make their lives a very burden to themselves. And when I think of my own disposition, I see how near I have been to falling into the same unhappiness myself."

"But you are not touchy?"

"I have a quick, impatient temper, and yours is much the same, Nan. Shall I tell you the little thing which once helped me about it? Some years ago, when I was a good deal stronger than I am now, and a good deal younger, I was walking in a country road past a farmhouse, where the only creature in sight besides myself was an old hen. I took no thought about the hen, and nothing was further from my mind than to prevent her from going where or how she pleased, but the ridiculous creature was so possessed with the idea that I was made up of designs upon her life and liberty, that she put herself into the greatest panic conceivable, and flew from side to side of the road, clucking and clackiting as though she were already being

killed in the least. I said to myself then and there: "Harriet Hallam, do not you be like the hen!" and I have never forgotten her. Now go and bring Madge to the house, for Mother Molly will be waiting supper, and if Harry has not come for you, I will send James back. There is a parcel which he shall carry, besides three scarlet cloaks for Molly and baby and you. I knew you would be satisfied with no other colour than the soldiers', with the French so near."

Mrs. Harty said this between jest and earnest, and indeed 'twas true; and Harry when he saw them, would not rest until he had got Molly to make him a coat of the same.

We found that not Harry but Betty had just come for us, and she was in a hurry, so that we set off at once. Betty had not lived with us so long as Loveday, but we liked her much better. She was a Dartmoor woman, and had plenty of stories to tell about the pixies, and the little grey man who shows himself to travellers when they get lost on the moor, all told in good broad Devonshire, which strangers could scarcely understand. I remember Father himself once being puzzled when she was telling one of her stories, which concerned her own personal experience.

"I kep un theer, and Father, he turned up the scads——"

"The what?"

"The scads, doan't ee knaw, sir? The scads—well, the vellies——"

"What on earth does the woman mean?" said Father, at his wits' end.

"Whay, the *fegs*!" cried Betty, provoked in her turn at her explanations being so ill-received, and it was not for some time that Father made out 'twas tufts of grass she meant.

Now, as we hurried along, she was full of the London coach she had seen come in.

"They'm in a tarr'ble fright up to London, zo it zims; us may look vor the Vrench any day, dree or vower thousan' on 'em and more. And they'm to putt more men up to the heights, to see to the bikkon vires, and zo soon as ever they'm lighted, all the women and chillern and the pegs and the rest of 'em es to be car'd right off up the country. Oh, my dear, these be days, sure-ly!"

Betty's news was often a little bewildering, but when we got back and were sitting at supper, I found that 'twas quite true that the King's government had sent down very strict orders for great watch

fulness all along the coast. The French fleet had united with the Spanish, and great preparations were making along the French country, which bordered on our channel, and Dick had seen a gentleman who told him that five hundred volunteers were to be raised by Mr. Bastard, and called upon to make every effort, and Dick himself, though still weak, was bent upon joining at once. But the town itself was in a hubbub from the hearing that there was a press-gang at work. 'Twas a new misery at that time, and one which did not reach its worst for a time, but from the very beginning its existence raised a storm of passionate indignation in the country, and no wonder. One man had been seized in Devonport that afternoon, on pretence of being able to give no account of himself, and Plymouth men having always been a sturdy, determined set, were up in arms against the gang and the informer who had gained his ten shillings at the expense of another man's liberty. Grandfather grew so distressed and trembled so sadly at hearing what was said, that I saw Mother Molly make a little sign to Dick to change the subject. But he would not heed her. Evidently he was vexed with Molly, and I think she had been crying. After supper, Dick buttoned up his plum-coloured riding-coat—being always somewhat of a dandy,—and went out to be sure of his news; Molly took Madge away to her little bed in our room, and to me it fell this evening to read the Psalms to grandfather in the parlour. I see him now, sitting in his great chair, stooping a little forward, as was his way, his thin hands laid on the arms of the chair, his own white hair brushed back and tied with black ribbon behind, his blue eyes which had been startled and uneasy after the disturbing tidings, gradually regaining their calm serenity as the triumphant words of the Psalm reached his mind.

“Kings of the earth and all people, princes and all judges of the world; young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the name of the Lord, for His name only is excellent, and His praise above heaven and earth.”

After I had finished I heard him saying the words over and over again to himself, and then softly: “Amen, Amen,” till he began to doze in his chair. I waited, for I knew that Mother Molly would come down.

When she did she had her work in her hand, and I made her a sign that grandfather was sleeping, and that she was to come and

sit in the window-seat with me, where we could talk low with our heads close together, and no one could hear us except Polly, who to be sure sometimes startled us by coming out with things he must have picked up in this way. And then I began :

"Oh, Mother Molly!"

She looked at me quickly.

"What's the matter, Nan?"

"Dick has been tiresome, I know he has, and 'tis all my fault! I thought 'twas a fine thing to ask M. de Lantenac if 'twas true what was said of him, and he denied it so grandly that you should have been there to hear. But, until Mrs. Harty told me, I never thought 'twas your confidence, and how I should be making it worse for you. What did Dick say? Was he very angry?"

I am sure she was relieved at my confession. I daresay she had been dreading more indiscretions in the future. And she would have it that now little harm had been done.

"Dick is so wrapt up in his friend that of course it vexed him that such a thing should have entered my mind. He will not be angry long."

As she spoke, my eyes fell upon the delicate lace she was sewing on a cravat. 'Twas some of mother's best Mechlin, which by rights had fallen to Molly's share, and I could not bear to think that she was giving it away. But when I began to speak she stopped me at once.

"Hush, Nan," she said. "You don't know what Dick is to me, or how glad I am when I can do something for him. There are not many brothers like him in Plymouth," and she held up her head proudly.

"More Dicks than Mother Mollies," I thought, but did not say it because 'twould have vexed her so.

"Everyone is taken up with M. de Lantenac," she went on, by way of further excuse.

"And you need think no more of his being a spy," I said with some triumph. "'Tis impossible after what he said. The poor man was sadly cut down, but he believes you do not yourself mistrust him, and that is one good thing."

"Does he?" she said drily. And I saw her stitches flying.

"You don't, Moll, do you?"

"How should I," she said with a laugh, "when it seems that scarce a soul in Plymouth would be on my side? Let us talk no more about him. Listen! is that Dick's step?"

But 'twas not, and he did not come back till she had time to grow uneasy. The dusk crept on, sweet and fragrant though we were in a town. Molly would not have me fetch the candles for fear of waking grandfather; she sat in the little bow-window with the beautiful lace lying in her lap, and her head thrown back against the shutter. Stars began to glimmer over-head, a bat flitted past the window—we heard drums and fifes in the distance.

"Molly," I said at last suddenly, "was Mrs. Coplestone here to-day?"

"Yes, dear; this morning."

What was there in her voice that it should sound odd, and why should such a bright colour flush her face? I could see it, dusk though it was, and could not make it out.

"And have they not heard of George?"

"Oh, yes, excellent accounts. He writes so proudly of Father and the Invincible."

"To think you never told us!" I said reproachfully. And indeed I did think it strange, for George Coplestone had been like one of us always, and lately to his great delight had got appointed to Father's ship. I had felt as if 'twere next best to being there myself. Molly did not seem to have a word to say for herself, and grandfather woke up, and would have us sing Dr. Ken's Evening Hymn. Then he gave us his blessing and went to bed.

How little we thought what would have happened before but three or four days had passed!

(To be continued.)

AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.



WINTER'S night: a pale, fair moon
Smiles queen-like in a frosty sky;
Far off on distant azure heights
Star-crests quiver tenderly.

The air is full of kindly tones,
Of clang of bells, of sweet accord,
As chanted carols, shrill and soft,
Once more the yule-tide tale record.

Now hearts grow warm that erst were cold,
Now pity moves the sometime stern,
Now desert-hearths break forth in smiles,
Now home the wanderers return.

Soft peace broods calm o'er dale and down,
Strange joyance—a divine delight—
Hush! Hush your brawls and clamours, Earth!
The angels are abroad to-night!

Almost we hear the sound of feet
Descending on a starry stair;
Almost we feel the rush of wings
Above, around us in the air;

And grandly comes the joyous song
Resounding still a-down the years,
Sweet as when on Judæan plains
It smote the wakeful shepherds' ears.

Mayhap to-night our dear ones lost
Unseen draw near us in our homes;
To shed a soft'ning influence there,
To waken kindlier looks and tones.

We know, for sure, that earth and heav'n
To-night seem each to each more near;
Men dwell among diviner things
And breathe a calmer atmosphere.

O pure Child-presence! cradled once
Upon this dark and sin-stained earth;
We take Thee in our hearts this night,
And bless Thee for Thy wondrous birth;

And ask Thee: stay! and keep us pure,
And urge us on to nobler aims;
Wrapping about us evermore
That peace the angels' song proclaims.

GRATIA.

CALIPH FOR A DAY;

OR,

MODERN BAGDAD.

A CHRISTMAS EXTRAVAGANZA FREELY ADAPTED FROM THE ARABIAN
NIGHTS TO MODERN REQUIREMENTS.

Time 1880.

Characters.

THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD. A larky old gentleman.
 ABOU HASSAN. A working-man of Bagdad.
 THE CALIPH'S GRAND VIZIER.
 POLICEMAN X. An importation.
 AN ENGLISH DOCTOR.
 A RUSSIAN PEASANT, with a Russian bear.
 THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL and MR. GLADSTONE (behind the scenes by telephone).
 PLAYERS. 1st and 2nd Actors.
 ZULEIKA. Hassan's Mother.
 MISS AS-IT-UGHT-TO-BE. A lady doctor.
 EUROPA. } In the Masquerade.
 ASIA. }
 Slaves and Attendants *ad lib.*

[N.B.—The parts of the Slaves in the 2nd Scene and EUROPA and ASIA in the last may be combined.]

Costumes.

THE CALIPH, his VIZIER, ABOU HASSAN, and HASSAN'S MOTHER must be dressed in Eastern costumes, as also of course should be the Caliph's slaves, &c.

POLICEMAN X. should be in "true blue" and helmet.

The two DOCTORS and ACTORS, modern English costume.

EUROPA and ASIA with their attendants, in fancy dresses typical of the continents for the Masquerade. ASIA should slightly bronze her complexion if not a natural brunette.

The RUSSIAN, Russian peasant's costume; his bear, a carriage-rug, and bear's mask.

SCENE I.—*The interior of ABOU HASSAN's home in Bagdad. Eastern furniture. A mat on the floor R. C., on which HASSAN's Mother is discovered laying supper. A tin of Australian meat, a bottle of Bass' beer, a pot of bloater paste and potted meat.*

HASSAN enters L., goes up to mat and looks at the supper.

HASSAN. What's this for supper? Patent potted meat!
Australian mutton! Um—is this the treat
You promised for my birthday?

ZULEIKA. Hassan mine,
They're fresh from Cyprus *via* the Smyrna line;
The Euphrates Valley railway to our door
Brings all these Western luxuries——

HASSAN. No more!
I don't think much of European taste,
That scorns fresh olives for rank bloater paste.
To juice of grapes prefers its bitter beer,
And other drinks as nasty as they're queer.
I'll stick to our old native food, and drink——
But stay, there's someone at the door, I think.

[*Knock at the door L. Goes to open it. Enter the CALIPH wrapped in a cloak.*]

CALIPH. Peace to this house and every one that's in it!
Permit me, friends, to rest myself a minute.
Arrived just now by the Teheran express,
My bones are well-nigh broken, you may guess.

[*To HASSAN.*] What think you, friend, of these continuous brakes?
I'm not accustomed to their jolts and shakes.

HASSAN. Allah forgive me, I agree with you,
These Western folk and introductions new
Will turn our country upside down, I fear;
But come, to-night you'll taste old Bagdad cheer.

[*To ZULEIKA, pointing to supper.*]

Remove these baubles. Bring us sparkling wine,
Mesopotamian nectar of the vine;
Dates from Aleppo, olives from the coast,
And fruits that only Eastern gardens boast.
Our friend's Conservative, I'm glad to say;
So, Mother, clear those nasty things away.

[*Music. HASSAN and his Mother remove the supper and leave the room, taking the things with them. CALIPH alone, sings.*]

Tune, OLD SONG, 'The tight little island.'

Queen Victoria one day,
To the Caliph did say:
You are bankrupt and haven't a rag, lad.
If you want to grow rich,
And get out of the ditch,
Just allow me to occupy Bagdad.
But I'm the Caliph of Bagdad,

The crafty old Caliph of Bagdad ;
 Of course I said yes,
 But did not let 'm guess
 That I'd plenty of treasure in Bagdad.

So they came with their steam,
 And no end of a team
 Of officials to settle in Bagdad ;
 But of course I took care,
 As you may be aware,
 That I was left Caliph of Bagdad.
 Hurrah for autonomous Bagdad,
 The cunning old Caliph of Bagdad ;
 With his gold and harem's,
 Not as poor as he seems,
 And there's plenty of fun still in Bagdad.

Now perhaps my disguise
 May occasion surprise,
 If you don't know the Caliph of Bagdad.
 But I just put it on,
 To see how they get on,
 With these queer Western notions in Bagdad ;
 What fun for the Caliph of Bagdad,
 The crafty old Caliph of Bagdad ;
 If there ever was one
 Who was fond of some fun,
 It's the jolly old Caliph of Bagdad.

[*Re-enter HASSAN and his Mother with fruit, wine, &c., which they set on the mat as before. Following them are two little Arab dancing-girls, who stand by door L.*]

HASSAN.

Now, friend, to supper in the old-fashioned style,
 The little girls will dance for us meanwhile.

[*HASSAN, CALIPH, and ZULEIKA seat themselves at supper.*]

Here's to old Bagdad ! May to-morrow's sun
 Peep through the window ere our supper's done.

[*Orchestra. The Arab girls dance and sing. HASSAN and the CALIPH eat and chink glasses.*]

HASSAN [*rising*].

Mother, to roost, and bid the girls begone ;
 My friend and I'll just finish this [*taking bottle*] alone.

[*Exeunt ZULEIKA and Arab girls. HASSAN sits again and drinks with CALIPH.*]

HASSAN.

Here's to our Caliph ! may he prosper long,
 And put things right now everything's gone wrong.

CALIPH.

How now, my friend, do you then disagree
 With our good Caliph's modern policy ?
 What would you have him do ? Surely he must
 Submit to fate and in the future trust.

HASSAN.

What would I have him do, is it you say ?
 Why look you, were I Caliph for a day

CALIPH.

For one day only, I would take no rest
Until I'd banished these folks from the West
With all their nasty gimcracks and new ways.
And we had back the Bagdad of old days.
Come, come, my grand reformer, I'm not sure
Our city is in need of such a cure;
Methinks if you were Caliph for a day,
You'd not reform things in that wholesale way;
Believe me, still within the palace walls
Things are as heretofore. The Caliph's halls
Still echo with sweet music, spite of trains,
Engines and whistles, and all other banes
That you complain of. Now it's in my power
To make you Caliph, ay, this very hour—
To-morrow you are Caliph! Then see whether
Old things and new can't work quite well together.

HASSAN.

Nay, do not joke, it cannot ever be
That I should taste the sweets of monarchy.

CALIPH.

No joke, my friend. To-morrow you shall dine
At the grand Caliph's table, sip his wine
Yourself as Caliph, do as you've a mind,
Reform the world, and benefit mankind.
A parting glass!

[CALIPH fills glass for HASSAN, at the same time he empties a powder into the cup.]

And when to-morrow's come,
And you wake Caliph in your palace home,
If things are wrong, why, you can put them right.
Meanwhile, friend, pledge your stranger-guest to-night.

[HASSAN drinks out of the cup. Loud chord on orchestra. He falls to the ground in a profound sleep.]

[Enter POLICEMAN X. Turns his bull's-eye on the CALIPH.]

POLICEMAN.

Come, my fine fellow. Closing time, you know.

[Kicking HASSAN.] What's this? Drunk and disorderly. So, so.

[Takes out his note-book and writes.]

CALIPH [aside].

The new police. In English called a peeler.
I'll offer him some liquor as a feeler.
Do anything for half-a-crown. [Aloud] Well, Bobby,
Just try a glass of this, you'll find it nobby.

POLICEMAN [raising cup]. Commander of the Faithful!—

CALIPH [aside].

I'm done brown.

[Aloud.] You know me, rascal—here is half-a-crown.

Now mum's the word—you understand, I see.

Do what I tell you and that speedily:

Off to the palace with that sleeping log;

See you don't wake him too, my Christian dog.

At the gate leave him with some faithful slave,

But for your life be silent as the grave.

POLICEMAN X. For 'arf-a-crown a peeler knows 'is duty.

[*Exit* CALIPH. POLICEMAN X. *turning lamp on HASSAN and inspecting him.*]

Friend of the Caliph's! Well, 'e beant a beauty.
The old man there 's a rum un of a rover;
But 'e's the sort to keep P.C.'s in clover.
Larking is 'uman natur, no deception,
To which these heastern chaps haint no hexception.

[*POLICEMAN drinks from bottle as curtain descends.*]

SCENE II.—*The Caliph's Palace. A most sumptuous apartment. HASSAN discovered dressed as the CALIPH asleep on a couch. Female Slaves in attendance fanning him. Music behind scenes.*

GLEE (*sotto voce*).—'Dawn of day.'

HASSAN [*waking and rubbing his eyes*]. Ah, dear! yea, so the sun is ris'n, it seems.

Well, last night's supper brought me pleasant dreams:
Methought I heard sweet strains of music low——

[*Glee repeated softly on piano. HASSAN listens.*]

Eh! So I'm not awake yet—there they go—
At it again, my songsters! Can it be
That I'm asleep still? What is this I see?
Satin and gold! Was ever such delusion!

[*Shouts.*] Hassan, are you awake yet? Oh, confusion!
Where is my mother? Am I in a trance?
That wine last night has made my senses dance.
No, I must be asleep still. For the present,
I'll dream again, it really is so pleasant.

[*HASSAN lays his head down again. Music behind scenes louder.*]

GLEE—'Hail, smiling morn.'

[*HASSAN starts, leans on elbow and listens, as the music ends.*]

Again! another tune. Hassan, my lad,
You drank too much last night. I'm not so bad,
Though, after all—I mean, I feel no pain
Across the temples. [*Music repeated softly. HASSAN sits up
and stares round.*]

There, those strains again!
These lovely forms, this grandeur, where am I?
How comes this strange sense of reality?
Commander of the Faithful! will you rise?
Really, my friend, you cause me much surprise!
I'm no commander, only a working-man.
Why do you mock me? I'm Abou Hassan.
Great Caliph, we your slaves, your pleasure wait.
The mosque bell rings for prayer; you will be late.

SLAVE.

HASSAN.

SLAVE.

HASSAN.

Hideous phantasmagoria! Avaunt!
I exorcise you all! [*Pause.*] Holloo, I can't.
Then you're *not* ghosts. Kind ladies as you seem,
Pray do arouse me from this dreadful dream.
Please bite my finger, put me to some pain,
If you'd convince me I am not insane.

[*SLAVE bites HASSAN's little finger pretty severely. He shrieks.*]

Oh! that's enough to show me I'm awake.
Now tell me who I am, for pity's sake.
Last night as simple Hassan I did rest,
What does it mean? How is it I'm thus dressed
In robes of state?

SLAVE.

Commander of the Earth!

The sun is risen. Cease, then, from your mirth;
Your duties call you. Speak, and we obey.
What would the Caliph have us do to-day?

HASSAN.

Well, you will have it so. If so, so be it,
I s'pose I'm Caliph, though I don't quite see it.
I'll to the mosque to join in morning prayer;
If you *are* ghosts, I'll exorcise you there.

[*Exeunt HASSAN and SLAVE, to music. Chorus: Tune, 'Tight little island.'*]

Hail! to the Caliph of Bagdad!
Most Excellent Caliph of Bagdad!
All men, great and small,
On your marrowbones fall,
And salaam to the Caliph of Bagdad.

[*Enter the CALIPH with the GRAND VIZIER.*]

CALIPH.

Good, my grand Vizier, I see all is right,
Success attends my frolic of last night.
Do all he bids you, everything he asks,
No matter if he set gigantic tasks.
Simply obey him as if he were me;
At his expense I mean to have a spree.
When from the mosque in state he takes his way,
Provide amusements that will last all day;
Give him the best of everything to eat,
Our working-man this once shall have a treat.
Methinks when once he tastes the sweets of power,
At modern changes he'll not be so sour;
And find that things are really not so bad
In our good ancient city of Bagdad.

VIZIER.

Oh, great Commander! I'll do your behest,
We'll put some life in your eccentric guest;
The pipes shall sound, the violins shall play,
And in the palace all be holiday.
But hark! he comes. Conceal yourself, great sire;
For if he sees you, the fat's in the fire.

[*Orchestra plays March. The CALIPH conceals himself. Enter HASSAN, followed by Slaves, &c.; takes his seat on the throne, L. c. Female Slave advances towards him with a goblet of wine, and sings.*]

TUNE—'The roast beef of Old England.'

The Caliphs of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And they kept open house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their attendants rejoice in this song :
Oh ! the red wine of old Bagdad !
Oh ! the old Bagdad red wine !

[*Chorus of Slaves repeat last two lines.*]

HASSAN. Really these folks are growing monstrous civil ;
I don't mind how long they keep up this revel.

[*Another female Slave advances with a basket of fruit. The CALIPH eats while she sings a verse of 'Cherry ripe.' Slaves join in Chorus.*]

HASSAN. I say, young woman, that's a charming song,
I haven't heard so good a one for long.

VIZIER. Commander of the Faithful ! I have here
An Ethiopian minstrel.

HASSAN. Stay, Vizier,
I've orders for you. I would send some gold,
A hundred pieces, to a woman old,
Who's known as Hassan's mother in the town ;
Let a trustworthy slave just take it down,
With the Grand Caliph's compliments ; and now
Let's hear your minstrel.

VIZIER. Sire, he waits below.

[*Enter a nigger minstrel, or two if preferred, with banjo and full accoutrements. Comic song and dance, ad lib.*]

HASSAN. I say, old Vizier, he's a first-rate bard.

VIZIER. What other entertainment's on the card ?
Commander of the Faithful ! if you wish,
I still can serve you up a dainty dish ;
A troupe of actors from the British Isles,
Starring the Provinces, await your smiles.

HASSAN. Let 'em come in and cheer us with their folly ;
Strikes me, a Caliph's life is precious jolly.

[*Enter 1st ACTOR.*]

[*Speaks.*] Great Caliph ! now you've done with nigger Sambo,
Please give attention while we play 'Dumb Crambo.'
For art we care not—pace Mr. Ruskin,—
Nor mask of comedy, nor tragic buakin.
Yours 'tis to choose a word, and in due time
We undertake, sans speech, to find a rhyme.
Choose, for example, such a word as *Please*.
Enter Dumb Crambo.

[2nd ACTOR enters as a boy with straw hat running across stage. A thread is attached to the hat, which when he is fairly in the middle of the stage the prompter jerks, pulling the hat off and giving the appearance of its being blown off by the wind.]

What's the answer?

[All guess.]

Breeze.

[N.B. This interlude may be prolonged *ad lib.*; the above is only given as an example. The youngest and smallest aspirant to the Thespian art may thus take a part in the piece. After Dumb Crambo, Slave advances and sings.]

TUNE—'On the Parade.' COMIC SONG. (Hopwood and Crew.)

Sad night her dark curtain is drawing around,
And calls us from pleasure to slumber profound.
Old time we all know is a slippery thing;
Make then the most of it, time's on the wing:

Time's on the wing,
Laugh, dance and sing
Till sleep pleasant dreams full of merriment bring:
Time's on the wing,
So laugh, dance, and sing,
While we can we'll be jolly, for time's on the wing.

[All repeat Chorus.]

2ND SLAVE [sings]. Make haste, fill the goblet and drink, while you may,
A last parting cup to the vanishing day.
Old time, &c. [as before].

[Repeat Chorus. HASSAN takes a goblet of wine and sings. While he sings the CALIPH enters, and creeping behind HASSAN, shakes powder into the cup.]

HASSAN [sings]. And one other toast ere the sand be run out:
May we all meet again for as jolly a rout!
Old time we all know, &c.

[Repeat Chorus. At the end, HASSAN drops into profound sleep on the couch. Tableau. Slaves group round him. The CALIPH stands over him and speaks.]

CALIPH. He's had his wish, this Bagdad working-man—
Caliph to-day, to-morrow plain Hassan.

SCENE III.—[ABOU HASSAN'S house. His Mother discovered sweeping: sings.]

SONG—'Hard times come again no more.'

[Speaks.] Not that I should complain, for I'm in luck.

[Taking out purse and looking at it.]

Commander of the Faithful! you're a duck
To send these pieces without rhyme or reason;
To meet the Christmas bills they're just in season.

Now to rouse Hassan. After twelve last night
He came in, just as I'd put out my light
And gone to bed. These late hours don't agree,
To my mind, with hard work and industry.

[*Goes to bedroom-door and calls.*]

Hassan, my boy, the sun has risen.

HASSAN [*within*].

Holloa !

Sing me that song again, sweet charmer, do.

Is the boy mad ? whatever does he mean ?

HASSAN [*within*].

Play up, my actors, just another scene.

[*Enters, walking grandly as if Caliph, in his own clothes.*]

Ah, my Grand Vizier, list to what I say :

We'll have the troops out in review to-day.

Hassan, dear child !

HASSAN.

Slave, just attend to me :

This evening we would pass in jollity.

Light the grand hall. Provide me music there,

Old nigger Sambo with his curly hair,

Those lovely damsels and the British players.

Fail at your peril ! Now to the mosque to prayers.

ZULEIKA.

Dear Hassan, tell me, are you dreaming still ?

Speak to your mother—tell her if you're ill.

[*HASSAN begins dancing, and sings : Tune, ' The tight little island.'*]

For I'm the Caliph of Bagdad,

The jolly old Caliph of Bagdad ;

So down on your knees,

Everyone, if you please,

And salaam to the Caliph of Bagdad.

ZULEIKA.

Mercy upon me, what a sad condition !

He must be ill. I'll go for a physician. [*Exit.*]

HASSAN.

Where are my slaves ? where's the Grand Vizier ? ho !

How dare they leave their Grand Commander so !

Not one attending when I left my bed ;

Let each beware, or he shall lose his head.

But who comes here without express permission ?

[*Enter his Mother and a Doctor (English).*]

ZULEIKA [*to DOCTOR as they enter.*]

You see, good doctor, what is his condition.

DOCTOR [*rubbing his hands*]. How feel you, friend ? this is a charming day.

[*Takes HASSAN's hand and feels pulse.*]

Some Hunyadi-janos water, say.

[*Poking HASSAN's ribs.*]

A rare good thing if you've been dining freely.

HASSAN.

I am the Caliph, varlet !

DOCTOR.

Are you really ?

Well, I'm his doctor, and it is his way
Just to consult me every other day.

HASSAN [*reflecting*]. Ah, I forgot. Well now, pray by what process
Do you propose to make your diagnosis?

DOCTOR. Let's see the tongue [*HASSAN shows it*]. Too much to strawberry
leaning;

Hyperæsthesia is supervening.

No port or sherry, claret would be risky,
Drink only potass water and Scotch whiskey;
And as for meat, don't touch it or you'll rue it;
Take a light pudding, specially suet.

Don't sit up late, do not too early rise,
Don't tire yourself, but take horse-exercise.

HASSAN. That's your prescription, is it?

DOCTOR. Yes, now please,
I'd like to see the colour of my fees.

ZULEIKA. How much?

DOCTOR. The usual remuneration,
Two guineas, as 'tis a *first* consultation. [*ZULEIKA pays him.*
Exit.]

[*Knock at door. Enter MISS DR. AS-IT-ought-to-be. She gives*
ZULEIKA her card, who gives it to HASSAN.]

HASSAN. Who's this? [*looks at card*]. Another doctor, by the Saints.

Miss A., the specialist of men's complaints!

Good morning, doctor. What see you amiss?

You've your diploma with you, I suppose. What's this?

[*Touching a small box carried by MISS A. She takes out an*
instrument.]

MISS A. A megaphone for auscultation. Here,
Let me apply it [*she does so to his chest*].

Heart is wrong, I fear;

Very weak action. You must be in love.

Spirits depressed?

HASSAN. Oh no, they're not, my dove.

MISS A. [*to his Mother*]. Cockle him up. Give him full-bodied port,

The very best of meat that can be bought;

Plenty of claret and some rich brown sherry.

Cheer up his spirits. Keep him always merry.

[*To HASSAN.*] Take a good strapping walk, sir, every day,

And this depression soon will pass away.

ZULEIKA. What do I pay you?

MISS A. Don't my feelings vex.

I practise to assert the rights of sex.

I take no guineas nor a widow's mites;

I'm paid if women only get their rights. [*Exit.*]

HASSAN. Now that our consultation's over, ho!

Bring my horse round, to the review I'll go.

Where are my officers? [*Shouts*] Hi! varlets, slaves!

ZULEIKA [*knéeing*]. Pardon your mother, who in pity craves

HASSAN. You'll not excite yourself so much, dear son.
 Woman, I'm Caliph. Come now, get you gone;
 Don't tell me you're my mother. I know you,
 You're Hassan's mother, that they call Abou.
 Did I not send you gold but yesterday
 Down from the palace? Speak!

ZULEIKA. 'Tis as you say;

HASSAN. But Hassan, dear, it was not you who sent it.
 Don't tell me that I lie, or you'll repent it.

[*Is about to strike her. Enter POLICEMAN X.*]

ZULEIKA. Mr. Policeman, see, my poor son's mad.

POLICEMAN X. Drunk and disorderly again, bedad!

ZULEIKA [*weeping*]. Take him — the county lunatic asylum.

POLICEMAN X. Too good a berth for 'im, mum; there they spile 'em.

ZULEIKA. Do take him there—don't leave him to his fate.

POLICEMAN X. Can't without warrant from a magistrate.

No, no! the lookup's the right place for 'e.

Drunk and disorderly's 'is game, I see.

[*Advances and seizes HASSAN, who resists. Struggle.*]

What! 'ssault police while hexecuting duty?
 I'll get you eighteen months for this, my beauty.

[*Enter CALIPH in disguise, goes up to POLICEMAN X. and whispers.*]

CALIPH [*whispers*]. Bobby, here's half-a-crown—leave him to me.

POLICEMAN X. All right, my buck. [*Aside*] So it's another spree.

[*Retires back of stage. HASSAN stands staring at CALIPH. Rubs his eyes.*]

HASSAN. What's this! I see it all. Mother forgive.

[*To CALIPH.*] I've been enchanted. Yes, as I'm alive,
 You are the man who supped here yesterday.

CALIPH. I am, and well remember you did say
 You would be Caliph. Caliph you have been—
 Come, don't complain of a mere change of scene.

[*To ZULEIKA.*] Good mother, leave us; trust me with your son.
 He shall return to you all well anon.

[*Exit HASSAN'S MOTHER.*]

[*To HASSAN.*] Why, Hassan, how your nerves have been upset!
 Drink of this phial, and you'll soon forget
 All that has taken place, and be quite cured.

[*HASSAN drinks. Loud chord on orchestra. He falls down asleep.*]

[*To POLICEMAN X.*] Do as you did before, and mum's the word!

Curtain.

SCENE IV.—*The CALIPH's Palace. The Court of Justice. HASSAN seated c. cross-legged on a couch with a full-bottomed wig on, smoking hookah and sipping coffee. Slaves fanning him. POLICEMAN X. R., a Russian leading a bear by a chain l. The GRAND VIZIER seated at side of HASSAN.*

VIZIER. Call the first case on; say who the parties are.
 POLICEMAN X. First case in list, the Queen against the Czar.
 HASSAN. Who for the prosecutrix does appear?
 POLICEMAN X. The Queen's Attorney-General.
 HASSAN. He's not here.

It seems to me I must the case postpone.
 VIZIER. No need. He'll prosecute by telephone.

[Motions to POLICEMAN X., who proceeds to hand to each person a string, attached to the end of which is a "receiver" similar to those of the toy telephone, which may be bought for 6d. at the toy-shops. Having distributed the receivers, he fixes all the other ends of the strings to a nail in the scene at the back or at the wings. Returns to his place. All put their receivers to their ears and listen.]

ATTORNEY-GEN. *[speaking behind scenes].*
 May't please you, sir, in this case I appear.

HASSAN *[speaking into his receiver].*

Just what you don't. How can you say you're here?
 ATTORNEY-GEN. Well, there or here. It's neither here nor there;
 I'm for the prosecution of the Bear.
 And when I say I'm here, forgive my diction,
 It's what we lawyers call a legal fiction.
 The charges 'gainst the prisoners, as you see,
 Amount to serious crimes of vagrancy.
 First, they are rogues and vagabonds, we say;
 Next, they're obstructing every public way;
 Thirdly, they're loiterers with ill intent;
 Fourth, armed with weapons they're on mischief bent;
 Fifthly and last, the government believes
 These Russian Bears to be reputed thieves.
 The evidence which I produce to-day
 Will clearly show the court the sort of way
 In which these fellows carry on their game—
 Turkey or Turkestan, it's all the same.
 They're rascals; and such is their wickedness,
 For a conviction I am bound to press.

HASSAN *[to prisoners].* Are you defended?

POLICEMAN X. Sir, I understand
 Gladstone, the people's William, 's been retained;
 I've fourteen post-cards from him on the question.

[Showing them to HASSAN, who glances at them.]

HASSAN. Not one contains a practical suggestion.

POLICEMAN X. To-day he cannot possibly attend,
As he's addressing workmen at Gravesend.
VIZIER. Oh, he won't leave his Russian pets alone ;
No doubt he'll plead for them *per* telephone.

[*All put receivers to their ears and listen after a short pause.*]

W. E. G. [*behind scenes*].

Caliph of Bagdad ! mighty potentate,
Whose sceptre is of prehomeric date !
List for a moment while I intercede
For this poor Bear, for whom my heart does bleed.
Yes, for the Russian Bear I humbly plead,
And justify his every word and deed.
And so I will, by Gortchakoff's directions,
Confine my speech to six-and-forty sections.
If in its course I should perchance be merry,
Forgive me—I've just had an egg in sherry.
Pity these Christian pilgrims in your lands,
Who come to preach what Europe understands
Is truth and justice for the lower classes.
Do not deny them access to the passes
Of Hindoo Koosh. Let them reform Cabul——

HASSAN [*impatiently*]. Oh, I can't stand this. Is the man a fool ?
[*To prisoners.*] Now look you, prisoners, whate'er you are,
You're fined ten shillings. Costs against the Czar.
If he don't pay them, you will go to prison ;
No one should meddle with what isn't his'n.
VIZIER. Call the next case on.

POLICEMAN X. Case of gross assault,
In which one Abou Hassan is at fault.
Last night, your worship, I was on my beat,
And 'eared a huproar lower down the street ;
Entered the noisy 'ouse, and there, bedad,
Found a young man 'is mother said was mad.
Seed 'e was drunk and most disorderly,
Turned to arrest 'im, then 'e turns on me.
HASSAN [*aside*]. Is this a dream ? I surely can recall
The fellow's story. Am I, after all,
But Abou Hassan. Yet how come I here,
Sitting in judgment in the Caliph's chair ?
I must dissemble, nor my guilt betray ;
Perhaps the riddle will be solved some day.
[*Aloud.*] Do you call witnesses ?

POLICEMAN X. Yes, sire, I've one.
Old gent came in and saw all that was done.

[*Enter CALIPH cloaked in disguise as before. He makes a salaam to HASSAN, and stands R.C.*]

HASSAN [*aside*]. This is most strange. I recognise his face.
It is the man who supped at our place.

Mother was right. I do believe I'm mad.

Yet without doubt I'm Caliph of Bagdad.

[*Aloud to POLICEMAN X.*] Where is this Hassan, man, of whom you speak?

CALIPH [*aside*]. Upon my word, friend, you have lots of cheek.

[*Aloud.*] O, would-be Caliph! list to what I say:
I supped with you, you know, the other day,
When you were Hassan, a poor working-man,
And for a joke I hatched a little plan
To make you Caliph, that being your desire.
What means I used you need not now enquire,
Let it suffice that you are what you are;
But from this time you must resign the care
Of my broad lands—I speak advisedly—
You are no longer Caliph—I AM HE.

[*Chord on orchestra. Sensation! /*]

HASSAN [*prostrating himself before the CALIPH*].

Commander of the Faithful! I, your slave,
Dumfounded, only now for mercy crave.

CALIPH. Rise, my good Hassan! you need have no fear;
'Tis I that must apologise, that's clear.

'Twas for my own amusement to see how
You'd carry out your grand reforms, you know.
Come, my grand working-man, if things were wrong,
Why have you not reformed them? Where's your song
Of banishment of Western folk and ways?
Is not the Caliph right in what he says?
You've had experience, now tell me whether
Europe and Asia cannot pull together.
Let East and West rub up against each other
Till both have learnt what 'tis to have a brother.
And now our legal business is done,
Do you, Grand Vizier, provide some fun.
[*To HASSAN.*] You've learnt, I'm sure, to like our jollity,
So fetch your mother and both live with me.
You'll be Vice-Caliph.

HASSAN [*knocking*]. Sire, I accept the boon.

[*Is about to say more, but CALIPH waves his hand.*]

CALIPH. Now bid the band strike up a jolly tune.

VIZIER [*to Slaves*]. While our grand Masquerade's advancing,
Bring some hot plates. The Bear will do some dancing.

[*Orchestra pianissimo, distant March while Slaves bring in hot plates [of paper], on them printed in large letters the words, Afghan, Berlin, Plevna, Cyprus, &c., taking care to let the audience read the words before the plates are laid on the stage. When all is ready, CALIPH and company retire back while the Bear dances on the plates to music. Music changes to March, the Masquerade enters, EUROPA [seated on a bull, if possible; a little ingenuity with a pair of buffalo-horns may*

make it so] followed by attendants bearing emblems of Western life, Champagne bottles, Australian meat-tins, &c., to fancy. They group themselves, leaving EUROPA in front, who may descend from her bull. Enter ASIA with attendants bearing fruit and flowers of the East, branch of olive-tree [paper berries], &c. &c., to taste. ASIA left alone in front with EUROPA, they kiss each other and sing alternately.]

SONG.—TUNE, 'Mollie Darling.' (Christy Minstrel.)

ASIA [sings].

Won't you tell me, sweet Europa,
That you love none else but me?
For I love you, sweet Europa,
You are all the world to me. Oh!
Tell me, darling, that you love me,
Put your snowy hand in mine,
Take my heart, my sweet Europa,
Say that you will give me thine.

EUROPA and ASIA [together].

Europa } fairest, sweetest, dearest,
Asia }
Look up, darling, tell me this,
Do you love me, {Europa} darling?
Asia }
Let your answer be a kiss.

[Repeat Chorus. All join.]

EUROPA [singing].

I'll not leave you, Asia darling;
No! that parting would be pain.
By the stars, your own Europa,
Your true sister I'll remain.
Good-night, Asia; good-night, loved one:
Happy may you ever be!
When you're dreaming, Asia, darling,
Don't forget to dream of me.

[Repeat Duet and Chorus. EUROPA and ASIA retire back. The CALIPH advances and sings.]

SONG.—TUNE, 'Bonnie Dundee.'

CALIPH.

In these days of invention, when everything's pace,
When science and marvel are running a race;
When the world with the fame of great Edison rings,
No wonder our play's a strange jumble of things.
We've laughed at the doctors, we've laughed at the law,
We've voted the Russophile party a bore.
But in one thing I'm certain we all shall agree,
There's no time like the present for Bagdad and me. } repeat.
Now the West over East some advantage may claim,
But the East over West may I'm sure do the same.
If from Fortnum and Mason's come eatables nice,
We supply you with fruits, dates, and olives, and spice.

Let us smile at your tins of Australian meat;
 Perhaps we shall learn bitter beer is a treat.
 But in one thing I'm certain we all shall agree,
 There's no time like the present for Bagdad and me. } *repeat.*
 [To Audience.] If we've pleased you to-night, pray be sure we'll be glad
 To repeat this performance again at Bagdad.
 And wherever you are, there's no difficulty(ce),
 We can all act our parts telephonically(ce).
 Only murmur "Well done," if you think there is cause;
 We've a megaphone here to enlarge your applause.
 And in this my last word I beseech you agree—
 There's no time like the present for Bagdad and me. } *repeat.*

[The Tune is continued on orchestra. Characters dance arms
 akimbo opposite each other. At first bar of Chorus they turn in
 couples: CALIPH with ASIA, HASSAN with EUROPA, VIZIER
 with ZULEIKA, POLICEMAN X. with Bear, &c.; red light, and

Curtain.

THE HENS OF HENCASTLE.

(From the German of Victor Blüthgen.)



WHAT a hot, drowsy afternoon it was!

The blazing sun shone with such a glare upon the farmyard that it was almost unbearable, and there was not a vestige of grass or any green thing to relieve the eye or cast a little shade.

But the fowls in the back yard were not disturbed by the heat the least bit in the world, for they had plenty of time in which to doze, and they were fond of taking a *siesta* in the hottest place that could be found. Certainly the hottest place that afternoon, by far was the yard in which they reposed.

There were five of them—a cock and four hens. Two of the hens were renowned throughout the whole village, for they wore tufts of feathers on their heads instead of the usual red combs; and the cock was very proud of having such distinguished-looking wives.

Besides which, he was naturally a very stately bird himself in appearance, and had a splendid blackish-green tail and a golden speckled hackle, which shone and glistened in the sun. He had also won many sharp battles with certain young cocks in the neigh-

bourhood, whom curiosity about the tufted foreigners had attracted to the yard. The consequence of these triumphs was that he held undisputed dominion as far as the second fence from the farmyard, and whenever he shut his eyes and sounded his war-clarion, the whole of his rivals made off as fast as wings and legs could carry them.



So the five sat or stood by themselves in the yard, dozing in the sunshine, and they felt bored.

During the middle of the day they had managed to get some winks of sleep, but now the farmer's men began to thresh in a barn close by, making noise enough to wake the dead, so there was small chance of well-organized fowls being able to sleep through the din.

"I wish someone would tell a story," said one of the common hens, as she ruffled all her feathers up on end, and then shook them straight again, for coolness. "I am tired of scrabbling in the dust, and fly-catching is an amusement only suited to sparrows and such vulgar birds."

This was a hit at one of the foreign hens, who had wandered away a little and was pecking at flies on the wall. The two common hens were very fond of vexing the foreign ones, because their feelings were hurt at being held less beautiful and rare.

The tufted fair one heard the remark, and called out spitefully from a distance: "If certain people were not ignorant country bumpkins, they would be able to tell a good story themselves."

"That remark can't apply to me, for I know a great number of stories," replied the common hen, turning her head on one side to show her contempt. "For instance: once upon a time there was a hen who laid nothing but soft-shelled eggs——"

"You can't mean *me* by that story," said the tufted one, "for I have only laid one soft-shelled egg in my whole life. So there! But do tell me how your interesting story ends—I am so anxious to hear the end."

"You know that best yourself," retorted the other.

"Now I'm sure, dear Father Cock, you could tell us something really amusing if you would be so kind," said the second common hen, who was standing near him. "Those two make one's life a burthen, with their everlasting wrangling and bickering."

"Hush!" said the cock, who was standing motionless with one leg in the air, an attitude he often assumed when any very hard thinking had to be done; "I was just trying to recollect one."

After a pause, he said in a solemn voice: "I will tell you the terrible tale of the troubles of the hens of Hencastle.

"Once upon a time—it was the village fair week, when, as you know, everyone eats and drinks as much as he possibly can, and consequently a great many animals are killed,—the farmer's cook came into the fowlyard, and after carefully looking over all the chickens, remarked that seven of them would be twisting merrily on the spit next morning. On hearing this, all the fowls were plunged into the deepest despair, for no one felt sure that he would not be of the seven, and no one could guess how the victims would be chosen. Two young cockerels, in their deep perplexity, at last went to the yard-dog, Flaps by name, who was a very great friend of theirs, and to him they cackled out their woes.

"Why do you stop here?" asked Flaps. "If you had any pluck, you would make yourselves scarce."

"Ah! Perhaps so—but who has enough courage for such a desperate step?" sighed the young cockerels. "Why, you yourself are no more courageous than we, else why do you stop here chained up all day, and allow those tiresome children to come and tease you?"

"Well," replied the dog, "I earn a good livelihood by putting up

with these small discomforts, and besides that, *I* am not going to be set twisting on a spit. However, if you particularly wish it, we can go away somewhere together; but if we do, *I* may as well tell you at once, that you will have to feed me.'

"The cockerels, fired by this bold advice, betook themselves at once to the henroost with the courage of young lions; and after a short but animated discussion, persuaded the whole of the cocks and hens to run away and to take Flaps as protector of the community.

"When darkness fell, the dog was unchained for the night as usual, and as soon as the coast seemed clear, he went to the henhouse, pushed back the sliding door with his nose, and let them all out.

"Then he and the whole company stole away as quietly as possible through the yard-gate away out into the open country.

"The fowls flew, and wandered on, the livelong night, perfectly happy in their freedom, and feeding themselves from the sheaves of corn that stood in the stubble-fields.

"Whenever Flaps felt hungry, the hens laid him a couple of eggs or so, which he found far nicer than barley-meal and dog-biscuit.

"When they passed through thinly-populated places where they were not likely to be observed, they marched gaily forward; but whenever there was a chance of danger, they only travelled by night.

"Meanwhile the cook went early in the morning to kill the chickens; but on finding the whole place as empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, she fell into a violent fit of hysterics, and the kitchen-maid and pig-boy had to put her under the pump, and work it hard for a quarter of an hour before they could revive her.

"After some days' journeying, the wanderers arrived at a large desolate-looking heath, in the middle of which stood an old weather-beaten house, apparently uninhabited. Flaps was sent forward to examine it, and he searched from garret to cellar without finding a trace of a human being. The fowls then examined the neighbourhood for two whole days and nights with a like result, and so they determined to take up their abode in the dwelling.

"In they trooped, and set themselves to work to turn it into a strong castle, well fortified against all danger. They stopped up the holes and cracks with tufts of grass, and piled a wall of big and little stones right round the house. When the repairs were completed they called it Hencastle.

"During the autumn some of the fowls ventured forth into the corn-fields that lay near the haunts of men, and collected a store of grain to supply them with food during the winter. They kept it on the floor of a loft, and when spring came they sowed the remainder of the stock in a field, where it produced such an abundant crop that they had plenty of provisions for the following winter."

"Thus they lived a peaceful and happy life, which was so uneventful that it has no history; and Mark, the watchman, who always stood on the coping-stone of the highest chimney to act as sentinel, used constantly to fall asleep, partly from sheer boredom, and partly from the combined effects of old age, good living, and having nothing on earth to do. Flaps, too, who had undertaken to guard the castle against intruders, and who at first used to patrol the house carefully inside and out every night, soon came to the conclusion that the game was not worth the candle."



"One chilly evening, about the time of the first snows, when the wind was beginning to whistle over the heath and make strange noises in the castle, two old hens were up in the loft having a chat and picking up a few stray grains of corn for supper. All of a sudden they heard a mysterious 'Piep.' 'Hullo!' said one, 'what's that? No one can be hatching out at this time of the year—it's impossible; yet surely something said "Piep" down there in the corner.'

"Just then another 'Piep' was heard."

"‘I don’t think it sounds *quite* like a young chicken,’ replied the other hen.

"In the middle of their discussion on this knotty point, they descried a couple of mice at the edge of the corn-heap. One of them was sitting on his hind legs, washing his ears and whiskers with his fore paws, but his wife was gobbling up corn at a fearful rate, and in this sight the wise and far-seeing old hens discerned the probability of future troubles.

"‘Halloo there! that’s our corn,’ they cried; ‘you mustn’t steal it. Of course you may have a few grains in the depth of winter to keep you from starving; but remember, when spring comes again, this sort of thing must stop, and you must go away and never come here any more.’

"‘Piep,’ said the mice, and vanished.

"The two hens told the rest what had happened, but nobody troubled themselves about such an insignificant matter, and some said that the poor old things made mountains out of molehills. Anyhow, in two days everybody, including the wise hens themselves, had forgotten all about it. Later on, that winter, the mice had seven young ones—seven such skinny, thread-limbed, beady-eyed little beasts that no one noticed their arrival.

"Very soon after, almost before any hen had time to look round or think, behold! mice were squeaking in every corner, and there were holes behind every wainscoat, plank, and rafter.

"A year passed away, and when winter returned again the mice came and took the stored corn away in such quantities that everybody saw none would be left to sow in the spring.

"Matters had come to a crisis; many and anxious discussions were held amongst the fowls, for good counsel was a thing much sought after at Hencastle.

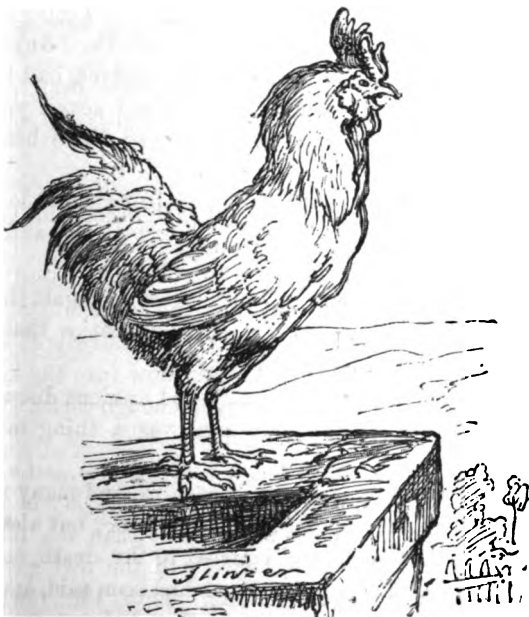
"At first they took very energetic measures, and many a mouse fell a victim to a well-aimed peck from a cock’s beak; but alas! the mice took energetic measures also, and resisted to the death, so that many a fowl’s leg was bitten to the bone. Much had been said, and much was done, but the mice were more numerous than before.

"The commonwealth then decided on sending three experienced cocks out into the world, to try and find some means for getting rid of the plague of mice.

"The cocks journeyed for one whole day without finding anything to help them in their trouble, but towards evening they came to a wild, rocky mountain-side, full of caves and clefts, and made up their minds to stay there for the night; so they crept into a hole under a ledge of rock, put their heads under their wings, and went to sleep.

"In the middle of the night they were roused by the sound of flapping wings, followed by a whispering voice, saying, 'Whish—ish,' which soon broke out into a loud 'Whoo—hoo! Whoo—hoo!' They popped their heads out of the hole to see what was the matter, and they perceived a great owl sitting on a stump, flapping its wings up and down, and rolling its great round eyes about, which glared like red-hot coals in its head.

"'Mice here! Mice here! Whoo—hoo!' it shrieked.



"On hearing this the cocks nudged one another, and said, 'We are in luck's way at last.' Then as the owl still continued to call for mice, one of them plucked up courage and addressed it: 'If you will

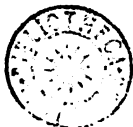
only come with us, sir, you shall have as many mice as you can eat—a whole house-full, if you like.'

"'Who may you be?' hissed the owl, and glared with its fiery eyes into the cleft.

"'We come from Hencastle, where there are hundreds of mice, who devour our corn day and night.'

"'Whoo—hoo! I'll come, I'll come,' screamed the owl, snapping its beak with pleasure.

"In the grey of the dawn the fowls sat on the roof-tree, listening to Mark, the watchman, who stood on the top of his chimney, and cried :



'What do I see?
Here come the three!
And with them, I reckon,
A bird with no neck on.'

"Thereupon the owl and the three messengers flew up with a rush to the top of the castle.

"'Ha! ha! I smell mice,' shrieked the new comer, and dashed through a hole in the roof, from whence it shortly reappeared with a mouse in its claws.

"This sight filled all the fowls with joy; and as they sat on the edge of the roof in a row, they nudged each other, and remarked :

"'This has indeed been a happy venture.'

"For a few days everything went as smoothly as possible, but after a time the mice began to find out that the owl could only see really well at night, that it saw badly by day, and hardly at all when the midday sun was shining through the window into the loft. So they only came out at noon, and then dragged enough corn away into their holes to last them till the following day.

"One night the owl did not catch a single mouse, and so, being very hungry, drove its beak into some hens' eggs that lay in a corner, and ate them. Finding them more to its taste than the fattest mouse, and much less trouble to catch, henceforth the owl gave up mouse-hunting, and took to egg-poaching. This the fowls presently discovered, and the three wise cocks were sent to tell the owl to go away, as it was no longer of use to anybody, for it never caught mice but only ate eggs.

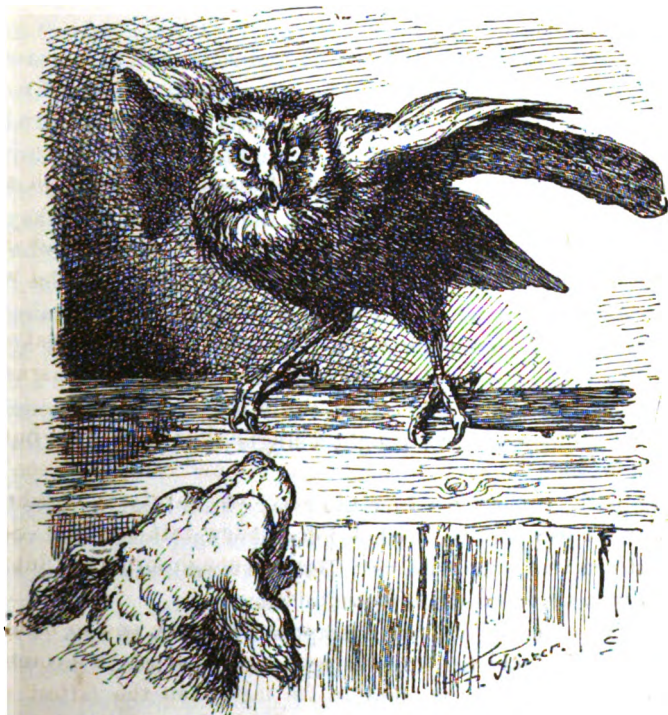
"'Whoo—hoo! whoo—hoo! More eggs—give me more eggs, or I'll

scratch your eyes out,' shrieked the owl, and began to whet its beak on a beam in such a savage manner that the three cocks fled in terror to the top of the chimney.

"Having somewhat recovered from their alarm, they went down and told Flaps, who was basking in the sunshine, that the owl must be got rid of.

"What, are all the mice eaten, then?" enquired he.

"Alas!" answered one of the cocks, 'the brute will eat nothing but eggs now, and threatens to scratch our eyes out if we don't supply as many more as it wants.'



"Wait till noonday,' said the dog, 'and I'll soon bring the rascal to reason.'

"At twelve o'clock Flaps quietly pushed the door open and went up into the loft. There sat the old owl winking and blinking in a corner.

“‘So you are the robber who is going to scratch people’s eyes out,’ said Flaps. ‘For this you must die!’

“‘That remains to be seen,’ sneered the owl; ‘but eyes I will have, and dogs’ eyes too!’ and with that it swooped down upon Flap’s head; but the old dog seized the bird between his teeth and killed it, though not before one of his own eyes had been scratched out in the struggle.

“‘No matter,’ said Flaps; ‘I’ve done my duty, at any rate, and I don’t know why I should want more than one eye to see with;’ and so saying, he went back to his post.

“The fowls made a great feast, which lasted the whole day, to celebrate the owl’s death.

“But the mice remained in the castle, and continued to increase and multiply. So the three wise cocks had to go forth on a second voyage of discovery, in order to try and find a remedy against the intruders.

“They flew on for a night and a day without any result; but towards morning, on the second day, they alighted to rest in a thick wood, and there, in one of the forest glades, just as the sun was rising, they saw a red-coated animal watching a mouse-hole. It was a fox, who had come out to find something for breakfast. They soon saw him catch a mouse and eat it, and then heard him say, ‘Heaven be praised for small mercies! I have managed to secure a light breakfast at last, though I’ve been hunting all night in vain.’

“‘Do you hear that?’ said one of the messengers. ‘He considers himself very lucky to have caught a single mouse. That’s the sort of animal we want.’

So the cock called down from the tree: ‘I say! below there! Mr. Mouse-eater! you can have a whole loft-full of such long-tailed vermin as that, if you will come with us. But you must first solemnly swear that you will never eat eggs instead of mice.’

“‘Nothing on earth shall ever tempt me to touch an egg. I swear it most solemnly,’ said the fox, staring up into the tree. ‘But whence do you come, my worthy masters?’

“‘We live at Hencastle, but no one knows where that is except the mice, who eat us out of house and home.’

“‘You don’t say so,’ said the fox from below, licking his lips. ‘And are there many more such handsome, magnificent birds as you are, at Hencastle?’

“‘Why, of course, the whole place is full of them.’

“‘Then I’ll come with you,’ said the fox, lowering his eyes, lest the cocks should discern the hungry look in them. ‘And if there are a thousand mice in the loft, they shall all soon lick the dust. Ah! you don’t know what delicious dainties such—mice—are.’

“This time the fowls had to wait till evening before they heard Mark, the watchman, crowing from his chimney, and calling forth :

‘Here come the three!

But what do I see?

Why, the friend that they bring

Is a four-legged thing.’

When the fox got to the outer wall, he sniffed about uneasily and said :

“‘I smell a dog, and I am not fond of the race, nor do they as a rule like me.’

“‘You need not be alarmed,’ replied the cocks; ‘there is only one of them here—our friend Mr. Flaps,—and he is always stationed outside the castle; besides, he is just as glad as we are that you have come to kill the mice.’

“But in spite of this assurance, the fox did not at all like the idea of going in past Flaps, who stood at the door, showing his teeth, and with the hair down his back standing on end; but at last, catching sight of a number of plump young chickens looking out at a window, Reynard could resist no longer, and with his mouth watering in anxiety to be among them, he slipped past Flaps like lightning, and scampered up into the loft. Once there, he behaved so affably to the fowls, and especially to some of the oldest and most influential hens, that very soon everyone looked on him as their friend in time of need, and their enthusiasm was brought to a climax when they saw him catch four mice in half as many minutes.

“In the dead of night, when all were asleep, Reynard crept up to where the fowls roosted, and finding out where the youngest and fattest were perched, he snapped off the heads of a couple before they had even time to flutter a feather. He then carried them to the window, opened it very gently, dropped the dead bodies out on to the ground beneath, and then sped away down to the house-door and bolted it.

“When he had done this, he returned to the old hens and woke

them by groaning in such a heartbreaking manner, that all the fowls crowded round him to know what was the matter.

“‘Alas!’ cried he, ‘it has been my sad lot to witness a most fearful sight. That dog whom you keep down below to guard the house, slipped in at the door, and going to the corner where the lovely young chickens roost, quicker than thought killed two that were more beautiful than angels. I was chasing a mouse under the stairs at the time, and happened to come up just as the dreadful deed was done, and I saw the robber making off with his booty. Only come with me a minute, and you shall see that I have spoken the truth.’

“He took the scared and frightened fowls to the window, and when they looked out, they saw to their horror their guardian Flaps sniffing at the dead bodies on the ground outside.

“‘Who would have thought it!’ said the hens in an awestricken whisper.

“‘You may thank me,’ said the fox, ‘for my presence of mind in bolting the house-door when he ran out, or heaven only knows how many more he would have killed! If you will take my advice, you will send him about his business; and if you will put me in his place, I can assure you that you shall be protected in quite another manner.’

“‘Hi! open the door,’ cried Flaps, who saw something was wrong; ‘you’ve got another King Stork, I’ll be bound.’ But though he rattled and shook the door, no one unbolted it. ‘Ah!’ sighed Flaps, ‘before long the whole pack of idiots will be killed and eaten.’ So he scratched open an old hole in the wall that had been stopped up, and crept in. He arrived just in time to hear the old hens giving orders that no more eggs were to be given him, and that the door was to be kept bolted, in order that he might be obliged either to leave the place or to starve.

“They were all talking at once, and so eagerly, that no one noticed the dog come up behind them. He gave one spring and seized the fox by the throat. The attack was quite unexpected, but the fox fought, writhed, and wriggled like an eel, and just as he was being borne down, he made one desperate snap, and bit off the dog’s ear close to the head.

“‘Well, my ear is done for, but so is this bloodthirsty villain,’ said Flaps, looking down at the fox, which lay dead at his feet; ‘and as

for you, you pack of ungrateful fools, one ear is quite enough to listen to you with. Here have I been your faithful comrade for all these years, and yet you believe that I have turned murderer in my old age on the word of this rogue, who did the evil deed himself last night.'

"Now that the panic was over, the fowls felt heartily ashamed of themselves for having been deceived by the fox, and done Flaps such great injustice. So they all asked his pardon, and the feast which they held to celebrate their deliverance from the fox was even more magnificent than the last, and it went on for two whole days.

"But the mice were no less glad than the fowls that their enemy was dead; and now that both he and the owl had disappeared, they came out fearlessly at all hours of the day, and lived a life quite free from trouble and care.

"Not so the fowls. What was to be done with the ever-increasing colony of corn-stealers? The more the fowls meditated, the more the mice squeaked and played about, and the more corn they dragged away into their holes.

"There was nothing for it but to despatch the three messengers a third time, with directions to be more vigilant and careful than before. Away they flew, farther than ever. The first chance of help that arose was from a couple of cats and a kite, who seemed likely to perform the required work, but the cocks declined to accept their aid, feeling that the Hencastle had suffered too much already from two-winged and four-legged protectors.

"At length the messengers reached a bit of waste ground close to a village, and there they saw an extremely grimy-looking gipsy sitting on a bank. He knocked the ashes out of his black pipe, and muttered, 'I've the luck of a dog! Here am I with a lot of the best mousetraps in the world, and I haven't sold one this blessed day!'

"'Here's luck!' said the wise birds. 'That is exactly the man for us; he is neither two-winged nor four-legged, so he will be quite safe.'

"They flew down at once to the ratcatcher and made their proposition. He laughed softly and pleasantly to himself, and accepted their invitation without any demur, and started at once with a light step and lighter heart for Hencastle.

"Two days after this, the fowls heard Mark, the watchman, crowing away lustily from his chimney-pot :

'What do I see?
Here come the three!
And the black beast they bring
Has no tail or no wing.'

"'But,' added the sentinel in less official language, 'he carries a bundle of things that look like little houses made of wire.'

"The gipsy was at once taken up to the loft, and having, luckily, a few scraps of strong-smelling bacon left over from his last night's supper, he struck a light and managed to make a small fire in the long-disused grate with some bits of dry grass and chips. He then frizzled some bacon and baited his traps, and in less than ten minutes he had filled them all, for the mice had never smelt such a delicious thing as fried bacon before, and besides, they were new to the wiles of man.

"The fowls were wild with delight, and in their thankfulness they bethought them of a special mark of favour, and every hen came clucking up to him and laid an egg at his feet.

"For about a week the gipsy did nothing but catch mice and eat eggs; but all things must have an end, and the bacon ran out, just when the gipsy had come to the conclusion that he was heartily sick of egg-diet. Being a man of action, he put out his hand suddenly and caught the fattest and nicest young chicken within reach, and promptly wrung its neck.

"Oh, what a row there was in the henroost! The cooks began to crow loud enough to split their throats, and the hens to fly about and cackle. The man was nearly deafened, and yelled out at the top of his voice, 'What do you expect, you fools? Mice can only be caught with meat, and meat I must and will have too.' He then let them rave on, and quietly and methodically continued to pluck his chicken. When it was ready, he made a fire and began to roast it.

"In the meanwhile, Flaps had heard all the noise and outcry, and as it showed no signs of abating, he thought the man was most likely in mischief, so he went into the castle.

"'Oh! Woe! Misery! Horror! Despair!' cried all the fowls at once as soon as they saw him. 'The murderer has slain young Scratchfoot the cook, and is just going to roast him!'

"'You're a dead man,' growled Flaps to the ratcatcher, as soon as he got up to the loft.

"'I'm not so sure of that, my fine cur,' said the man, taking hold of the cudgel he had brought with him, and tucking up his sleeves.

"But the brave old dog sprang at him and bit him so severely that he uttered a savage groan, and dealt Flaps a heavy blow with his cudgel. This nearly broke the dog's leg and obliged him to leave his hold, on which the gipsy dashed downstairs and ran away with such speed that Flaps on three legs had no chance of overtaking him.

"'Wait a bit!' cried the man from afar. 'I'll remember you!' And then his retreating figure became smaller and smaller on the heath until at last it disappeared altogether.

"This time the fowls had no heart for a feast. They sat brooding and moping in rows on the rafters, for they began to see very clearly that it was quite hopeless to try and get rid of the mice.

"Poor old Flaps, too, was very ill. A good many days elapsed before he could get about, and for years he walked lame on his injured leg.

"One morning as the fowls were listlessly wandering about, wondering what was to happen next, Mark, the watchman, was heard crowing away in a very excited manner :

'What do I see?

Twenty and three!"

"'What do you see?' cried they all in a great fright. 'Twenty and three what?'

"'An army of soldiers dressed in smock frocks. They are armed with pitchforks, and the black gipsy is their general.'

"The fowls flew up like a cloud to the roof, and sure enough they saw the ratcatcher coming across the heath with a crowd of villagers towards the castle.

"When they broke the doleful news to Flaps, he said, 'That scoundrel of a man has betrayed our hiding-place, and we must wander forth again. Get ready, and keep up your spirits, and remember that in any case we should not have been able to stay here much longer, on account of the mice.'

"So the hens filled their crops as full as possible, and escaped with Flaps out at the back door.

"When the country-folk got to the house, they found nothing in it but a small heap of corn; so they fell upon the gipsy and half killed him for having brought them on a fool's errand. Then they divided what little corn there was left, and went away.

"The mice were left alone to whistle for their food.

"So ends the tale of the hens of Hencastle."

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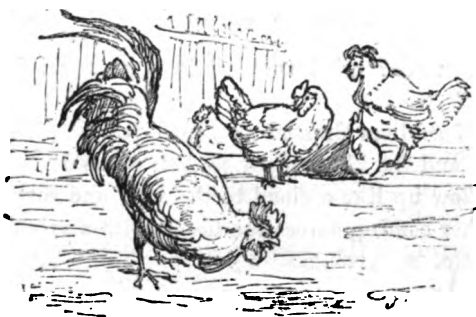
"And a very fine tale too," said one of the stranger-hens who had been asleep all the time, and woke up with a jump. "It was deeply interesting." The threshers happened to have stopped to rest for a moment, or she would never have woke at all.

"Of course it was!" said the cock, full of dignity; and he shook his feathers straight.

"But what became of the fowls afterwards?" asked one of the common hens.

"I never tell a hen a secret," said the cock; and he strutted off to hunt for worms.

B. Y. G. A.



AN OLD ESCRITOIRE.



N old escritoire! Who does not know the look of such a dear old bit of furniture? The dark wood, the shining brass locks and handles, the deep drawers, the odd pigeon-holes, and best of all, the secret hiding-places!

How the owner valued the precious repository of family records, and how you, little girl or boy, stood by and thought (with yet a shiver at the presumption of the idea) how delightful it would be to be allowed a thorough good hunt through all the little drawers and pigeon-holes!

I thought so at least when I stood (a small girl of seven) before just such an escritoire years and years ago.

And one day I might look—one day I might unhidden turn over all the old hoards that the dear hands that gathered them would never touch again. How different the treasures looked now to what they appeared to the round eyes of seven!

A certain sadness seemed to cling to all. The queer old snuff-boxes, with a lock of someone's bright hair shining still through the glass lid, the packet ticketed "Baby," and a date, and containing a little bead necklace. I used to think them such glittering treasures, and now they were just forgotten relics. The hair was nameless, and "Baby" had lain cradled in crimson velvet these many years in the old church-vault. But the letters. Ah! *they* preserved their own interest. Still a number must be burnt to save them from a less respectful ending in the days to come, a less loving setting aside than even I could give them.

Slowly the sorting of the carefully-tied packets went on, and surely the heap grew larger for the burning by and by. Every now and then came a longer parcel, and some letter or document was laid aside, too precious to be parted with. This was one such paper. A large sheet, yellowed with age, but neatly folded, beautifully-written Poetry!

I glanced at the heading: "Lines to Harriot."

I glanced at the signature: "Felicia Browne, Grwyth, Oct. 9, 1807." And then it all came back to me. Felicia Browne was the Felicia

Hemans of after days, whose poems we all know. But when these lines were written she was just Felicia Browne, the merry, happy school-girl, dancing about in her Welsh home, or caressing on the sea-shore her pretty little visitor, the three-year-old Harriot of the poem.

Would you like to read the lines now before I tell you what little more I know about the small heroine? I seem to think more of her just now even than of the dead poetess; but the yellow paper is a remembrance of both.

“LINES TO HARRIOT.

“Sweet infant! thine each gay delight,
Unclouded is thy mind with sorrow,
The present day to thee is bright,
And thou art heedless of the morrow.

“Thy cheek with artless beauty glows,
Thy life is blushing like the morn;
For Hebe lends her vernal rose
Thy cherub features to adorn.

“Oh, happy age of early joy,
And bliss that childhood only knows!
May sad misfortune ne’er destroy
The visions of thy soft repose!

“Sweet infant! blooming like the May,
With pleasure in thy sparkling eye!
Unknown to care, thy heart is gay;
Unknown to grief, thy moments fly.

“And must the lovely rose decay
That now upon thy cheek is smiling?
Ah, no! may joy attend thy way,
The sportive hours for thee beguiling!

“And when at last unerring fate
In death shall close thy radiant eyes,
May guardian angels round thee wait,
And bear thee to thy native skies!

“FELICIA BROWNE, GEWYCH, 9 OCT., 1807.”

The poetry may not be worthy of the after efforts of the poetess, but it brings the scene before me at least very clearly.—the motherly, somewhat patronising young versifier of fourteen, with her rosy cheeks and chestnut curls, putting little Harriot back into her nurse’s

arms to run to her desk in the dear schoolroom at Grwych, there to jot down these lines in honour of her darling. Little Harriot *must* have been a pet with the family, for the poetess's sister, "Harriet Mary Browne," also fetches pencil and paper and writes her little lay to the babe-visitor by Felicia's side. That is also copied out on the yellow sheet; but I will not transcribe it, since this little maid was but nine years old, and her verses, as is only natural, are but echoes of what she has read and heard on a like subject. Do you know Grwych? Have you ever been whirled by train along the very sands on the North Wales coast, and been shown the turreted mansion of that name standing proudly against the mountains behind Abergelle.

Grwych Castle is not the same house, but it stands nearly on the site of the dear old mansion where Felicia Hemans spent her childhood—little Felicia Browne, I should say. There she lived so happily that, even when taken by her father and mother for a first visit to great London, she pined to come home again to her younger brother and sister, to the old schoolroom, to the arbour, to the nut-wood, to the swing, and above all to the free, fresh mountains, and the blowy sea-shore, where probably she first met little Harriot and her nurse. Not many visitors came to the rocky Welsh coast in those days; so when Colonel Ford, a Cheshire gentleman, with his wife and little flock of boys, and this one baby-girl, came from their home at Abbey-field, near Sandbach, to enjoy the autumn breezes at Abergelle, the Brownes were delighted to welcome them, and Felicia was as ready for a game of play with the lads as for composing poetry to Baby Harriot.

We all know the poetess's story—her writings, her life, her death. There are volumes in every library that tell this in full.

But what of Baby Harriot, the subject of these lines? Did she ever know the misfortune the kind little poetess would fain have kept from her? Did the rose on her smiling cheek ever decay? And oh, most of all, were there guardian angels waiting for the soul of the darling in the dark unforeseen day when Death came to claim her?

I can answer these questions, I think. This eldest little daughter of a country-house lived and bloomed for six bright years after Felicia Hemans wrote those kindly verses upon her. Probably the children met again in after days, since the parents were friends too, but this, neither the escritoire nor family tradition actually certifies.

At any rate little Harriot grew and flourished, romped with her elder brothers while she was little, and learned lessons with a kind governess when she grew bigger, and thought her country home, with its fox-covers and gorse-bushes, and the boys going out to hunt with papa, nearly as delightful as the sea-shore. Every year, however, the children had a trip with papa and mamma, or else with the governess, and in the autumn of 1813, "Miss Frodsham" took them to Bootle in Lancashire, an easily accessible watering-place.

Now I put away the yellow sheet with Felicia's lines on it, and take up a folded letter, also out of the escritoire, also of long ago, as you may see by the lack of envelope, the wafer under the flap, and the seven on the outside, meaning that seven pence had been paid for the postage of the packet.

The letter is from little Harriot's father to his sister, and tells a sad story.

Little Harriot is dead. She had been attacked by sudden illness at the seaside, father and mother had been summoned by the governess, clever doctors had gathered round the sick bed, but all was in vain—"Death" insisted on "closing the radiant eyes."

The poor father writes as a Christian gentleman would do of the loss of one "so dear, and so deservedly dear." Of the nine-year-old little daughter he says, still preserving in his grief the composed and careful diction of that day: "She was daily gaining upon our favour, and (what is of such infinitely greater importance) I do trust of the favour of her Almighty Father. It was not only in learning and usual accomplishments she was making a rapid progress, but a very visible one in the only true religion—a most anxious desire to please God. To hear Miss Frodsham's opinions on these and other points respecting our dear departed angel, might almost excite a suspicion of exaggeration, had not my own observation (particularly for the last six months) strongly confirmed her report. Such composure, patience and fortitude as she showed during her painful illness have made an impression on her governess which she conceives will never be erased from her mind. Dr. Brandreth speaks of them in the same manner as displayed during his attendance. When I came in, almost when she was gone, there was as much calmness, cheerfulness and affectionate solicitude for us as if we were the sufferers and she only a friendly spectator. It was a scene that never can cease to affect my mind, and

I sincerely pray God it may ever be remembered for our everlasting benefit."

So writes the father.

Can we doubt that guardian angels did wait round the bed of this little saint and martyr, bearing the loving unselfish soul with them aloft to the "home for little children?"

As for her body, they brought that back to her old home, and laid it by "Baby" in the family-vault where years after the father joined his little ones.

Shut up the *escritoire*—we will look no further to-day.

H. A. F.

SLEIGHING IN SWITZERLAND.



WAY, away, where sunshine falls,
All crisp and clear on vineyard walls;
When skies are blue, and keen the air,
And white snow glistens everywhere.

Five people in each well-packed sleigh.
Did ever five folks look more gay?
With brilliant wraps for heads and knees,
And bright flags flutt'ring in the breeze;

Hot-water jars tucked snugly in,
And fur cloaks muffling every chin;
Each face of gay good humour tells,
While tinkle all the horses' bells.

As on we go, with laugh and song,
How strange it seems to scud along
So smoothly, when one knows and feels
Our carriages have got no wheels.

Up, between vineyard walls we hie,
Until at length we can descry
A distant mountain's noble head,
And miles of snow between outspread.

How blue and soft the shadows fall
From wayside bush, and fir-tree tall!

While little footmarks here and there
Betray the path of fox or hare.

It really almost seems half wrong
For us to sing so loud a song;
For here no voice of any bird,
Or sound of life, save ours, is heard.

But now we come to village streets,
Where every child our party greets;
And all the sleighs pull up abreast
To let the horses have a rest.

Lunch number one. It's better fun
To eat than idle. Try a bun?
At least, what passes for that food,
Quite currantless, but clean and good.

Now off we go, we start again,
With dogs and children in our train,
As shrieking, barking with delight,
They watch the sledges out of sight.

Leaving the village far behind,
Along an upland road we wind;
By pastures covered up with snow,
And apple-trees with mistletoe:

Then reach at length the pine-wood's shade,
With ferns and moss in every glade;
While sunbeams dimly struggle through
Those ancient boughs of sombre hue.

The pine-stems stand erect and tall,
Spreading strong branches over all;
Those branches bend beneath the snow,
But shelter everything below.

Soft gloom and silence in the air,
Though misty rays fall here and there;
So beautiful, and yet so grand,
We ask, Can this be Fairyland?

S. M. GIDLEY.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear GOD who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all."

Coleridge.



AND is it quite, quite true, Mother?" said Kitty, who was lying at her Mother's feet, with her soft head against her Mother's hand. "I like that story."

"It is only a story, after all," said Mrs. Gwynne, smoothing Kitty's ruffled hair; "but it teaches us some things, I think. You see, Kitty, it is to show us that when our LORD was born at Christmas-time, all the heavens and earth were very glad, and even the animals were glad too; so, because He was born in a manger, with the cows in their stalls about Him, the Germans made up this story of how on Christmas Eve, God's angels touch the dumb creatures, and they praise Him. No, my dear, it is not true, of course; only we know that, even in their silence, all God's creatures praise Him."

"But it would have been so funny to hear them talk," said Kitty, raising herself a little, and staring with her great round eyes into her Mother's sweet face. "And Christmas Eve and all; and oh! that lazy Polly is asleep!"

Here another curly head and flushed face rose indignantly from the woolly rug, and another pair of round black eyes denied the charge.

"I was listening," said Polly, "about the cows and all. Mother, is it Christmas Eve to-night?"

"Yes."

"And do they praise God to-night? Would the cows be talking in our farm?"

"Not talking, Polly," said Mrs. Gwynne, smiling; "but praising God, I think, always: and there is nurse's knock, children, and the dinner-bell, and Father's step on the stairs—all the good things come at once."

"Except bed," said Kitty, dolefully. "How many more Christmases have I, Mother, before I am grown up?"

"Nearly twelve—twelve long happy years."

"And Polly has thirteen," said Kitty; "she's got the longest time to wait."

Polly said nothing—her round face was grave and puzzled, her black eyes were wide open; she was thinking so deeply that she half forgot to kiss her mother for good-night.

"Asleep and dreaming already!" said Mrs. Gwynne, laughing, as she held her close. "God bless you, my Polly, and send you a merry Christmas!"

There was no making Polly out that night. She undressed quite solemnly, without dancing or pirouetting about, without waking the baby, without even teasing nurse; and when she was put into the little room out of the nursery, with the gas turned low, she lay with her eyes wide open, watching.

Nurse seemed to have very much to do before supper-time to-night. She folded up all the little garments separately and laid them on the chairs, she stuck some pieces of holly about the pictures, and hung two little black silk stockings up against the chimney-piece; then she came and tucked up two little comfortable beds, and kissed the soft round cheeks. Kitty was so fast asleep that the kiss did not wake her, but Polly put both her arms round nurse's neck.

"Laws, Miss Polly!" said nurse, "and I've just tucked your arms in. Go to sleep now, my dear, and dream of Christmas Day. I'll leave the gas in for a time. I'm going to supper."

Then she turned the gas a little lower, propped the door ajar, and went heavily down the passage. Then in the far, far distance a door banged softly.

Polly raised herself on her elbow and looked round.

"Kitty!" she called softly, but there was no answer except a heavy sigh.

Then she softly pushed the clothes off her, and looked round half-frightened, half-pleased, planted her two little feet upon the carpet, and stood upright. Her heart was beating very fast and loud, but she slipped into the day-nursery and began hurrying on the clean clothes that nurse had laid out upon the chairs.

She could not manage to tie anything very well, because they all fastened behind, but she put her pinafore on over everything and drew the belt tight; then, with her bare feet, she pattered to the door.

"I've got no shoes on," she said to herself, "so they won't hear me;" and she danced all down the passage, while her feet made a faint, uncertain patter like scampering mice.

Down the stairs, past the drawing-room door she ran panting, her great eyes brilliant with excitement, and no thought of fear about her.

There were voices talking, but she never stopped to listen; she slipped into the conservatory that opened out of the morning-room, and in another minute was out in the garden, for it was very early still, and the doors were not locked.

It felt very cold somehow out here, and very lonely, and her feet sank into the soft white snow, and felt numb and frozen; but it had a pleasant feeling too, and she ran scattering it right and left into little drifts.

Through the shrubbery, and over the lawn, over the gate into the lane—a tiring stony lane—that ended in a sort of court-yard with buildings all round.

Over the stones she pattered in the moonlight up to the wooden doors, and there she stopped to listen. Her heart seemed to stop too for a minute, and then to go beating madly on, for out of the stables there came low, soft sounds and heavy footsteps as the cows turned upon the straw, or lowed plaintively at the cold. Then Polly opened the door a chink and looked in.

Three great white cows turned solemnly and looked at her, but she did not feel afraid. "It is Christmas Eve," she said to herself to still that heavy beating of her heart. "I heard them talking—perhaps they were telling each other about the Baby in the manger."

Through the chink of the great doors the moonlight fell in a narrow streak, and when Polly crept into a corner, and nestled into the straw, the cows turned their glaring eyes away, and seemed to forget her.

"Perhaps if I keep quite still they will go on talking to each other again presently," she thought; and she held her breath and waited.

Presently the straw moved. There was a heavy, awkward shuffling of feet, and the white cow that had lain in the centre stall came over to her, and laid its cold white head against her hand.

"For the dear LORD's sake!" a voice said softly, "who was born in a manger, be kind to all His creatures!"

"I am kind," said Polly faintly, pushing herself far back into the corner. "I never threw the stones, *indeed*, I was only on the wall, looking, and I thought you were going to run at me; but I never threw a stone—not one."

"Children forget," said the white cow, in its soft voice, "that our LORD has made us all sacred, even His dumb creatures. He set us apart, you know, because amongst us He was born, and on our straw He lay; and we were the first who saw the Wise Men, and the Star above the stables."

"Yes, I know," said Polly, kneeling up, and forgetting to be afraid; "I don't remember it always, nor does Kitty, but I will speak to her about it to-morrow."

"For the dear LORD's sake!" the white cow said, and she laid her white head against Polly's cold hand again; but this time Polly stretched it out and stroked the white head softly.

"I will tell them all," she said, "about throwing stones."

"God set us apart too," another voice said, so close beside her that she started. "And yet you forget that also—overworked, overtired, struck, kicked, cursed, as the lowest of his creatures,—we too have a place given to us that is higher than you think. Have you forgotten the day when Jesus rode into Jerusalem, and the palm-branches were strewed upon the way, and the people shouted?—He was riding on an ass, you know."

"Oh, I know," cried Polly, clasping her hands, "and then there was the ass that spoke, and told about the angel in the way. Are you my little donkey? Who kicked you, and hurt you, and made you tired? That must have been Billy—our boy who drives you;—because I wouldn't think of hurting you, nor would Kitty."

"The dear LORD loved us," said the creature; and he too pushed his cold nose against Polly's hair, and leaned against her.

"Oh, it is too hard, too hard," cried Polly passionately, "to treat you so! I will tell Billy that you have told me all about it! Oh, my little donkey, that I loved so much! I am so glad you reminded me that the dear LORD loved you too."

Then there came the fluttering of little wings, and in at the square window above her head there flew a brown bird that beat its breast against the wooden stall, and cried with a sad, monotonous cry that startled Polly from her knees.

It pecked with its beak against the bars as though they were the bars of a prison, and then it cried again more plaintively than before. Polly sat up, and looked with awe-struck eyes at the mother-bird beating out her heart against the cruel bars; and then she said gently, a little frightened:

"What is it, little sparrow, that makes you cry like that?"

At the sound of her sweet young voice the sparrow drooped her head, and folded her restless wings and nestled, with beating heart, against Polly's own warm heart, while her tears rained down heavily upon its ruffled feathers.

"Have you no eggs?" she said, "or no nest, or no little birds to love? Who has hurt and frightened you, sparrow?"

Then the sparrow made answer sadly:

"In the spring-time long ago, I had a nest and five blue eggs; and one day, when I sat on a branch of the tree, praising the dear Lord, I saw two hands take my nest away—two cruel little hands that took my eggs, and threw the nest down to be trampled in the dust,—while only the dear Lord pitied my broken heart. Before Him we are unforgotten—in His sight we are of value, for He careth for us; so for the sake of Him who loves us, you should be good to us."

"I will be good," cried Polly, weeping passionately; "but indeed it was not I who took the eggs. Don't tell my secret, if I whisper it to you—never tell it to anyone;—but it was Kitty who took the eggs, not I. They looked so pretty and so blue, sparrow, and we just peeped in; but we will never take any eggs again, for your sake, pretty sparrow!"

"For the dear Lord's sake!" said the sparrow, and she laid her head for a minute against Polly's hand, and then spread her wings to fly.

"O stay!" cried Polly; "stay! stay!" but the sparrow still struggled feebly, and something held her arms as she stretched them up, and then the roof opened, and looking up after the sparrow she saw myriads of stars, and one brighter than the rest that stood above the stable-door.

But there was something between her and the stars—lights and voices and faces—faces that looked down on her in troubled wonder, and voices that she knew.

"Safe, thank God!" she heard her Mother say; and then someone knelt down upon the straw beside her, and gently pushed the white cow's head aside.

"Why, Polly! what brought you here asleep?"

"I was wide awake," said Polly, rubbing her round eyes; "and they were talking to me. Where has my sparrow gone?"

"Dreaming still!" said Mrs. Gwynne; and she took Polly up into her arms and held her close. "Why, we have been hunting for you all night—and then to find you in this cold place with old Daisy's head on your lap!"

"I was wide awake," said Polly again; "I meant to creep back soon."

"Why, it is nearly morning!" said Mrs. Gwynne; "five o'clock! and we only found you at last by these footsteps."

She stooped down, and in the moonlight Polly saw the little marks of her bare feet in the light covering of snow that wrapt the sleeping earth. Such little steps! such tired feet to have led her so very far! For after all, she had been beyond the stable and the oxen and God's dumb creatures—up nearer to God's tender love than perhaps the long slow years would ever take her again!

They carried her home; and when nurse, not without tears, laid her back in bed, and tucked her up, she was so fast asleep that no tears would wake her. Even at twelve o'clock next morning it was Kitty's soft face against hers that roused her from those deep slumbers; and there, with her arms round Kitty's neck, she whispered the story of the curious dream, that they never afterwards forgot. For they were always very kind to God's dumb creatures, for the sake of the dear LORD who loved them too.

G. BUTT.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



X words that form a phrase complete
 The coming festival to greet,
 In PRIMALS, FINALS you may read
 One half in each; then keep the lead,
 And with your answer close, "*in kind*,"

The line that here the last you find.

(By "*kind*" is meant in rhythm and rhyme.)

Lo, **** *
 **** *
 **** *
 **** *
 **** *

1. Those fleeting hours, as they be spent,
 Will bring regret or calm content.
2. Now great, now less, of twofold size,
 It walks the wild, it lights the skies.
3. A tribe that sprang from ancient race:
 Where now on earth their dwelling-place?
4. If once too oft with this you play,
 Be sure you will repent some day.
5. A sum agreed on, a condition,
 A phrase, a time, a definition.
6. An empress, in the name of peace,
 Who reigned when "Fathers" sat at Nice.
7. While earth rolls on, its throne shall stand
 The idol-god of Yankee land!
8. Ye Muses say, with praise or stigma
 Will *she* receive my new enigma?
9. If one you should be led to join,
 Make strict enquiry, guard your coin!
10. If wrong, Oh, who shall solve your doubt?
 If right, your guess must needs be out.
11. A priest, but of a certain people
 Who hang no bells and build no steeple.
12. An image placed before the eyes,
 Oft figuring high mysteries.
13. What fate a wise man could reduce
 To aid the cook to stuff a goose?

H. S. E.

PRIZES FOR THE COMPETITION QUESTIONS DURING THE PAST TEN MONTHS.

EIGHT Prizes in Books have been awarded to the following successful Competitors :—

	Marks.
1st Prize. Beatrice E. Barnard	1039
2nd „ Amélie Clarie Leroy	962
3rd „ Agnes M. Scott	860
4th „ Frances H. and Beatrice M. Macnaghten	820
5th „ N. Pope	652
6th „ Mary E. Pitman	596
7th „ M. H. James	594
8th „ Florence C. Gurney	594

A Catalogue of Books, from which they may select works of any price up to the value notified to them, has been sent to Prize-takers, and a list of the Books that they choose will be given in the January Number.

Competitors who wish to have their Manuscripts returned must apply to the Editor before the end of the present year, sending stamps for the cost of postage. After December all Manuscripts will be destroyed.

A new series of Questions will be commenced in the January Number.

COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

The following is the order of merit of the answers to Questions set in October.

A. C. L., 110.	A. M. S., 85.	H. G., 70.
B. E. B., 110.	M. E. P., 80.	G. A. L. P., 60.
F. H. & B. M. M., 89.	M. H. J., 80.	M. H. G., 20.

N. P. is credited with 65 marks for August, and 83 for September.

BOOK NOTICES.



THE Days of our Years' (J. F. Shaw, London) is a new birthday-book, and an improvement on many that have gone before it.

Each day has three proverbs or wise sayings attached to it, so anyone who turns to the date of his birth will find a quaint word of advice to carry away with him, instead of the inappropriate and often meaningless quotations that are given in many books of the kind. Besides which, the owner possesses in this little volume a collection of proverbs that will remain useful and valuable after the mania for collecting dates has passed away.

Those who read 'Through Rough Waters,' by the author of 'The Rose Garden,' &c., in our pages, will be glad to hear that Messrs. Bell (York Street, Covent Garden) have published the story in a complete form, price 5s. Its binding is remarkably tasteful, and its eleven full-page illustrations are very picturesque, and skilfully drawn. We cannot too strongly recommend this deeply interesting and highly toned tale of the French Revolution as a Christmas gift for girls.

Another favourite story that has come out in a new edition, is Captain Marryat's 'Masterman Ready.' It is a most handy and attractive little volume in Messrs. Bell's "Pocket Series," price 2s. 6d.; and boys who love tales of adventures at sea will do well to become possessors of it. In the same Pocket Series, Messrs. Bell have also brought out Mrs. Alfred Gatty's 'Parables from Nature.' The five series are contained in two volumes, price 2s. 6d. each.

Under the title, 'Who wrote it?' Messrs. Bell have republished an alphabetical handbook of common poetical English quotations, that was originally called, 'Where is it?' The first edition is now out of print, and we are glad to have this useful book of reference again put within reach. It has two indexes, one to authors' names, the other to subjects and principal words; the price is 2s. 6d.

'The Wilford Family, or Hero-worship in the School-room,' by Eadgyth (S. P. C. K., London), tells how the virtue of heroism was struggled after in various ways by ten children in a London clergyman's family. The teaching is good, and the incidents interesting. The writer deserves great credit for managing to keep her characters distinct, despite their number. The price is 1s. 6d.

Similar in size and price is 'Hereward Dayrell, and other Tales,' by the same author (S. P. C. K.). The first is a bright tale of boy-life, which appeared in our pages some few years ago, and in the volume there are added 'Little Girls' Adventures,' and 'Poisson d'Avril,' both pretty stories for girls. The children in both this and the previous book belong to the class of gentlefolks, but the stories will be read with interest by children in lower ranks of life, and may suitably be used as school-prizes.

Boy readers will welcome a new book, by Mr. Ascott Hope (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, London). 'Buttons' is no less amusing than the author's previous books, whilst at the same time it teaches the much-needed lesson inculcated in Shakespeare's words on the title-page: "We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen." Geoffrey, the

hero, is a gentleman by birth, but sadly given to bullying his inferiors, particularly the page-boy; and at last, to cure this propensity, Geoffrey's father devises a somewhat original punishment which involves his son in wearing the page's clothes and "buttons" for twenty-four hours. The trials and adventures that result from this expedient are most entertainingly told, and the result of it is completely successful. The price of the book is 5s.

The tales in 'A Wayside Poey,' by Fanny Lablache (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard), are unusually original and very brightly told. They

are curiously varied in style. 'Little Chickweed' is a seller of greenmeat for singing-birds, whose fortune is made by adopting a dog doomed to death, and afterwards discovering that the said beast had a talent for truffle-hunting. 'The Ivy Girl' is a very affecting tale of prison-life, written with touching simplicity and elegance; but we feel quite glad to reflect that it is not *true*, on account of its tragic ending. 'The Princess Poppy' is an amusing fairy-tale of the nineteenth century. There are three other stories in the book. It is well illustrated, and 5s. in price.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



AUNT JUDY is glad to hear how much "S. J. A." has enjoyed reading 'Dogs of Legend and Romance,' and promises the early publication of another paper, by the same author, on 'Historical Dogs.' In this "S. J. A." will find Sir Walter Scott's "dear friend" mentioned, and learn that "Camp" was a bull-terrier, not a deer-hound.

Two correspondents kindly write to say that the Quotation asked for in November is by Tennyson, not Shakespeare. It occurs in 'Aymer's Field.'

"M. E. F." The lines are far from being "very bad." Praiseworthy pains have evidently been spent on them, and the rhythm is good, but the subject is not treated with any originality; the same things have been said of it very often before.

AUNT JUDY cannot give "Tristram" any further information than what was offered to "Edith" in September 'Correspondence.' He must apply to a dealer in

photographs to learn the price, etc. *Mrs. Evans, 54 Regent Street, London*, will supply his want.

"Georgie" returns grateful thanks to "Miss Farrant," "A. M. S.," "W. P. C." and others, who have kindly answered her advertisement.

We are sorry not to insert the appeals sent by "Edith A. P." and others, but owing to the large number of such applications that are sent to us, we make a rule to solicit *money* for one charity only, at a time, though we are glad to assist others by inserting advertisements of articles for sale.

"Madeline" offers crewel-work designs traced ready for working. Further particulars can be had on application. *Chittoe Viocarage, Chippenham, Wilts.*

"A." offers to sell the pattern of a chair back, in "Pompadour" work. Price, with silks for working, 7s. 6d. Address care of the *Editor*.

"X. Y. Z." offers three handsome young game bantams (two cocks and a

hen), for 5s., or will accept German books of the same value. Address care of the *Editor*.

"K. C. F." asks if anyone has a copy of the Christmas number of the 'Monthly Packet,' 1877, which he is willing to sell. If it is in fair condition, "K. C. F." will gladly give 2s. for it. The number is now out of print. *Garter House, Windsor Castle*.

"L. M." will sell the numbers of 'AUNT JUDY'S MAGAZINE' for 1877 and 1878, at 10s. 6d. for the two volumes. The numbers are unbound, but complete, except for February, 1877. Address care of the *Editor*.

"Madcap May" asks for the rules of a society for practising music, in which not more than one hour's work a day is required, and in which prizes are given. *Oakdale, Broomhall Park, Sheffield.*

"Jan" also wishes to hear of a Practising Society. *Spye Park, Chippenham, Wilts.*

"Busy Bee" had better apply to "C. E. B.," whose advertisement is given below.

"A. C. F." offers to exchange 134 crests and monograms for others, or to sell them at 2d. a dozen. *Pilmuir, Torquay.*

"Flopsy" will be glad to receive orders for crocheted pin-cushion covers, 1s. 6d. each. *Miss Florence Smith, Monnington Rectory, Hereford.*

"A. H." asks if anyone will give her orders for very pretty and uncommon Christmas gifts for children, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to a sea-side Home for Sick Children. Dolls' straw hats, fashionable shapes, trimmed with good ribbons, flowers, etc., at 9d., 1s., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 6d. Excellent crocheted petticoats for children, hoods, and other articles, any of which will be sent on

approval. *Miss A. Hurst, Copt Hewick Hall, Ripon.*

"Ethel F. Cope" will give old numbers of the 'Household' and 'Churchman's' Magazines to some village library, or hospital, if the carriage is paid. *1 Clifton Villas, Stanstead Road, Forest Hill, Kent.*

Quotations wanted:

(1) "But fainting from the loss of blood,
He had not strength to stir."

(2) A hymn beginning—
"At even to myself I say,
My soul, what hast thou done to-day?"

"A. M. A.," "U. K. D.," "M. V. S.," and "J. M. G.," are very fortunate girls in belonging to so pleasant and well-managed an establishment, but AUNT JUDY hopes that their lot is not exceptional, and that there are far too many good schools in Great Britain for her to find space to describe in the Magazine.

"G. M." will be grateful for contributions of old story-books, to put into a library that is specially for the use of factory girls. *Miss G. Manley, Elm House, Northumberland Row, Tottenham, Middlesex.*

"C. E. B." offers to admit members into an Early Rising Society. Address, *Miss C. E. Beale, Waltham St. Lawrence, Troyford, Berks.*

One of "Mother Carey's Chickens" says "she will be much obliged to any one who will kindly send her quaint *authentic* epitaphs." This seems rather a lazy method of making a collection! We wonder if "the chicken" has ever investigated the wonderful store contained in the fifty and more volumes of 'Notes and Queries.' *Miss Attwell, Nassau House, Barnes, S.W.*

"L. P." tells us that the east window of St. Mary's, Southampton, is to be filled with stained glass to the memory of Bishop Wilberforce, the cost of which is to be defrayed by offerings, great and

small, from those who were confirmed by him. Any further information will gladly be given by *Miss L. Phillimore*, 5 *Arlington Street*, *London*, *S. W.*

"F. B." offers crocheted shawls for sale. Coloured wool, 5s.; white, 4s. The proceeds to be devoted to charity. *Latton, Cricklade.*

"P. L. M.," who advertised in November 'Correspondence,' is requested to send a stamped and addressed envelope to the *Editor*.

"M. L." is collecting 5l. towards buying useful clothing for poor children in *London*, and offers to sell the following articles towards completing the required sum. Packets of crests, and of unused Christmas cards, 1s. each; books, 'Tom' (by Mr. Rutherford), 'Little Lives' (F. Wilford), 'Agathos,' 1s. 9d. each; 'Spanish Cavalier' (A. L. O. E.), 'Benaiah' (Mrs. Webb), 'Puss and Robin,' 2s. 6d. each; 'Little Songs for Me to Sing,' 4s.; 'Little Lays for Little Lips,' 1s. The books are all new, except 'Agathos.' Address, *Willey House, Godalming.*

"A. B. S." The translation of Dante's 'Divina Commedia,' by Rev. Henry Francis Cary (Bell and Sons, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.), is generally considered the best. Wright's translation (Do. 5s.) is in the same metre as the original, and in that respect may be preferred to Cary's, which is in blank verse. There is also a translation by Mr. Longfellow (Routledge, 3s. 6d.).

Can our readers tell "M. M." of a good French Monthly Magazine, suitable for girls about thirteen years of age? The most likely one that AUNT JUDY knows is the 'Magasin illustré d'éducation et de récréation,' edited jointly by Jean Mucé, P. J. Stahl, and Jules Verne, but it is published once a fortnight, on the 1st and 15th of each month, by *J. Hetzel et Cie*, 18 *Rue Jacob, Paris*. The price is 60 centimes.

Report of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Cots at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street, London, November 12, 1878.

For about a fortnight, the AUNT JUDY Girl's Cot has been occupied by a gentle-looking child of ten, Louisa K——, who is at present too weak to talk much.

Of the AUNT JUDY Boy, there seems nothing particular to say this time. Perhaps next month we may be able to give more information about both the children.

The most interesting patient in the Victoria Ward just now is a boy of eleven, John by name. About three months ago, he was running home from school, and happened to have in his mouth a bit of vegetable ivory, which, from being out of breath, he accidentally drew back into his throat, and it went down literally "the wrong way." After the first choking sensation had passed off, the poor fellow thought little about the matter for a time, but he soon began to be seriously ill, and then was brought to the Hospital. The piece of ivory remains in his chest, doing great mischief, as it prevents one of the lungs from acting, and the boy now looks very white, and thin, and weak. He is a great favourite in the ward, being a most intelligent and good patient, and he occupies himself in reading or in writing out verses very neatly in a copy-book. No doubt the AUNT JUDY readers will be anxious to hear how he gets on, and a report of his state shall not be forgotten in the next Magazine.

It has more than once been remarked in these accounts that many of our little Hospital sufferers have a very cheerful way of taking their trials. A short time since, a boy in the Louisa Ward

greeted a friend of his with a beaming face, and exclaimed, "Well, I've got it done at last." "What have you got done?" asked the visitor. "Why, what I've been wanting this ever so long." "Do you mean that you have had your leg taken off?" "Yes, o' course I do," said the boy as joyfully as possible. Poor fellow! this unregretted limb of his had caused him much pain, which he was delighted to be free from, and he very wisely did not trouble his little head about the future, and the sadness of being crippled for life.

Now and then a little foreigner may be found in our wards. The St. Petersburg Cot has recently been tenanted by a pretty, interesting little creature, half Swiss and half Dutch, who, when she spoke at all, spoke in French.

Another cot has just been endowed; it is in remembrance of two little girls, and is called "The Rose Muriel and Eva Lilian Cot." Delicate yellow roses form the chief ornament in the design of its pretty label; and purple heather brightens that which has recently been placed over the Cécile Cot. At present both these cots are to be found in the Victoria Ward.

We are delighted to say that the appeal made in the last Report for aid in procuring winter jackets for the children, has been responded to in a most prompt and kind manner, no less than thirty applications having been received at the Hospital for the promised patterns. Heartly thanks to those AUNT JUDY friends who are giving us this very valuable and timely help.

Some inquiries having been made as to whether cast-off children's clothes are acceptable at the Hospital, we reply that they will be most thankfully received, if sent in a *clean* and *tidy* condition. Warm long stockings for the elder convalescents are much needed just now, and also more boots and shoes.

Contributions to the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Account in aid of the Building Fund received to November 15, 1878.

	£	s.	d.
Master W. Hamilton Thompson, Edgbaston (for four months)	0	4	0
Harriet, Maines House (quarterly)	0	3	0
Sandy Cat (monthly)	0	1	0
Tabby Cat (monthly):	0	1	0
Maidenhair (monthly)	0	2	0
Hester (monthly)	0	1	0
Henry (monthly)	0	2	0
Nellie (monthly)	0	1	0
E. M. D. (monthly)	0	2	0
M. D. (monthly)	0	1	0
Two Yorkshire Dumplings (monthly)	0	0	6
Nellie, Addie, and Dolly Vernet	0	3	6
Charlie, The Grange, East Sheen	0	0	6
Ethel Mary Down, Oakridge	0	1	6
M. E. A., by sale of "Our Pets"	0	18	0
Mary, Ethel and Lilian's Box	0	8	0
Hetty Pepper, Newton Green Hall	0	10	0
A Christmas Box	0	2	6
"Sion House," Scarborough	2	2	0
Greybeard	10	0	0
Frances E. Bircham	1	0	0
Annie	0	1	6
In memory of Agnes, found in her purse	0	2	7
The Butterfly Club	1	1	0
May Barrows, The Grange, Malvern	0	1	0
Jack 2s. 6d., Sweep. 2s. 6d.	0	5	0
A Pink and a White Daisy	0	3	0
Edith Lucy Vaughan	0	2	6
Hugh Vaughan	0	1	6
Collected by a Chime of Bells	0	16	0
Mignonette	2	2	0
"Flapwing"	0	0	3

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Barnard 1d., Phil 1d., Husky				Linda and Bruna	0	3	0
2d.	0	0	4	Marion, puzzles, picture-cards,			
Timothy Trotboy	0	0	6	etc.			
Three Bury Simnels.	1	0	0	E. B., Teignmouth, four neck-			
M. A. F.	0	2	0	ties.			
The Croombe Children	0	5	0	Miss G. Clowes, a box of toys.			
Two Mincepies	0	1	0	E. B. and M. B., five knitted			
Two Crackers	0	1	0	comforters.			
Linda, Bruna, and Ban (for				K. and M. Barrows, The			
Samaritan Fund)	0	2	0	Grange, Malvern, a parcel of			
Willie's birthday present, no				books, wool-work, etc.			
longer needed, 24th Nov.	0	5	0				

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. "The river wanders at its own sweet will,"
Yet seeks its final home in ocean still.
2. Oh! for the day when war and strife shall cease,
And nations hail the olive-branch of peace.
3. Two poets sing of *Mariana's* woes,
And of her ceaseless longings for repose.
4. *Asdrubal* was the Carthaginian brave,
Whose death was compassed by a wily slave.
5. "Ye all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the *Nervii*."
6. The Montague and *Capulet* both found an early tomb,
And Shakespeare on their memory has shed immortal bloom.
7. Whence comes this sudden light so wild and free?
You ask its cause: 'tis *electricity*.

Of chivalrous *romance* we are bereft,
And stern *reality* alone is left.

J. S. C. H.

Correct answers have also been received from "C. A. L.," "Sunflower," "Chesham," "G. A. L. P.," "M. A. E.," "A. Bury Simnel," and "Mignonette."
"E. C. V." was wrong in her reply to light 5.





"HE SPREAD IT OUT BEFORE HIM ON OUR ROUND TABLE, AND WOULD HAVE DICK GO INTO THE MATTER AND POINT OUT EXACTLY WHAT DIFFERENCES LAY BETWEEN THEN AND NOW."

Page 139.

MOTHER MOLLY.

By the Author of 'The Rose Garden,' 'Through Rough Waters,' &c.

IV.

OUTSIDE THE CHURCH OF KING CHARLES THE MARTYR.

PLYMOUTH has two Churches—St. Andrew's, and that of King Charles the Martyr,—and 'twas this last we attended. A large party we were when we set forth on the following Sunday; grandfather leaning on Molly's arm, he in his great three-cornered hat, his careful dress of black, the buckles on his shoes; she, sweet and fresh-looking in a simple flowered gown, with a muslin kerchief knotted across it, and her brown hair escaping from under her broad hat. Dick was on the other side, cravat and all; behind came Harry and I, and then Loveday leading Madge. Whether it were the Mechlin lace or not, I think Dick had forgiven Molly, and she was smiling brightly, looking at him with a sweet softness in her eyes.

People were going and coming up and down the dirty steep streets, and one could see by their faces that news of one sort and another was abroad. 'Twas graver indeed than we children could understand, for the French, their attack on Jersey having failed, might be expected to make a descent upon the English coast before long, though where, was only a matter of conjecture; but Plymouth and Portsmouth were points of so great importance that 'twas natural to suppose they might be the objects of attack, and the worst of it was that they were actually unprepared for resistance. But from the words that were let drop by several persons as we passed them, we gathered there was more excitement in the town from the knowledge that a press-gang was at work in Devonport and round, than from any fear of the French, and indeed in more than one place we could see for ourselves that bills setting forth what were the royal commands to magistrates and other officers for impressing all who could give no satisfactory account of themselves, had been stripped from the walls, or bespattered with mud. It made my heart burn to see it, and I felt as if I should

have liked to have flung something at them myself. For there were dreadful tales abroad as to the cruelties of these press-gangs.

The Church was largely filled, and we found the reason was because 'twas expected Mr. Bedford would have said something in his sermon as to the events of the time, and what might be expected from ourselves in Plymouth. And I think there was scarce one present but had a pleasant feeling that the whole of the rest of the country, London itself, with king, queen, and parliament included, looked to Plymouth to do something fine when occasion came, and that we all held our heads an inch higher in consequence. But as to what it should be there were as many minds as people.

'Twas the fourth of July and very hot in Church, what with the season and the crowd, and the boys of the Red School were always dropping off to sleep, and being awakened by a rap on the head from the beadle's wand. Poor Mr. Bedford looked quite exhausted, but luckily for him both here and at St. Andrew's the parish clerk was in deacon's orders, so that there was no need for him to take all the service by himself. And though it grew hotter and hotter, and there were drowsy flies buzzing about, and all the baize which lined our pew felt dreadfully rough when we touched it, and the smell of boys' love and peppermint scarce made the air cooler, yet when they had hung out the slate with the number of the Psalm, over the front of the gallery close by the royal arms, and the flute and bassoon had trembled on to the tune with a good deal of hard blowing and cost of breath, and we found that 'twas the fine old Ninth Psalm we were to sing, sing it we did, nay, almost shouted it, with thoughts of the French where, it may be, David had his head full of the Philistines, and with no more trouble about the heat.

Mr. Bedford preached his hour's sermon, but said nothing about the state of affairs beyond speaking a little of the scarcity of corn and the distress among the poor, which, said he, should excite the tenderest emotions of sympathy and compassion in the bosoms of those more bountifully supplied. Harry looked at me, and his doing so made me as red as a peony, for we had both grumbled because Mother Molly had given us few puddings of late, and I felt as if the parson had known it all. (Matters grew much worse afterwards, for corn became so dear that orders were issued forbidding the making of pies or pastry; and in some parts of England fearful stories were told of the

poor folk being forced to grind the bark of trees and mix it with their flour: and in Plymouth itself the people were so enraged with old Hutchings, the baker, who sat near us that very day in church with his wig a little awry, that they threatened to hang him from the top of the Church-tower itself. But neither Hutchings nor we thought of such deeds on this day while Mr. Bedford was preaching.) Little Madge had fallen asleep in Mother Molly's lap; I can see now the pretty picture they made together, Molly looking as cool and fresh as a rose, when everyone else seemed to me hot and tumbled, and the baby's hair like a golden glory round her face.

It was a great congregation which had to leave the Church, but they tramped out pretty quickly, having thoughts of the fresher air outside; and we waited a little to give time to let the greater part get by, grandfather always showing a shrinking fear of a crowd. 'Twas impossible but that there should be some shuffling and noise of feet, and that was all we heard for a while until we got close to the west door, and then 'twas evident some great disturbance was going on outside. There was a shout which sounded like a yell, and some of the people pressed back and some forward, so that 'twas all we could do not to be jammed between them, and no doubt whatever remained in our minds but that the French had landed and were waiting outside ready to fall upon us. But it seemed afterwards that Loveday's fears were all of Paul Jones the pirate.

Perhaps 'twas not surprising that Dick had no thoughts of us, but only to learn what was going on. He pushed forward, and managed to make a way for himself, helped by others who were of the same mind. And indeed, those that pushed out were a stronger force than those which surged back, and we found ourselves driven whether we would or no. Molly had caught Madge up in her arms, fearing the little creature would be pressed to death, and Harry and I did what we could to save grandfather. But 'twas a terrible moment, what with the uncertainty, and the suddenness, and the squeezing, and the fear of Dick being in the midst of it.

There was a fat respectable-looking woman close to me, panting for breath, and I managed to ask her whether 'twas indeed the French. Before she could answer I heard men shouting for the mayor, and then a voice called out he was at St. Andrew's, and then a great pressure behind forced us quite out to the porch, and I felt the

moment was come of which I had boasted so grandly to Mrs. Harty, and that I must think of Father and do my best.

Just at that time the cries and yells broke out afresh, and there was a fresh rush from the Church, and something that was screamed close by us told us that 'twas no French, but the press-gang at work. It seemed afterwards that they had information of a merchant-sailor being in the Church, and this was too great a prize not to be tried for, and such an open and unexpected attack being quite unlooked for, and they themselves keeping quiet in a house close by until the man passed by the door, and being strongly armed with cutlasses, and getting the man quickly into the house and out into a back lane, they quite took the people by surprise. But I shall never forget the rage and violence of the mob, or the sudden change from the peaceful quiet of the Church. There were women shaking their fists and catching up handfuls of stones to fling, and men with pale compressed faces and a look in them which I have never seen since. We clung together, terrified lest we should be separated. Mr. Bedford in his gown forced his way out close by us, and would have got some of the women back into the Church, but 'twas impossible. There was no actual fighting going on, for the gang had done their work with a swift rush, barricaded the door, and made off; but the fury of the people was turned against the house. It was really empty, and the stones they flung could do little harm against it, still there was something frightful in the rage with which it seemed as if they would have pulled it down; and do what we would, we were forced nearer to the heart of the tumult, and grandfather in his distress and grief, not rightly comprehending the cause of it all, kept struggling to speak to the people. There was a moment when 'twas all open behind us, and we could have got him away, but he would not come; he shook his head and put back Molly's hand from his arm, and tried gently to press between those in front. Molly's eyes sought mine, full of anguish.

"Can you see Dick anywhere?" she asked breathlessly. "If he were only here!"

For with little Madge clinging to her terrified and crying, she could do nothing. Harry stuck to grandfather like a man, and we both did what we could to keep the pressure off him, but 'twas so little, and already his hat had been knocked off, and yet he would stretch out his arms and speak to the people to quiet them. Alas,

poor grandfather, as well might he have talked to the sea! They would not have hurt him willingly, but he was in the midst of a whirl of angry passions, and one or two men swore at us for being in the way, and Molly got pushed off; and there were stones flying, and some that were flung with force against the house, rebounded, and how it was no one of us ever rightly knew, so frightful was the confusion, but a great stone struck grandfather on the forehead, and he sank down between us with the blood streaming from the cut.

What his words could not do, this did at once; it sobered the people directly. But, oh, the agony of that moment! I remember that I screamed for Molly, and that those who had been pushing us the most angrily but a minute before, made way for her, and stood round with a sudden change to pity in their faces. One woman stretched out her hands to take Madge, but the little one would not go, and stood by our sides clinging to my frock, with her eyes fixed fearfully on poor grandfather. Molly, pale as death, had knelt down and was staunching the blood as best she could with her handkerchief and mine, but we all felt helpless and longed for Dick. Where he could be we could not think; we found afterwards he had rushed round with a party which had gone off to try to intercept the press-gang in a back lane, and attempt a rescue. A young lad with the stones in his hand he had been just about to throw, stepped forward and offered to run to the apothecary, and glad enough we were, for 'twas terrible to see dear grandfather lying all unconscious, with the blood oozing slowly from the wound. Just at this moment someone came quickly through the crowd, which fell back on either side, and my heart leapt into my mouth for joy at seeing that 'twas M. de Lantenac.

V.

A REBUFF.

It seemed as if M. de Lantenac brought us the help of a dozen people, he was so prompt and full of kindly thought. He had noted a hackney coach at no great distance, and sent off a willing messenger at once, and another for some water with which to wash the wound. And he cheered us all by telling us he was sure 'twas no more than a swoon. Mr. Bedford came back, too, at this moment, mightily shocked at finding what had happened, and with more suggestions

than Molly could rightly follow in her bewilderment. He wanted to hear how it had all happened, and to have someone put into the Bridewell, and that grandfather should be taken back to the Church or to the parsonage; and I could not but admire how M. de Lantenac staved off the answering from poor Molly, and yet never let Mr. Bedford suppose his kindness was not gratefully acknowledged. The apothecary and the coach arrived at almost the same instant, and the former had bound up the wound and administered something, which, to our great joy, caused grandfather to open his eyes and raise himself up, when Dick, having thought of us all, though a little late, came rushing back, and met this sorry sight. He turned pale.

"I never dreamed of this!" he cried. "How could I have left them!"

"How, indeed!" said M. de Lantenac, and I noticed that he turned his back upon him quite coldly.

Between them all they lifted grandfather into the coach, though the exertion made him swoon again, and Molly and the apothecary got in with him. Mr. Bedford again pressed them to go to the parsonage, where he said his sister Bassett would do anything in the world for her favourite, Miss Bligh, but 'twas much better he should be taken home, and we all followed as quickly as we could, Dick carrying Madge and doing his best to soothe her terror. Until Harry cried out, "Where's Loveday?" we had forgotten all about her, and then there was no use in seeking. The truth was, that getting separated from us in the crowd, she fell upon some acquaintances, who got her out, and then, only thinking of her own safety, she ran all the way home as fast as she could, to Betty's great indignation. Betty herself started off at once, and met the coach coming slowly along.

As for Dick, he was very much vexed with himself for having left us; and especially, I think, when he saw how grave M. de Lantenac looked upon it. He murmured something that Molly always took care of the little ones, but M. de Lantenac interrupted him with—

"And who was to take care of your sister? You think too little of her; I do not believe you know her value at all. I know that I should act in a manner very different indeed, if I had so beautiful a sister."

"Beautiful!" cried Dick amazed. And I really believe he did not know it. But that did not prevent him from feeling ashamed, or

from speaking out with spirit: "You are quite right, sir, I should not have left them; and another time I hope to do my duty better."

And he never heeded, though Madge was weeping freely upon the collar of his coat. So I gave her my handkerchief, and felt very kindly towards Dick.

We were at the house almost as soon as the coach, which had come at a slow pace. With Betty's help they had got grandfather out, and placed him in the parlour to rest for awhile before moving him to his room; and the cordial Mr. Tregellas had given him, had brought him round better than we could have hoped. But 'twas a terrible shake for a man of his age and weakness; and there was no knowing how it would go. M. de Lantenac had asked leave to come in, and who could have denied it? He went upstairs with Dick and Harry and Madge; and I was sometimes in one place and sometimes in the other, for Molly would hardly let anyone do for grandfather but herself; and those upstairs were wanting to hear every minute.

M. de Lantenac thought of everything. He wished to run for a physician, but we all knew and trusted Mr. Tregellas; and then he would go and get some brandy, of which there was none in the house; and he could tell them of such an easy way of carrying one who was hurt, that grandfather was taken to his room without any of the shaking they dreaded. In fact no one could have helped us better or more quietly.

The morning had passed so strangely that our dinner-hour had long gone by, and no one had thought of it. But when the apothecary had left, and Mother Molly was settled by grandfather's side, she sent me to ask Loveday to take it in for us, Betty being so much occupied. Loveday consented with great unwillingness, feeling herself greatly aggrieved by Molly's employing Betty, and that no one would listen to her account of her own heroic acts when she was in the crowd. But, indeed, we found it hard to believe them.

When she had at last set to work, grumbling, and throwing the things about with a clatter, I went back to Molly. She had left Betty with grandfather, who seemed to be dozing, and had slipped into her own room, where she was standing folding up the muslin kerchief she had just taken off, and smoothing it. Her face was still pale, but she was more like our Molly.

"See that poor Dick gets what he wants, won't you, Nan?"

I promised readily, thinking of Dick's speech. Then I said :

"M. de Lantenac is in there. Will he stay to dinner?"

She turned quickly round, and said as hastily, "No, indeed!" But I suppose my face showed something, for she looked both vexed and bewildered, and said, "Must we ask him, Nan? Don't you think he will go away of himself?"

I could not say that he showed any signs of going. And I wondered that Moll, who was always kind, should have such inhospitable thoughts about one who had done so much for us that day. Why should he not stay? I could think of no other reason but that, perhaps, Mother Molly thought there was not enough dinner for him; and I knew that was not the case, for I had seen the piece of beef. She was looking at me as if she did not see me, with a troubled perplexity in her eyes; and the perplexity did not end in a smile as was often the case. But she said at last, almost as unwillingly as Loveday could have done :

"Well, if he must, he must. And you will see that he has what he wants."

"You are coming in, Molly?"

"No, indeed. I shall stay with grandfather; and Betty shall bring me my dinner. 'Tis you must be Mother Nan this time."

She was smiling now and smoothing my hair into order. But I was dumb-founded. A dinner without Molly, and a strange gentleman to be entertained! And I could not but think she might have come if she would.

M. de Lantenac was disappointed too—that I could see. He kept looking at the door, and then frowning when only Loveday came in. And I am sure 'twas the most uncomfortable dinner that I ever ate, for it seemed as if everything went wrong. Another time I should never have noticed it, but now 'twas all on my shoulders; and when there was no mustard, and Dick looked reproachfully at me and the mustard-pot, I thought I should have cried. Loveday banged about in order to let us see what she had suffered on account of Paul Jones; and kept me in a fever, though I believe M. de Lantenac's presence really pleased her very much; and that she would not have gone further than this expression of her feelings. And when the stewed raspberries came, and I had helped them all round with a tremulous fear of drops from the spoon on the clean table-cloth, what does

Harry do but upset his plate, and there was a pink stream meandering down to the ground! I did feel he might have chosen some other day, when 'twould not have mattered. Afterwards, when we were upstairs again, I could hear Polly down in the parlour asking all sorts of questions: "What's it all about? Where's Mother Molly? Oh dear, dear, dear, those children will be the death of me!" and I thought I should have liked to have said the same for myself.

Dick, when he had got to feel a little less remorseful about grandfather, was full of delight at having his friend at his house; and wanting to show him everything. Father had brought home curiosities from all parts of the world; carved paddles, and sharks' jaws, and back scratchers, and the weapons of some of those savage islanders in the Pacific of whom so much was talked just then on account of Captain Cook's travels; and boxes full of beautiful shells. It was always a great delight to Madge to see these shells, and to hold them close to her little pink ear, to hear the sea-music; and I was glad they should be brought out that day. But it was soon evident that M. de Lantenac, though he was civilly pleased to glance at them, took no great interest in our stores, and was better satisfied to look into what books there were on the shelves. Among them were some of father's navigation volumes, and two or three old plans, among which he found one which showed what the citadel was like when 'twas first built after the Restoration. This pleased him mightily. He spread it before him on our round table, and would have Dick go into the matter and point out exactly what differences lay between then and now—and when I left the room, longing to see grandfather, the two had their mouths full of bastions, and parallels, and glacis, and I know not what besides.

Molly asked me how they were amusing themselves, and I told her. She took a step or two towards the door, and then came back. Grandfather was lying quietly, but so white that it went to my heart to see him; and there was the bandage across his head, and the smell of vinegar in the room. I caught at Mother Molly's arm—

"Are you sure he is better?"

"Nay, I hope so. 'Tis all in God's hands, Nan; and we can but do our best;" and then she gave a kind of quick sob, and I heard her say, but under her breath, and as if 'twere forced from her, and not meant for me to hear, "Oh, mother, mother!"

Poor Molly! There were other things troubling her to bring that piteous cry, of which at that time I understood nothing. I thought only of grandfather, and flung my arms round her neck.

"Let me stay in here with you. Mrs. Harty always says that two are better than one."

"Mrs. Harty!" said Molly with a little start. "If she hears of this by chance 'twill terrify her sadly. What shall we do, Nan?"

I think she asked me, to please me by letting me suggest something.

"I can run there very quickly," I said eagerly.

But she shook her head and said she could not spare me. So then I proposed that Harry should go and take Madge. There was no means of our attending Church again that day, and Mrs. Harty would willingly keep them both till the evening; and there would be less fear of noise in the house.

"A famous plan!" said Molly cheerfully. "Come, then, and we will pack them off."

"Let me stay here," I begged, hanging back. For I longed to be helpful and watch grandfather.

She would not let me, which I thought strange. She set Betty by his bedside, and took my hand and went in where the others were. M. de Lantenac sprang up as he saw her; and his eyes kindled with a sort of triumph, as if this were the moment for which he had been waiting. As for Molly, she curtsied in answer to his low bow, and then stood with a little air of stateliness which was altogether new to her. Her eye fell upon the maps and plans, which were spread out before them on the table.

"Are you studying our defences, Dick?" she asked, rather pointedly.

"I am showing M. de Lantenac how different 'tis from old times," he answered. "But there's one point we can't make out—the manner in which the battery at A. is placed so as to command the harbour. Sure it must do so. Well, I can learn without much difficulty."

"Nay, my friend," said M. de Lantenac, laying his hand on Dick's arm, but looking at Mother Molly and smiling, "better not. We know that there are ill reports abroad about me, and your sister here, for all her amiable goodness, has not yet quite settled it in her heart whether or no I may not be one spy."

Dick would have burst out at this as he had done before, but that Molly checked him with some dignity.

"I should be very sorry to call you by so hard a name, but I need not point out to you, sir, that your being the countryman of those with whom we are unfortunately at war, must expose you to the charge of being indifferent to your country, or desirous to turn your stay here to some account. And this being so, you must forgive me for thinking that in conversation 'twere better to avoid whatever bears upon any subject which might be misinterpreted."

Molly had flushed red while she spoke, and I think her words and the way in which she said them astonished us all. As for Dick, he stared open-mouthed. M. de Lantenac grew pale, and bowed again with his hand on his heart.

"You are right, madam," he said in a low voice.

Molly's heart was very generous and trusting, and I am sure it pained her most keenly to feel compelled to say what she had said. But she remained standing, so that M. de Lantenac might see she meant him to take his leave.

"At least, madam," he said in the same tone, "you do not forbid me to call and enquire for your good grandfather?"

"We do not receive visits from gentlemen," said Molly gravely. And then I think her heart smote her beyond bearing, for she put out her hand, and said with a bright sweet smile, "You must not think me ungrateful, sir, for I am not, and I shall never forget what you have done for us to-day."

He kissed her hand, and went away silently.

Then Dick began to cry out, but Molly, all her dignity gone, went and flung her arms round his neck, and said imploringly :

"Dick, dear Dick, don't be angry. We are motherless children, and I must think for myself. Don't you see that if he comes here, people will be talking? You would not like them to talk about *me*?"

He turned away and muttered something about girls' vanity; and perhaps that put him into a good humour again, or perhaps he thought of grandfather, for he did not go on more.

(To be continued.)

Christmas Snow.



Words by S. M. GIDLEY.

Music by A. SCOTT GATTY.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef with a whole rest. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace and contain piano accompaniment. The middle staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in B-flat major (two flats) and common time (C). The tempo marking *Allegro moderato.* is written above the middle staff. The piano part begins with a series of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand, with an accent (^) over the first note of the left hand.

The second system of musical notation continues the piano accompaniment from the first system. It consists of three staves: a single treble clef with a whole rest, and a brace grouping a treble and bass clef staff. The piano part continues with eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand, with an accent (^) over the first note of the left hand.

The third system of musical notation includes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef containing the vocal melody with the lyrics "See how fast the snow is fall - ing,". The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace and contain the piano accompaniment, continuing the pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand, with an accent (^) over the first note of the left hand.

Through the win - try night;

The first system of the musical score for 'Christmas Snow'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lyrics 'Through the win - try night;' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both with the same key signature and time signature. The piano part features a continuous eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more melodic line in the left hand.

Fall - ing noise - less and un - ceas - ing,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Fall - ing noise - less and un - ceas - ing,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

Soft, and pure, and light. . . . Snow, why do you

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Soft, and pure, and light. . . . Snow, why do you'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

come at Christ-mas, cov'-ring all the ground? . .

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'come at Christ-mas, cov'-ring all the ground? . .'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

CHRISTMAS SNOW.

rall.
 Snow, why do you fall so light - ly, Al - ways with - out
colla voce.

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'rall.' (rallentando). The lyrics are 'Snow, why do you fall so light - ly, Al - ways with - out'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

After last verse only.
 sound?
a tempo. *D.C.* *p*

This section continues the musical score. It includes a repeat sign and a first ending bracket labeled 'After last verse only.'. The lyrics 'sound?' are followed by a dotted line. The tempo is marked 'a tempo.' (allegretto). The section concludes with a double bar line and a first ending. The piano part continues with the same accompaniment style, ending with a final chord.

2.

Is it, snow, because at Christmas
 Our dear Lord was born,
 And a fresh bright world seems fitting
 For a Christmas morn?
 Are you sent to teach His children,
 Who your whiteness see,
 To be spotless, gentle, loving,
 As He used to be?

3.

Would you say, "He brought at Christmas
 Whiteness for mankind?"
 That He loves the pure meek spirit,
 And the lowly mind?
 Jesu! Lord! Who came from heaven
 As a child below,
 Make us shine, redeemed, forgiven,
 Whiter than the snow.

THE LAST OF THE FAIRIES.

By A. R. Hope, Author of 'Buttons,' 'Stories of Whitminster,' 'The Old Tales of Chivalry,' &c.



WHILE the old kingdom of fairyland still flourished, there was kept in it a school of young fairies, who were all and always as good and happy and pretty as some of the children of our world sometimes are for only a few minutes when they have got their best frocks newly on, and the last fit of crying has just been kissed away from their chubby faces. These little fairies scarcely knew what crying meant; there was no rudeness or quarrelling among them—no sulking or disobedience. They always did what they were bid without having to be scolded or punished, and as any old fairy who turned out cross or spiteful or foolish was banished for ever from fairyland, they could not have a bad example set them by their elders. All their care was trying to make each other happy, so that they had no troubles of their own, unless perhaps in preventing their friends from behaving too generously to them. There could be no jealousy, since everyone's chief delight was to think someone else more clever and beautiful than herself. When they played together, their games were not like ours, where the object generally is to beat our neighbour in some way; but in the fairy games, the players all tried as hard as they could to let the other side win, so the play never was finished and nobody ever grew tired of it. Greediness, laziness and the other common faults of young people were equally unknown to this fortunate race, who lived mainly upon the most delicate scents of woodbine and wild roses, and slept sweetly on beds of fresh moss under counterpanes of ferns, without ever being troubled by pain or sickness, and with no dreams but the song of the nightingale and the sighs of the summer breeze.

It would have done your eyes good if you could have seen the merry band sporting and fluttering in the ring of bright turf which was their common play-ground. What might the wisest philosopher not give to hear their lively songs and careless laughter ringing

through the woods! But we may listen a long time, and hear nothing with these dull ears of ours. It is very seldom, only on the finest midsummer nights and against the purest moonlight, that human eyes can catch even a glimpse of the fairies in their dresses of rainbow gossamer and woven starbeams. They, on the other hand, can at all times see clearly enough what we are about; and it was one of the amusements of these young fairies, while still at school, to peep into our gross world and watch with wondering curiosity the strange ways of its inhabitants. How they used to pity each poor creature who would be fretting and pining there for sorrows which they could scarcely understand! How they used to open their round bright eyes when they saw people exulting over successes which should rather have made them weep and hide their heads for shame! In short, the little fays were much interested in this singular race of men and women, and would willingly have made closer acquaintance with them; but this they might not do, as no daughter of fairyland was allowed to go into the world till she grew up and had given proofs of discretion.

These fairies, you understand, were all girls. Hard by their school was another for the boys of fairyland, elves as they were called, who in every way were very unlike their sweet sisters. The elves are by nature ugly and stupid, noisy and mischievous, greedy and ill-natured. Their school-time or play-time would have been anything but a pleasant sight, for they lost their tempers, and fought with each other, and were whipped and lectured only too often. They knew well enough what the ways of our world were. One of their favourite pranks was to break bounds and steal into it, that they might play rough and unkind tricks upon poor people who had never harmed them; and they were cleverer at nothing than learning to imitate all our bad habits. Almost the only good point in their character appeared to be that they felt half-ashamed, half-afraid to associate with their sisters, seeing how different these were to themselves; indeed, they had a vulgar school-rhyme, which said that fairies were made of sugar and spice, and all that was nice, but that elves were made of snips and snails and such worthless things.

You will be curious to hear what lessons are taught in the fairy schools. In the good old times these were easy enough; every pupil got off by heart the flower alphabet: A for anemone, B for buttercup,

C for celandine, and so on, which took very little time and not a single tear, as you may well suppose; and they could send any message to each other by means of a nosegay or a garland, so that writing was of no use to them. Then they studied the reign of King Arthur, the adventures of the Three Wise Men of Gotham, the account of the House that Jack built, or some such pleasant histories. In science, the eldest of them could reckon accurately how many cats the man met who was going to St. Ives, and there was none who could not repeat without one mistake:—

“Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,” &c.

But, to tell the truth, most of their school-time was spent in dancing in a ring, with their arms round each other's necks, and singing some lively rhyme, such as:—

“This is the way we warm our hearts,
We warm our hearts, we warm our hearts,
This is the way we warm our hearts
On a cold frosty morning;”

for little more was then expected of fairies, than to be graceful and affectionate.

This was in the old days, however, before education became compulsory everywhere. But by-and-bye, the spirit of the age spread even to fairyland, and a law was made that no fairy should for the future receive a wand and the power of working wonders before mastering arithmetic, spelling, geography, grammar, and at least the elements of logic and natural philosophy.

This new state of things made a great difference in the lives of the fairy young people. They had to give up most of their pretty gambols in the fresh air, and spend long hours in a schoolroom of dry branches strewn with withered leaves, which they used as slates and copybooks. It was hard work for them, but they were too gentle and patient to complain; and, to encourage their studies, the queen [of fairyland offered a prize to whoever could first say the multiplication table correctly.

You may be sure the idle elves did not compete for this prize; they rather trifled away their school hours, playing noughts and crosses on strips of bark, or eating mushrooms and cracking nuts, or pinching

their neighbours on the sly, or whispering to one another such silly questions as, "How many griffins' tails would reach to the moon?" But their sister-scholars tried to do their best, till it was quite sad to see their bright little faces clouded and puckered up in the desperate attempt to recollect what nine times nine made, or eleven times twelve. Not that they were selfishly eager to gain the prize. On the contrary, their chief anxiety always was to help each other in giving right answers and getting good marks; and if ever a puzzled pupil replied that twice nought was one, or that two multiplied by two made twenty-two, her companions were sure to be far more vexed at her mistake than she herself.

So they all did well, but one of the youngest took so much pains in trying to please her teacher, that she could not help doing better than the rest, and when she was able to repeat the multiplication table perfectly in every way, up and down, backwards and forwards, straight on and here and there, the prize was adjudged to her, with the unanimous and hearty consent and congratulations of the whole scholarhood.

Now, when a fairy child is to have a prize, it is not given in the shape of a book or a medal, but she chooses whatever she pleases, and no difficulty is made about it, as nothing costs anything in fairyland, so that expense is never an object. It was taken for granted that our good little scholar would, as usual, request a whole holiday, or a picnic of heatherbells and dewdrops, or a Christmas cake of snow ornamented with frostwork, or some other pleasure in which all her companions could share. But when the queen of the fairies graciously asked her what she wished, she blushed, hesitated, and said timidly,

"If you please, madam, I should like so much to be allowed to go into the world and do something to make the people there happy."

The queen seemed astonished, yet not displeased by this unexpected petition. She looked at the little one with a smile, and stroked her golden head as she answered, "Ah, child, you little know the world and its people! It is not easy to befriend a race that seldom know their own true welfare."

"But if I might only go, just for once, and give each of them a nice present!" pleaded the young fairy earnestly. "They have such terrible troubles to bear, and are so sad sometimes! Yesterday, I

looked into some of their houses, and saw a man beating his wife, and a child making its mother weep. It must be a wretched life."

"My dear," answered the queen gravely after a moment's reflection, "if you have set your heart upon it, you shall have leave; yes, for once, you may go into the world and try if you can succeed where our oldest and wisest have so often failed."

The fairy thanked her with sparkling eyes, and so it was arranged: on a certain night she was to go down into the world, and there was to be handed over to her the key of Miss Fortune's great cupboard with its plentiful store of the good things loved by mortals. Miss Fortune, you must know, was a kind of fairy who managed the distribution of such things in the world; some persons said she managed it very ill, others had more reason to be satisfied. Anyhow Miss Fortune was to have a holiday on that one night of the year, and our little friend might have complete control of the gifts which it was her office to bestow.

At the appointed time Fortune was ready to give up her charge, but with a manner by no means encouraging to her eager substitute. She seemed to be tired and disappointed by her long intercourse with men, and yet, like a whimsical creature she was, she grumbled at being relieved of her work at the same time that she described it as most disagreeable.

"Well, well," she said crossly as she handed over her key, "times are bad enough, but things won't become better by your meddling with them—a chit without any experience, forsooth, who doesn't even know the taste of bread and butter!"

"Perhaps you would help me with your advice?" asked the young fairy very respectfully, for she had been taught to look up to all her elders, even when they had fallen into the painful habit of indulging an ill-natured disposition.

"No, indeed! You must try your own hand and make the best of it, since the queen will have it so. All I can tell you is that you have undertaken a thankless business, which you had much better have left to those who know what to expect from it. Have you ever heard the things these men say about me? and after all I have done for them too! Oh, yes, you will have a fine time of it! But we shall see."

And in this unpleasant mood she went off to take a nap away from home for the first time in her life; or I should not be surprised

if she spent the whole night in watching on the sly that she might have a laugh in her sleeve at what happened during her absence. But, which was not fair, she carried away in her pocket three rare things, which her deputy ought to have had the disposal of, to wit, a contented heart, a sovereign elixir for pouring into other people's wounds, and a certain talisman which, when worn by anyone, made him or her think everyone else the most amiable and agreeable creature in the world. These, though not the most sought after, were really the most valuable articles in Fortune's collection, and she was not going to have them carelessly thrown away upon somebody who might deserve nothing better than an empire or a ton or so of gold.

In the meanwhile it had, somehow or other, got wind in the world, that presents were thus to be given all round with unusual generosity. So as the shades of this lucky night fell, every man, woman, and child, except a few conceited young persons who thought themselves too clever to believe in fairies, hung up one of their stockings to receive whatever might be going. Some dishonest people hung up both stockings, as if they could cheat a fairy out of a double share of her bounty. Some greedy ones put out a big pillow-case instead of a stocking, forgetting that a sack of turnips might not be worth so much as a ring of rubies. A few poor creatures who had no pillows nor even a stocking that was not all holes, yet went to sleep with their mouths wide open, hoping at least to find them filled in the morning. Many ladies and gentlemen, especially among those who were best off already, did not close an eye the whole night, so eager were they to know what was to be given them. But they might as well have been snoring sound for all they heard and saw till morning; fairies are much too adroit to be caught at their tasks.

Here now at last was the young fay, her little heart swelling with joy and benevolence, in full possession of Fortune's store-house, crammed with countless good things, the very sight of which would have made your mouth water. Few of the articles contained in it were new, most of them being in fact the forfeits which men and women had to pay for making mistakes in the hard game called life; but they were all precious and serviceable to somebody or other. The contents of the loaded shelves and heaped-up boxes, however, were so many and various, that our fairy became quite bewildered among

them before she had gone through a hundredth part. As she turned from the motley collection of valuables to the houses and streets full of people, who were impatiently awaiting their distribution, it struck her for the first time that this task would not be such an easy one.

"Let me see: how must I manage so as to make everybody quite happy? Here's a bright sharp sword now: shall I give it to that curly-haired little boy who is lying awake in his nursery and fancying every moment that he hears me coming down the chimney? But perhaps he might cut his fingers with it, and then his mother wouldn't care so much for her own present. And this black silk gown would just fit that great girl, his sister, who is yawning there in the next room. How can I know, though, whether she will be pleased with it? It may not be the kind of dress she is accustomed to wear, and these human beings do like to dress themselves in such a strangely ugly way. I might give her the sword, then the gown would do for her brother—no, no, no, that won't do at all! I'll put them aside for just now, and find somebody presently that each of them will just suit. Here next is a beautiful Noah's ark, and there is such a nice, learned-looking old gentleman—I wonder if he would care for it. Really I wish I had a little more experience in the ways of the world, and then it would be so much easier to please them all. What's this? an embroidered pair of slippers! and isn't that a poor bare-footed old man shivering along over the snow? He shall have them at once—stop! no, I had better look out a pair of good strong boots for him. And I wonder if that tired, sickly, ragged woman, sleeping in one bed with three children, poor things! would care at all for this elegant case of mathematical instruments. Oh, dear! at this rate I shall be all night before I begin to give anything away. It is most perplexing. Multiplication was indeed vexation, but division is certainly as bad!"

"The rule of three does puzzle me, and practice drives me mad!" suddenly cried a shrill voice behind her.

She turned quickly round and saw a young elf, about her own age, who had slipped in unperceived and hidden himself behind a bag of onions. He was a vulgar, impudent-looking little creature, wearing a dunce's cap, and with grimy traces of tears still upon his cheeks as if he had lately come from his lessons. But now he was grinning

from ear to ear, for he had played truant from school and was bent on mischief.

"Ho! ho! ho! so you don't like doing sums!" he chuckled, standing on his head and making the most horrible faces at her. "Why, I always thought you fairies were *so* good, and took to your tasks like ducks to the water or elves to the creambowl."

"We try to do as we ought and to improve our minds, which is more than everybody can say," she replied with dignity, and just the least little touch of pride, for the fairies did not care to be very familiar with the elves.

"Oh! of course, you are very clever and proper and perfect and all the rest of it! But, I say, don't you wish you knew a little more about the ways of the world? Come, now, ain't you fairly puzzled what to do with all these fine things?"

"Can you help me?" she asked eagerly. "I am sure you know a great deal more than I do about the world and its people."

"Perhaps I can, and perhaps I can't," said this rude elf, winking at her, and laying his finger on his nose with a very knowing air.

"Oh, do, then! I am so anxious to make men happy, just for once."

"Oh, you are, are you?" quoth the elf slyly. "Well, I know how Miss Fortune, their schoolmistress, manages the business. She is blindfolded, then somebody holds up a brooch or a toy or a handkerchief, or whatever it is, behind her back, and asks who is to be the owner of this pretty thing; and she names the person who is to have it."

What a story this was! Formerly, indeed, when she was young and foolish, Fortune used to amuse herself by doing something of the kind, but for many years now she has worn spectacles, and gives nothing away except to people who have passed a strict examination. The little fairy thought that was certainly a very odd way of distributing presents, but knowing of no better, she saw nothing for it but to take the elf's advice.

"Will you be blindfolded, then?" she asked him.

"Not if I know it. I like to see what I am about; besides, you know, although I know a thing or two about the world, I don't know by heart the names of all the people in it. So I will look out of the window here, and you hold up the things behind me, and then I say what persons they are to go to. What fun it will be!" cried the elf.

capering about among Fortune's treasures and clapping his fat dirty hands, while the fairy looked out a number of nice presents to begin with.

In this way, then, they set about it at once, for no time was to be lost if everybody in the world had to be suited with a present before daybreak. The fairy, scarcely knowing what deceit was, never doubted but that her companion would play fair. It is to be suspected, however, that he peeped over his shoulder now and then, so ingeniously did he contrive sometimes to fix things upon the wrong persons.

The first article which she held up behind him was a beautiful and expensive lace night-cap.

"Well, here is a pretty thing, and a very pretty thing, and who is to have this pretty thing?"

"Margery Daw," replied the elf promptly, with a roguish twinkle in his little eyes. "That's her, lying in the straw in that shed there."

"Very good, it is hers," and no sooner said than done. In an instant the lace night-cap was lying in Margery Daw's old darned stockings, for by a fairy's mere wish, things are carried quicker than by a dozen express trains, and all the parcel-deliveries in the world.

The next thing our fairy laid hand upon was a gammon of fat bacon. This the elf apportioned to a person called Jack Sprat, who hated fat above all things, though, as his wife got presently a thin shin of beef, they might, if they liked, have exchanged and been very well contented. Then a packet of lollipops was given to old King Cole, a fishing-rod to Simple Simon, a cookery-book to the Knave of Hearts, a six-penny brooch to the Queen of Diamonds, a load of coals to the Mayor of Newcastle, a china tea-service to the King of the Cannibal Islands, and so they went on busily all night.

But what absurd mistakes they made! They gave a box of tools to a baby in arms, a rattle and coral to a learned philosopher, a royal crown to a hump-backed beggar, a rich cake to a dyspeptic old bachelor, a barrel of ale to a teetotalter, a peg-top to a poet, a pair of hob-nailed shoes to a queen, a pictorial alphabet to a schoolmaster, a birch-rod to a good boy, a set of knitting needles to a bold dragoon, a twenty-five-volumed cyclopædia to an old woman who could not read, a skipping-rope to a statesman, a wedding-ring to a widow, a money-box to a pauper, a kettle-drum to a sick lady, a grand piano to

a deaf old washerwoman, a fine paint-box to a blind fiddler, a bottle of eau de Cologne to a half-starved shoeblack, a kitchen-clock to a homeless gipsy, a box of figs to a fat grocer, a bottle of medicine to a doctor, and a volume of fairy tales to the author of them ! A dandy gentleman and a fashionable young lady were presented, the one with a new doll which squeaked and moved its eyes, and the other with a milk-churn ; a prisoner had a pony, a bishop a hobby-horse, a school-girl a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, a rheumatic old hermit a ticket for a ball, a quaker a pair of duelling-pistols, an Indian chief a card-case, a Hottentot a portmanteau, an Esquimaux a freezing-machine, and a sailor shipwrecked on a desert island found himself rich with a bank note for ten thousand pounds. The kind-hearted little fairy took care that no stocking should be empty, and it was not her fault if some of these presents were scarcely suitable to the persons who received them.

At the first glimpse of day, then, all the world rushed to their stockings to see what he or she had got, after dreaming half the night of the surprises and delights in store for them. But you may fancy how soon this eagerness was changed to disappointment, and how people pulled faces as long as their own stockings when they found there exactly what each of them did not want, while everyone's gift was the very thing envied by some of his neighbours. The crowing of the early cocks was quite drowned by the chorus of angry exclamations and murmurs of disgust which arose from every quarter. Almost the only person in the world who seemed to be contented was a ragged idiot who had got a gilt cocked hat adorned with a great peacock's feather, in which he strutted about laughing for joy and calling on every one he met to admire him.

Now instead of talking quietly over it, as they should have done, and agreeing on an amicable exchange and suitable distribution of their new possessions, people all allowed themselves to lose their tempers and their senses, and behaved in a way that was most deplorable. From complaints they went on to violent abuse of the fairy who had meant nothing but kindness to them ; and next they fell to accusing one another of having played tricks with each other's presents ; and this led to disputing and quarrelling : and finally they came to fighting, scratching, thumping and kicking, so that on this morning, which was to have been devoted to thankfulness and merriment, the whole earth became one scene of blows and bruises, and

the air was filled with shrieks, shouts, groans, cries, threats and entreaties which frightened all the beasts and birds out of their wits, and disturbed even the peaceful glades of fairyland.

The queen of the fairies heard this uproar, and knew too well what it meant, and quickly appeared where the two elfin children were still lingering in the rosy dawn, watching the effects of their night's work. The young fairy was weeping bitterly, her bright head bent like a flower heavy with dew. But the elf was laughing and skipping and crying out, "Oh, what fun!" stopping only to stare at his companion, whose grief he could not understand. Suddenly, however, he hung his head and slunk hastily away in fear of a deserved punishment, when he saw the queen in all her beauty, radiant with the first beams of the sunrise.

"My dear," she said kindly, taking the little one's hand; "I was afraid things would not happen as you hoped."

"And I did so wish to make them all happy; now I have only done them harm," sobbed the sorrowful child.

"Ah! the best intentions without wisdom and experience often do as much harm as good. And, if you knew more about this world, as you will when you are old enough to serve on one of our Guardianship and Benevolence Organisation Committees, you would understand that, whatever you do for men, it is almost impossible for us to please or benefit them, since they turn our best gifts to their own hurt, and that of their neighbours. We shall not try it again. For the future they must win whatever they may want for themselves, and let them have presents only from their own friends and relations, who know best what they deserve and what they can make good use of. It will be better for us both that they and we be henceforth strangers, and keep each to our own world, where our lives are so different."

The queen kissed away her little subject's tears, and as, hand in hand, they re-entered fairyland, the sounds of strife began to die away upon earth, for when the sun rose it melted away all the fairy's unlucky gifts. In a few hours no trace of them remained, and what had happened on that night soon came to seem to most people like a strange dream. Before many years had passed, the rising generation laughed at the whole story and declared that it never happened at all. Such a thing certainly never happened again, and it must be a very old man or woman who now remembers the visit of the last of the fairies.



FISHER-STORK.

HERE a little sparkling rill
Joins rippling in the stream,
Stands a steadfast stork so still,
You'd think him in a dream;—

But he's bent on catching trout,
To feed his storklings three;
Hungry they sit screaming out,
High up an old fir-tree.

On a tiny spit of sand,
Washed by the wavelets bright,
Patiently he takes his stand
From early dawn till night.

Yellow iris, flags, and reeds,
With blue forget-me-nots,
Grow amid the water-weeds
To deck his chosen spot.

Presently a May-fly soft
Upon the water lights,
Flutt'ring downwards from aloft,
Dreaming of summer nights.

As it floats adown the stream,
Below, in water clear,
Something silver seems to gleam,
A little fish draws near.

Quietly a speckled trout,
Lured by the tempting fly,
From his hiding-place steals out,
And gulps it floating by.

Then, not thinking he's been seen,
To hide again he speeds,
But forgets the stork's eyes keen
Peering amid the weeds.

Quick as thought, with sudden dash,
The Fisher seized his prey,
Spread his wings with flapping splash,
Soar'd to his nest away.

B. Y. G. A.

DONKEY-RIDES AROUND CAIRO.

By Greville J. Chester, B.A., Author of 'Transatlantic Sketches,' &c.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

ALEXANDRIA.



INTEND in this chapter to follow the example of the writer of an old cookery-book, who commences her instruction as to how to *cook* a hare by the sage advice, "First *catch* it." In like manner before I become your guide in "Donkey-rides around Cairo," I purpose to conduct you to that beautiful city, and to attempt to describe Alexandria where the intending visitor to the capital of Egypt almost invariably lands.

We will suppose it to be the morning of the fourth weary day since our steamship steamed out from the noble harbour of Malta. It is a dead calm. The sea below us is of a violet tint, almost black in the intensity of its colour, but of exceeding clearness. The sky above is of a deep blue, but to the southward it has a coppery tint, which those who are acquainted with the coast of Northern Africa well know to be the effect of the reflection of the sands of the great desert, which in these parts line the coast for a distance of several hundred miles. Presently,—a welcome sight indeed after the tedium of a sea-voyage,—a dark shaft and then another is seen against the sky. These are the great lighthouse which succeeded the ancient pharos of Alexandria and the so-called "Pompey's" pillar. Then a line of low sand-hills appears above the waves away to the left, with here and there a few palm-trees near the water's edge. Then, ahead of the ship, Fort Napoleon and Fort Caffarelli are seen upon their respective mounds, and below them the whited houses and multitudinous masts of the shipping in the western harbour. The sea now

assumes a greener tint, and the steamship slackens her speed and then stops in order to take on board the Arab pilot, who has come out to guide her over the dangerous bar and through the somewhat intricate channel which leads into the great port of Alexandria. The pilot is a spare man, but of considerable quiet dignity of manner, with an eagle's eye, and dressed in the flowing garments of the East.

Entering the noble harbour you see, on the right, low yellow limestone rocks capped with sand, crowned by windmills, and honeycombed with the rock-tombs of the old Greek Necropolis. The first and last sight in the land of Egypt—that which strikes the stranger the most continually and the most forcibly—that which of old times struck the minds of the murmuring Israelites when they demanded of Moses; “Because there were no *graves* in Egypt hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?” (Gen. xiv. 11)—is always tombs. To the right is the modern lighthouse on the Point of Eunostus already mentioned, the whitewashed palace of the Khediv called “*Ras-et-Tin*,” and the Government arsenal with one or two rotten ships falling into greater rottenness. In front is the city of Alexandria, the *Scandereyeh* of the inhabitants, or rather that part of it which lines the shores of the old port. The harbour itself is densely crowded with the ill-arranged vessels of almost all nations, although the flag of England largely predominates, discharging and taking in their cargoes from lighters, and in front of the palace lies the sumptuous yacht of the bankrupt Turk who so grievously misrules the fair land of Egypt.

No sooner has the steamer cast her anchor, and the tedious business of obtaining pratique been completed, than the vessel is boarded by a motley crew—dragomans of the lower type arrayed in gorgeous keffiehs and baggy Syrian trousers of blue cloth, seeking to take instant possession of unwary Europeans, villainous-looking Jewish runners from the hotels, spruce Levantine clerks from banks and offices, Turkish officials with hang-dog countenances, and Arab boatmen; good fellows enough these last, with merry eyes and glib tongues, who are *men* every inch of them, and who speak a smattering of almost every tongue in Europe. These men would know you again at once if they had not seen you for twenty years. As upon this occasion I have the privilege to be your guide, I shall ask you to step into the boat of my particular boatman-friend, a young man

named Mabrouk, whom I have known for several years. He wears a white and brown striped abbeyeh of wool over white cotton drawers, and has a gaudy kefish from Damascus or Bagdad wrapt turban-wise around his red fez cap. He has large, dark, yearning eyes, full lips, and is of unusually dark complexion. He is a Mohammedan, but his placid face so resembles that of the sculptures of the great Rameses that we conjecture he must have Coptic blood in his veins. He knows me at once, and gives his tawny hand: "How you do, Sir? I very glad see you again; you very good friend, very good master; how all your family? Me very good boy; very good boatman; me take you 'shore *sheep* (cheap)." He helps us down the crowded gangway, and leaves us in the boat in charge of a small self-possessed *wellet* or boy in single blue shirt and dilapidated fez, who keeps his place at the ladder in the midst of a howling crowd, while he himself returns for the luggage. At length we are off, and after undergoing a fruitless attempt to extort money by some floating custom-house officers, we pass through the maze of ill-moored, ill-arranged shipping, and arrive at the steps of the Passport Office. Here the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty holding Foreign Office passports are compelled to yield them up—although such documents are supposed to be granted for the protection and identification of the holders—to a dirty, pock-marked Turkish official, and are informed that they may go to reclaim them at the British Consulate the following day.* We return to our boat, and a little further on are put on shore at the custom-house. A delay most likely of half-an-hour or an hour now takes place because the proper official is not come, or has gone away, or has gone to sleep, and then the newly-arrived traveller first learns the word, the all-pervading word wherever Turks and consequently corruption hold sway—the everlasting word *backsheesh*. In countries under Turkish rule every Turkish official, from the Sultan or the Khediv down to the lowest *doganista*, has his price, and so now if you choose to give a sufficient present your baggage is given up to you unopened; otherwise it will be ruthlessly ransacked, and delicate articles of value will be thrown out upon the muddy or dusty floor of the custom-house. These formalities finished amidst a deafening uproar of interlopers and touts, and the boatman and porters paid, the traveller finds himself in the densely-crowded street which runs alongside the harbour and is the

* This nuisance has been now abated by the action of the Earl of Derby.

"Strand" of Alexandria. If he does not at once enter a carriage he is surrounded by a crowd of donkey-boys, scrimmaging and vociferating for the privilege of carrying off your honourable person. "This your donkey, sir; this Bob Ridley; this Macaroni; this Yankee-doodoo; this one very good donkey; this one exquisite donkey, sir, all same as one steamboat; that donkey very bad, sir, him kick old sitt (lady) over him tail; mine good, good, *taib keteer*; you not know me, sir? I know you very well, you ride my donkey three year ago to Pompey Pillar; I Ibrahim, sir; I Mohammed, I your friend; you great gentleman, sir, all same one pasha, you want one big donkey, not want little, you take mine, him from Meccah, him good," &c. &c.

Amidst such and such-like exclamations and adjurations we enter a decent carriage drawn by two emaciated screws and driven by an ebony-black Barabra driver, through streets of extreme filthiness, to our hotel, which at all events shall not be that den of imposition the "Europa."

Modern Alexandria occupies a portion only of the celebrated city, founded on the site of the small Egyptian town of Rhacotis by Alexander the Great, B.C. 323. It is situated on the shores of two bays or harbours, on the irregularly-shaped promontory which lies between them, and on a tongue of land which separates the great Lake Mareotis from the sea. On the land side it is defended by some paltry earthworks and contemptible forts, and is probably incapable of sustaining a well-directed attack either by land or sea. The Arab or rather Turkish quarter which occupies the promontory on the road to the Viceroy's palace of Ras-et-Tin, is a labyrinth of filthy lanes with open ditches full of black and stinking mud festering in the midst of the roadway. The poorer Arabs live principally in huts and hovels on the way to the lake and the Mahmoudieh Canal. In the Frank portion of the city there are some broad streets, and thanks to the energy of the Levantine Christian population, and in spite of the Government, these have recently been well paved with stone. The houses are built of stone covered with white stucco in the usual style of the south of Europe. The Consuls' or Frank Square is planted with stunted acacias, and has in its centre a statue of Mohammed Ali, erected in the teeth of Mohammedan religious prejudices by the present tyrant of Egypt. There are also kiosks for music, and the place is

an amusing promenade in the hour before sunset. The bazaars are interesting to the stranger from the variety of oriental productions which they contain, and from the diversity of the costumes of the frequenters, but they are far more Europeanized than those of Cairo, Damascus, and many other Eastern cities. One street is entirely given up to money-changers, chiefly Jews, and here many interesting old coins may at times be picked up. The orthodox Greek and Roman Catholic Cathedrals are large but uninteresting buildings, and attached to each are excellent schools. The Coptic Cathedral is modern. None of the Mohammedan Mosques are of any importance, although one of them is said to occupy the site of the ancient Patriarchal Church of St. Mark, of which the great St. Athanasius was the unflinching Bishop. The English Church in the Frank Square is an unusually creditable building, but the exterior is too much in the style of a mosque, and has no prominent cross to mark its Christian appropriation. English Christians in the East are far too little apt to let the light of their Christianity shine before men, and are consequently often suspected by Muslims of not being Christians at all. Little remains aboveground to indicate the glories of the vast ancient city, but a spade cannot be put into the ground without bringing to light ancient mosaic pavements and the substructions and foundations of ancient cisterns and buildings, and the outskirts are literally honeycombed with tombs, catacombs, and sepulchral passages. Close to the sea by the side of the eastern harbour stands the sole remaining obelisk of the two which, quarried in the distant red granite rocks of Syene at the First Cataract, and erected before the great Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, or An (in Scripture, On), were conveyed to Alexandria under the Ptolemies or Romans, and re-erected there in front of the Cæsarium by the architect Pontius, in the eighth year of Augustus. The sister obelisk, long prostrate and covered with rubbish and *débris*, has now, by the munificence of Dr. Erasmus Wilson, arrived in England, there to adorn a city which, unfounded and unheard of at the time of its construction, far outstrips the world-famed city of Alexandria both in population and in grandeur.

On high ground overlooking Lake Mareotis stands the so-called "Pompey's" Pillar of the donkey-boys and Cook's "personally conducted" tourists, which has about as much to do with Pompey as Tenterden steeple has to do with the Goodwin Sands.

This superb monolith, of which the shaft alone is 73 feet high by 29 feet 8 inches in circumference, is probably one of a number which formed the colonnade of some vast Temple of the Ptolemaic period. It was re-erected in its present position in the reign of Dioclesian, and perhaps in honour of the taking of Alexandria by that cruel and persecuting emperor. The base and capital are of later date than the shaft, and of inferior work. In the same neighbourhood is a rock-tomb upon whose walls are frescoes which show that it had been used in ancient times as a Christian church.

Outside the walls of the city, and especially eastwards towards Ramleh, are the remains of the ancient cemeteries of the Ptolemaic and Roman periods, and mingled with the heathen sepulchres are many memorials of the early Christians. A camp of very poor Bedouen Arabs may generally be seen near this Eastern Necropolis, and these and other poor Arabs are constantly employed in excavating amongst the tombs for stone. Many curious relics are by this means discovered: statues, coins, innumerable Roman lamps, bottles of terra-cotta bearing the effigy of St. Menas, an Egyptian saint who was martyred at the beginning of the 4th century, and whose name recalls that of the first Egyptian king; beautiful squares of green and red porphyry, and precious marbles from the ancient pavements. On one occasion I purchased of a perfectly naked Arab who was labouring in the dust a Roman necklace formed of beads of plasma or mother-of-emerald, linked together with gold; on another I bought several exquisite "boxes" or rather bottles of semi-transparent oriental alabaster used for the preservation of precious unguents; and on a third I arrived just at the moment when a Greek tomb had been broken into, and shared in the spoil of elegant terra-cotta vases which it contained.

The Greek population of Alexandria is very large, and the people are distinguished by that restless activity in commerce which is characteristic of their versatile race. Wherever throughout the East there is a Greek population there is progress, life, vigour and trade; on the other hand, wherever a Turkish population predominates there is sloth, stagnation, and retrogression. In person, the Greeks of Alexandria are strikingly handsome, with lithe although small figures, fine hair and splendid eyes.

Ramleh (the *Sandy*) is a somewhat pleasant village of detached houses sprinkled about upon the sand-hills near the sea-shore some

four miles east of the city. It is the favourite residence of the European merchants and has a fair hotel. A railway belonging to an English company connects it with Alexandria. Here are the house and beautiful gardens of Signore Giovanni Demitri, a Greek gentleman, whose magnificent collection of Ptolemaic and Roman coins connected with Egypt is of world-wide reputation. There is a pleasant beach at Ramleh abounding with shells, of which the prettiest variety resembles in colour and size very small green peas. The sand-hills in winter and early spring abound with beautiful flowers. Two kinds of ice-plant in places cover the earth, and besides these a delicious night-scented stock, a red bugloss, and red and yellow pheasant's-eyes are common.

Half-way to Ramleh stood, a few years since, the splendid walls of the fortified Roman station of Nicopolis. This has been well-nigh destroyed by the vandal hands of the Khediv, who used it as a quarry from which to erect a gigantic and hideous palace hard by, an eyesore which more than anything else resembles an overgrown white-washed cotton-mill. It is in the continual building and furnishing of these innumerable palaces that the money goes of those credulous dupes who contribute to Egyptian loans and invest in Egyptian bonds, and it is to supply funds for these vast and useless erections that the unhappy peasants or *fellaheen* of Egypt are ground to the earth by oppression and extortion. It was during the building of this palace at Ramleh that the officials of the Khediv violated the property of some British subjects and trampled the flag of England in the dust with every mark of scorn and contempt. It is by such outrages as these, which would be borne by no other nation, that England and Englishmen are repaid for bolstering up the effete power and abetting the calamitous tyrannies of Mohammedan potentates!

Alexandria is (for Egypt) wet in winter, but during the rest of the year one of the dustiest places in the world. Such being the case, it is commonly detested by the majority of English travellers, who seldom stay more than a night or two. It is, however, interesting to those who love to see varieties of the human race and diversities of costume, for Alexandria is still almost the greatest mart of the Levant. Spite of the rivalry of the Suez Canal, most of the corn, cotton and sugar of Egypt is shipped away from its great port.

(To be continued.)

A VICTIM OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

AIMEE CECILE RENAUD.



THIS is one of the sad incidents which occurred almost hourly during the terrible time of the French Revolution, when, without any trial or even ceremony save that of calling over their names, the luckless victims of Robespierre were dragged to an infamous death. This man, with his insatiable greed for human blood, fearing always that his popularity might decline, and that then the pent-up wrath of the friends of his numerous victims would fall upon him, and consider his death as the only possible expiation of his cruelties, Robespierre was always devising some new means of attracting public attention to himself, trying to amuse his colleagues, and to awe his enemies into such a state of terror that they would not dare attack him personally.

He made a pompous speech at the Jacobin Club, at which he proposed that three thousand of the wretched victims who then filled the prisons should be shot each day, until there were no more left. This suggestion was received with great applause, and orders were actually given for enlarging the court of the Revolutionary Tribunal that two or three hundred unfortunates might be shot at one time.

It was just about this time, on the 23rd of May, 1794, or according to the parlance of the times on the 4th of Prairial, in the second year of the Republic, that our heroine, Aimée Cecile Renaud, presented herself at the door of Robespierre's house, desiring to speak to him; and on being told that he was not visible, much disappointed at not attaining her object, she answered somewhat pettishly, that being a public functionary, Robespierre ought always to be in readiness to attend to people who wished to see him on public business.

Duplai, the surly maître d'hotel of the great man, and all the other servants, who were accustomed to very different language from the visitors they usually admitted, crowded round Aimée, and, scenting a mystery, asked her a thousand questions, to all of which she replied with a firmness and boldness that surprised them.

"What brings you here?"

"I came," answered Aimée, "to see what a tyrant is like."

The memory of Charlotte Corday at once flashed across the minds of Robespierre's satellites, and with one voice they said the girl must be taken before the Committee of Public Safety.

Two of the servants seized Aimée, and took her before Carnot and Barrere, by whom she was questioned as to her name, her age, profession, &c.

"My name is Aimée Cecile Renaud; I am twenty years old, and the daughter of a stationer, with whom I live in the Rue de la Lanterne."

"Where were you arrested, and by whom?"

"In Robespierre's house, by persons I do not know."

"What motive took you to Robespierre's house?"

"I wished to speak to him."

"On what business?"

"That would have depended on circumstances."

"Were you employed by anyone to speak to Citizen Robespierre?"

"No."

"Had you any memorial to present?"

"I do not see that you have any concern with that."

"Do you know him?"

"No; that was exactly what I wished to do."

"What was your motive for wishing to know him?"

"To know if he answered my purpose."

After this, being asked to explain the meaning of her last expression, she replied,

"I have nothing more to say."

"When you were told that the Citizen was not at home, you betrayed disappointment and ill-temper."

"Very likely."

"Do you know the Rue de l'Estrapade?"

"No."

"Did you not tell those who arrested you that you would shed the last drop of your blood to restore the *ci-devant* King?"

"Yes."

"Do you still say so?"

"Yes, I do."

"Why did you, and why do you still desire a tyrant to govern France?"

"I wish to have a king, because I prefer a king to a thousand tyrants; and I went to Robespierre's house because I wanted to see what a tyrant is like."

At this period of the interrogatory a parcel was brought in, containing the entire dress of a woman, and which Aimée had left in a shop immediately before her visit to Robespierre's house. On being asked to what use she intended to apply the contents of this parcel, she said that knowing where she would go, she wished to have a decent dress for the occasion.

"What place are you referring to?"

"To prison, and thence to the guillotine."

"What did you mean to do with the two knives found on you?"

"Nothing; I meant no harm to anyone."

After this examination, Aimée was taken to the prison of the Conciergerie, and the punishment of her crime given over to Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, who neglected nothing to torture Robespierre's victims. He subjected her to various examinations, and tried in all manners to make her denounce her accomplices.

Seeing that nothing would induce Aimée to alter her first declarations, he threatened to send her mother, father and all her family to the guillotine. She exclaimed at the injustice of such a proceeding, and maintained their innocence.

At length Fouquier Tinville, becoming enraged at his inability to extort any information from her, determined to put her to death, and on the 17th of June she was brought to trial. When she entered the box appropriated to the accused, she saw already placed there her mother, her father and an aunt by whom she had been brought up. Poor Aimée burst into tears at this sad sight, but overcame the display of her sorrow, and regained her calm serenity.

The names of upwards of sixty persons were called over, most of whom were quite unknown to Aimée, and sentence of death was passed upon them all, the jury listening to no defence or evidence. Then the melancholy *cortège* set out for the place of execution, which was then near the Barrière du Trône.

Aimée betrayed no emotion, indeed she smiled frequently and conversed with her unfortunate companions. Arrived at the fatal guillotine, she embraced her parents, and mounting the scaffold with cheerfulness seemed to know no fear of death.

Various motives have been imputed to Aimée Renaud, but the mystery of her conduct has never been cleared. Some suspected her of having designs on Robespierre's life, but her answers on her various examinations can hardly justify such a suspicion; so the motive of this poor girl's conduct went with her to her death, and she only forms one more of the victims of Revolutionary cruelty. She is described as being much beloved by all her friends, and possessing a wonderful charm of manner—a high-principled, good girl, with an ardent devotion to Louis XVI. and his unfortunate Queen, Marie Antoinette.

The Conciergerie, the prison in which Aimée was confined, had during the monarchical government been used for the worst criminals. It was a fearful place, with all its cells subterraneous, with little or no ventilation, and even in those times was considered as the worst place of confinement in Paris. During the seven long weeks of Aimée's imprisonment in this dreadful place, what thoughts must not have come to her of her father, her mother and all the loving home friends! Not the least sad of these must have been the dread lest the oft-repeated threats of Fouquier Tinville to send all her family to the guillotine, should come to pass, and she herself, by her impulsive and ill-fated visit to Robespierre, be the unwilling cause of such a catastrophe. And when at length no more hope was possible, and when her eyes lighted on the sad group at the bar, and she knew he had but too truly fulfilled his menace, can we not see her shaken with dread and helplessness, her head bowed down in a momentary uncontrollable emotion, ere her spirit could recover its serenity. In the last journey in the fatal charrette, while she was sustaining and consoling her unfortunate companions, can we doubt that a mental comparison presented itself to her between the cruelty of her persecutors and the boundless love and peace awaiting her on the other side of the dark river that divided her from eternity?



QUEEN OLGA'S SCHOOL.



English schoolgirls may not be uninterested in the description of a day in the lives of their German sisters, I offer a short account of the proceedings that occurred not long ago on the occasion of the opening of the beautiful new school, built by Queen Olga of Württemberg, for the girls of Stuttgart.

The school was founded by and named after the reigning Queen five years ago, on the same plan as the well-known Catharinen Stift of her predecessor, the late Queen Catharine. Here girls of the upper and middle classes are trained and instructed in a very admirable manner. For some years Queen Olga's school has occupied rooms over the Post-office, and often, as we have posted our letters, we have waited a few moments in the court-yard below, to listen to the pretty part-singing in the class-rooms above, recognising now a part-song of Franz Abt, or a finely-harmonised chorale, or it might be an old familiar German hymn, carefully and reverently interpreted.

The situation of the new school is well chosen, in a quiet, airy part of the pretty picturesque city, close to vine-covered hills, and near the new church of S. Johannes and the romantic Feuer See, a little lake, from whose bosom the church seems to spring direct, pointing with tapering finger heavenward. There are twenty lofty class-rooms, built round three sides of a square, for the accommodation of the pupils, who undergo a progressive course of most careful and systematic teaching by a large staff of accomplished masters and governesses. The school is divided into nine classes, and the ages of the scholars range from seven to seventeen. Beginning with the most elementary subjects, the smaller "mädchens" pass from reading, writing, and "schön schreiben," sewing, knitting, and Bible history, to more advanced matters, so that by the time a girl has reached the ninth class, she has passed through a systematic course, which includes French, English, arithmetic, history, literature and composition, geography, natural history and science, drawing, dancing, and part-singing, and steps forth well furnished to the duties that await her. The fees range from 3*l.* to 6*l.* per annum. Foreigners pay a few shillings

extra for their privileges. Many nationalities are represented, and after the eighth class the study of English is obligatory.

On the opening day, the little ceremony was as simple as possible, but very pleasing. The Queen had requested that her visit might be regarded as that of a mother to her children. The girls were instructed to wear white, to put some lozenges into their pockets, so that all voices might ring clear in the Song of Greeting, and, moreover, not to stare too admiringly at Majesty when it should appear before them. The day came, warm and sunny, and a charm seemed to rest upon everything. The children trooped in, in holiday array, and were marshalled to their places. Then arrived some Court Officials, and Ladies of Honour. At nine o'clock the "Hohe Frau" alighted quietly from her carriage at the door of the school, stood a few seconds to receive a short congratulatory address from the Hof Prelat, with all his orders on, then gracefully turning to kiss the Grand Duchess Vera who stood near, and taking the King's arm, she went into the Fest Saal, where her 300 children rose to welcome her with a song. Each class had adopted a different colour, and were thus prettily distinguished from one another by the hues of sashes and breastknobs. The whole affair was over in less than an hour. Royalty departed with smiles and gracious words, and the young folks, after buzzing about their new class-rooms in happy chattering groups, dispersed to their homes.

FLAPS.

A SEQUEL TO 'THE HENS OF HENCASTLE.'

By J. H. Ewing, Author of 'Tools and Boots,' &c., &c.



AND what became of Flaps after they all left Hencastle? Well, he led his company on and on, but they could find no suitable place to settle in; and when the fowls began to recover from their fright, they began to think that they had abandoned the castle too hastily, and to lay the blame on Flaps.

Mark himself said that he might have overestimated the number of the invaders. There might not have been twenty-three, but really

Flaps was in such a hurry for the news, and one must say something when it was one's duty to make a report.

The three wise cocks objected to speak of themselves or their services, but they had had some experience on behalf of the community in times of danger, and in their opinion there had been a panic, and the hasty action taken by Flaps was injudicious and regrettable.

The oldest hen of Hencastle shook her feathers to show how much Flaps was in the wrong, and then puffed them out to show how much she was in the right; and after clearing her throat almost as if she were going to crow, she observed very shrilly that she "didn't care who contradicted her when she said that the common sense of the Mother of a Family was enough to tell her that an old dog, who had lost an eye and an ear and a leg, was no fit protector for the feminine and the young and the inexperienced."

The chief cock was not so free of his opinions as the chief hen, but he grumbled and scolded about everything, by which one may make matters amply unpleasant without committing oneself or incurring responsibility.

Another of the hens made a point of having no opinion. She said that was her way, she trusted everybody alike and bore her share of suffering, which was seldom small, without a murmur. But her good wishes were always at anyone's service, and she would say that she sincerely hoped that a sad injustice had not been done to the red-haired gentleman with the singularly agreeable manners, who would have been gatekeeper of Hencastle at this moment if it had not been for Flaps.

Poor Flaps! Well might he say, "One ear is enough to listen to you with, you pack of ungrateful fools!"

He was beginning to find out that, as a rule, the Helpless have a nice way with them of flinging all their cares upon the Helpful, and reserving their own energies to pick holes in what is done on their behalf; and that they are apt to flourish, in good health and poor spirits, long after such friends as Flaps have been worn out, bit by bit, in their service.

"First an eye, then an ear, then a leg," the old dog growled to himself; "and there's not a fowl with a feather out of him. But I've done my duty, and that's enough."

Matters went from bad to worse. The hens had no corn, and Flaps got no eggs, and the prospect of either home or food seemed very remote. One evening it was very rainy, the fowls roosted in a walnut-tree for shelter, and Flaps fell asleep at the foot of it.

"Could anything be more aggravating than that creature's indifference?" said Hen No. 2. "Here we sit, wet to the skin, and there he lies asleep! Dear me! I remember one of my neck feathers got awry once, at dear old Hencastle, (the pencilling has been a good deal admired in my time, though I say it that shouldn't,) and the Red-haired Gentleman noticed it in a moment. I remember he put his face as close to mine as I am to you, but in the most gentlemanly manner, and murmured so softly:

"Excuse me—there's just one of those lovely little feathers the least bit in the world——"

"I believe it was actually between his lips, when we were interrupted, and I had to put it tidy myself. But we might all be plucked as bare as poor young Scratchfoot before Flaps would think of smoothing us down. Just hear how he snores! Ah! it's a trying world, but I never complain."

"I do, though," said the chief hen. "I'm not one to put up with neglect. Hi, there! are you asleep?" And scratching a bit of the rough bark off the walnut-tree, she let it drop on to Flaps' nose.

"I'm awake," said Flaps; "what's the matter?"

"I never knew anyone snore when he was awake before," said the hen; and all the young cockerels chuckled.

"Well, I believe I was napping," said Flaps. "Damp weather always makes me sleepy, and I was dreaming of the old farmyard."

"Poor old farm!" sighed Hen No. 2. "We'd board and lodging there, at any rate."

"And now we've neither," said Hen No. 1. "Mr. Flaps, do you know that we're wet to the skin, and dying of starvation, whilst you put your nose into your great-coat pocket and go to sleep?"

"You're right," said Flaps. "Something must be done this very evening. But I see no use in taking the whole community about in the rain. We will send out another expedition."

"Cook-a-doodle-doo!" screamed the three wise ones; "that means that we're to face the storm whilst you have another nap, eh?"

"It seems an odd thing," said the chief cook, scratching his comb

with his claw, "that Flaps never thinks of going himself on these expeditions."

"You're right," said Flaps. "It is an odd thing, for times out of mind I've heard our old friend, the farmer, say, 'If you want a thing done—Go; if not—Send.' This time I shall go. Cuddle close to each other, and keep up your spirits. I'll find us a good home yet."

The fowls were much affected by Flaps' magnanimity, and with one voice they cried: "Thank you, dear Flaps. Whatever you decide upon will do for us."

And Mark added, "I will continue to act as watchman." And he went up to the top of the tree as Flaps trotted off down the muddy road.

All that evening and far into the night it rained and rained, and the fowls cuddled close to each other to keep warm, and Flaps did not return. In the small hours of the morning the rain ceased, and the rain-clouds drifted away, and the night-sky faded and faded till it was dawn.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" said Mark, and all the fowls woke up.

"What do you see and hear from the tree-top, dear Mark?" said they. "Is Flaps coming?"

"Not a thing can I see
From the top of the tree,
But a long, winding lane
That is sloppy with rain;"

replied Mark. And the fowls huddled together again, and put their heads back under their wings.

Paler and paler grew the grey sky, and at last it was broken with golden bars, and at the first red streak that caught fire behind them, Mark crowed louder than before, and all the hens of Hencastle roused up for good.

"What do you see and hear from the tree-top, dear Mark?" they inquired. "Is Flaps coming?"

"Not a sound do I hear,
And I very much fear
That Flaps, out of spite,
Has deserted us quite;"

replied Mark. And the fowls said nothing, for they were by no means at ease in their consciences.

Their delight was proportionably great when, a few minutes later, the sentinel sang out from his post :

"Here comes Flaps, like the mail!
And he's waving his tail."

"Well, dear, dear Flaps!" they all cackled as he came trotting up, "Where is our new home, and what is it like?"

"Will there be plenty to eat?" asked the cocks with one crow.

"Plenty," replied Flaps.

"Shall we be safe from mice, owls, wild beasts, and wild men?" cried the hens.

"You will," answered Flaps.

"Is it far, dear Flaps?"

"It is very near," said Flaps; "but I may as well tell you the truth at once—it's a farmyard."

"Oh!——" said all the fowls.

"We may be roasted, or have our heads chopped off," whimpered the young cockerels.

"Well, Scratchfoot was roasted at Hencastle," said Flaps; "and he wasn't our only loss. One can't have everything in this world; and I assure you, if you could see the poultry-yard—so dry under foot, nicely wired in from marauders; the most charming nests, with fresh hay in them; drinking-troughs; and then at regular intervals, such abundance of corn, mashed potatoes, and bones, that my own mouth watered at—are served out——"

"That sounds good," said the young cockerels.

"Ahem! ahem!" said the chief cock. "Did you see anything very remarkable—were the specimens of my race much superior in strength and good looks?——"

"My dear cock!" said Flaps; "there's not a tail or a comb or a hackle to touch you. You'll be cock of the walk in no time."

"Ahem! ahem!" said the chief cock modestly. "I have always had a sort of fatality that way. Pray, my dears, don't look so foolish and deplorable, but get the young people together, and let us make a start. Mr. Flaps is a person of strong common sense, a quality for which I myself have always been remarkable, and I thoroughly endorse and support his excellent advice, of which I am the best judge. I have very much regretted of late to observe a tendency in

this family (I say a tendency, for I hope it goes no further) to undervalue Mr. Flaps, and even (I hardly like to allude to such reprehensible and disgusting absurdity) to recall the memory of a vulgar red-haired impostor, who gained a brief entrance into our family circle. I am not consulted as I should be in these fluctuations of opinion, but there are occasions when it is necessary that the head of a family should exercise his discretion and his authority, and, so to speak, put down his claw. I put down my claw. We are going to Mr. Flaps' farmyard. Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Now, when the head of a family says "Cock-a-doodle doo!" there is nothing more to be said. So to the farmyard the whole lot of them went, and were there before the sun got one golden hair of his head over the roof of the big barn.

And only Mark, as they all crowded into their new home, turned his head round over his back to say: "And you, Flaps; what shall you do?"

"Oh, I shall be all right," said Flaps. "Good-bye, and good luck to you."

It cannot be said that Flaps was positively in high spirits when he had settled his protégés in their new home, and was left alone; but there are some good folk who contrive to make duty do the work of pleasure in this life, and then a piece of business fairly finished is as good as a treat.

It's not bread and bones, however, and Flaps was very hungry—so hungry that he could not resist the temptation to make his way towards the farmhouse, on the chance of picking up some scraps outside. And that was how it came about, that when the farmer's little daughter Daisy, with a face like the rosy side of a white-heart cherry set deep in a lilac print hood, came back from going with the dairy lass to fetch up the cows, she found Flaps snuffing at the back door, and she put her arms round his neck (they reached right round with a little squeezing) and said: "Oh, I never knew you'd be here so early! You nice thing!"

And Flaps' nose went right into the print hood, and he put out his tongue and licked Daisy's face from the point of her chin up her right cheek to her forehead, and then from her forehead down her left cheek back to her chin, and he found that she was a very nice thing too.

But the dairymaid screamed, "Good gracious! where did that nasty strange dog come from? Leave him alone, Miss Daisy, or he'll bite your nose off."

"He won't!" said Daisy indignantly. "He's the dog Daddy promised me; and the farmer coming out at that minute, she ran up to him crying, "Daddy! Isn't this my dog?"

"Bless the child, no!" said the farmer; "it's a nice little pup I'm going to give thee. Where did that dirty old brute come from?"

"He would wash," said little Daisy, holding very fast to Flaps' coat.

"Fine washing too!" said the dairymaid. "And his hair's all lugs."

"I could comb them," said Daisy.

"He's no but got one eye," said the swineherd. "Haw! haw! haw!"

"He sees me with the other," said Daisy. "He's looking up at me now."

"And one of his ears gone!" cried the dairy lass. "He! he! he!"

"Perhaps I could make him a cap," said Daisy, "as I did when my doll lost her wig. It had pink ribbons and looked very nice."

"Why, he's lame of a leg," guffawed the two farming-men. "See, missy, he hirples on three."

"I can't run very fast," said Daisy, "and when I'm old enough to, perhaps his leg will be well."

"Why, you don't want this old thing for a playfellow, child?" said the farmer.

"I do! I do!" wept Daisy.

"But why, in the name of whims and whamsies?"

"Because I love him," said Daisy.

When it comes to this with the heart, argument is wasted on the head; but the farmer went on: "Why, he's neither useful nor ornamental. He's been a good dog in his day, I daresay; but now——"

At this moment Flaps threw his head up in the air and sniffed, and his one eye glared, and he set his teeth and growled.

He smelt the gipsy, and the gipsy's black pipe, and every hair stood on end with rage.

"The dog's mad!" cried the swineherd, seizing a pitchfork.

"You're a fool," said the farmer (who wasn't). "There's someone

behind that haystack, and the old watch-dog's back is up. See! there he runs; and as I'm a sinner, it's that black rascal who was loitering round the day my ricks were fired, and you lads let him slip. Off after him! for I fancy I see smoke." And the farmer flew to his haystacks.

But Daisy took Flaps by the ear and led him indoors to breakfast. She had a large basin of bread-and-milk, and she divided this into two portions, and gave one to Flaps and kept the other for herself. And as she says she loves Flaps, I leave you to guess who got most bread-and-milk.

That was how the gipsy came to live for a time in the county gaol, where he made mouse-traps rather nicely for the good of the rate-payers.

And that was how Flaps, who had cared so well for others, was well cared-for himself, and lived happily to the end of his days.

* * * * *

"Why, it's in print!" said father cock; "and I said as plain as any cock could crow, that it was a secret. Now, who let it out?"

"Don't talk to me about secrets," said the fair foreigner; "I never trouble my head about such things."

"Some people are very fond of drawing attention to their heads," said the common hen; "and if other people didn't think more of a great unnatural-looking chignon than of all the domestic virtues put together, they might have their confidences respected."

"It's all very well," said father cock, "but you're all alike. There's not a hen can know a secret without going and telling it."

"Well, come!" said a little Bantam hen, who had newly arrived; "whichever hen told it, the cock must have told it first."

"What's that ridiculous nonsense you're talking?" cried the cock; and he ran at her and pecked her well with his beak.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the Bantam.

Dab, dab, dab, went the cock.

"Now! has anybody else got anything to say on the subject?"

But nobody had. So he flew up on to the wall, and cried, "Cook-a-doodle-doo!"

J. H. E.



THE DOLL THAT NE'ER WAS MINE.*



E'RE very poor, my Mother, Hans, and I.
 I've sometimes heard the Mother gently sigh,
 When meat was dear, or Christmas bills were long,
 When boots in wear proved rather thick than
 strong.

I coveted that Doll! My homeward feet
 Would often linger halfway down the street,
 To see her standing far behind the pane,
 In hat, and veil, and dress of blue *grosgrain*.
 She had an apron like our peasants wear,
 And eyes that closed, and fluffy flaxen hair.
 And Liesel, too, would make it quite a rule
 To meet me by the shop soon after school,
 Laying her arm in mine, and shiv'ring say,
 "Du, Käthchen dear, thy doll looks well to-day!"
 But oh! indeed, I loved our own small tree,
 Whose golden nuts hung down so prettily,
 And all the Christ Child's other gifts. Of course
 I was full glad to hear of that grey horse
 Our mother meant to buy; but still—but still—
 The doll seemed all my waking thoughts to fill.
 One night I dreamt I was in Nürnberg town;
 I knew 'twas Nürnberg, for there fluttered down
 A flag of crimson, queer old roofs amid;
 The letters were in gold, and almost hid
 In ample folds; but N-ü-r- I read,
 The rest I thought out quickly in my head.
 The snow upon those roofs was sparkling bright,
 And ev'ry window-pane gave back the light,
 And ev'ry shop all down the crooked street
 Was rich in sugar'd fruits and bonbons sweet,
 And Christmas-trees, and lamps, and little flags,
 With lovely frocks, and costly fur-lined bags.
 I knew not where to go, which way to look,
 When someone at my coat-sleeve gently shook
 My shabby coat! I look'd around, then down,
 And saw a tiny man all dress'd in brown,

* Partly suggested by a fairy tale of Hoffmann's.

Who said, "My Fräulein, wilt thou come with me?"
Though sore perplexed, I answered, "Willingly."
Into a shop hard by our steps we bent,
Around the walls in "sweet confusion" blent,
Sat waxen dolls, and amid these there stood
A crowd of little dolls of common wood
With yellow combs, but beautifully neat;
And further on—my foolish heart *did* beat—
The Doll of dolls! I felt I could not speak,
While my conductor said in accents meek,
"Perhaps the Fräulein here would like to stay?"
He did not meet my eye, but look'd away.
My answer'd "Yes" re-echoed loud and strong;
I felt abash'd, but quite forgot e'er long
My own rude tones, for my dear Doll was there,
And looking more than ever sweet and fair.
Entranced, I slipt down on the oaken floor;
The dwarf went out and shut the tiny door.
I kiss'd the Doll and brush'd her long bright hair,
And tried on all the clothes she had to wear.
I really do not know how long I staid,
The clock o'erhead so loud a ticking made;
I almost think I fell into a doze,
When suddenly there broke on my repose
A voice that sounded far away and thin,
My mother's voice, "Come, Käthchen, child, come in!"
I looked upon the Doll, I could not go,
My own past life it seemed, all tame and slow;
The noisy school, our small, dim-lighted street,
The low dark rooms and Hans's tramping feet.
The cuckoo-clock ticked gently to and fro;
It seemed to say, "Tick, tack, nay, do not go."
I pressed the dear one closer on my arm,
And she had more than all her wonted charm,
Yet still 'twas strange, her face looked rather sad.
I dropt her veil. "If I a playmate had,"
Thought I, "like Hansemann or Liesel Weiss,
This 'town of toys' would seem like Paradise."
I peer'd around me—all was wondrous calm
Save for the ticking clock. "If some warm arm
Like Lieselein's about my neck were thrown!
If she were here!" But I was all alone.
The small neat dolls responded with a stare;

Then somehow in my head there came a prayer
Our good old pastor taught us frequently :
"From love of this world keep Thy children free."
And then I listened long, until again,
As borne on some soft breeze to me it came,
The thin small voice, "Come, Käthchen, child, come in!"
On this I felt to linger were a sin,
I dropped the doll and sprang from off the floor—
But straightway crept in through the tiny door,
The man in brown, who bowed full low to me,
And bowed again, and said respectfully,
"Dear Fräulein Schmidt, I've brought a charming top."
"How kind!" said I; "yet here I must not stop—
They're calling me." "Indeed it is not late!
That clock is fast." Sighed I, "I may not wait."
But when I turned the dwarf was in my way,
And whispered soft, "The doll is thine for aye,
The doll is thine that is so very dear;
That clock is fast, I know it is; stay here."
His hand was on my arm; I shook it off:
On this his body quailed with sudden wrath.
He cried aloud, while fast away I sped,
But faster still there fell about my head
A heap of dolls, and drums, and other toys,
And in the midst of all the din and noise
I woke, and saw the winter sunlight pale
Dancing upon my small bed's brassen rail.
And there stood Mother, bending o'er my bed,—
"The horse is come for Hans," she softly said.
But darling Schatz, indeed I greatly fear
The pretty waxen doll is far too dear."
"O Mütterchen!" I sobbed, "I love our tree;
I'd rather have the nuts with Hans and thee."

* * * * *

'Twas strange, but now the doll had really gone!
From that gay shop had passed her graceful form.
"To Nuremberg she'd really gone away?"
Ah! that, dear friends, I know not to this day.





THE TAILOR AND THE WOLVES.

*Translated from the German of Blüthgen by
E. M. C.*

VER so long ago there lived a tailor's apprentice, a merry, light-hearted fellow, but with a large hump, so that he always looked like a country-woman going to market on a Saturday, carrying her goods on her back.

One night, as he was returning from some festivity in the town, he had to go through a thick wood, in which it was so dark that he could not see his hand before his face. As he was dawdling along quite merrily, and whistling the tune of the last waltz that he had danced, he lost his way, and fell into a deep pit, so that sight and hearing forsook him, and he gave himself up for lost.

But when he found out that he was unhurt after the fall, he began to cry pitiably, and to call for help, till he suddenly heard talking not far off.

In the pit, which sloped sideways, far down into the earth, lived a large wolf with his wife and two little ones, and when they had heard the tailor's fall and screams, the old wolf said joyfully to his wife :

"Be quick, my dear, hang the pot over the fire; I think we shall have something good to-night."

These words reached the ears of the tailor, who, in the deepest anxiety for his life, became as still as a mouse.

But the wolf opened the door of his den, put a lamp in his paw, and peered all round till he had discovered the tailor, whom he then seized by the legs, and, without more ado, dragged into his sitting-room.

When he was about to be killed, the poor fellow cried, and bemoaned himself in such a heartrending manner, that the wife, who was a good soul, put in a word for him to her husband.

"Well, then," said the wolf, "he may live, but he must never return to men, or he would betray us; he must stay here, and become a wolf."

"Most joyfully," said the tailor; "for I would rather live as a wolf than be cooked and eaten as a man."

Whereupon the wolf fetched one of his old furs out of the cupboard, and his wife had to sew the tailor into it; but round the hump it was too narrow. However, the wolves were soon comforted by being told that all their hump-backed relations in the great world wear their coats a little open at the breast.

So the tailor stayed with them, soon learnt to howl perfectly, and to walk on all fours; besides which, he became quite expert in catching rabbits, which the wolves cannot manage well, as they are so very awkward and unwieldy.

One day, when they had all gone out hunting together, it happened that the king of the same land was also hunting in the wood. As soon as the hunters came near the wolves, they and the tailor took to their heels, the latter because he feared he might be taken for a real wolf, on account of his skin, and be shot.

They ran into a neighbouring thicket, and hid themselves behind some bushes, when the old wolf whispered to the others to keep quiet, without fear, for he had seen no dogs, and without their help no huntsmen would find them.

He spoke truly, for it so happened that a wild boar had killed every single dog, and after a time they heard the whole party ride past their hiding-place.

Then it occurred to the king, who was greatly annoyed at the loss of his dogs, to take a pinch of snuff; after which he sneezed violently.

The tailor, who had not yet lost his knowledge of polite ways, said respectfully: "Your good health, sire!"

When the king heard these words, he rode towards the bush, and all his huntsmen followed him.

Here they perceived the wolves, and the king and his companions set up a loud shout of joy. They threw their spears so well, that only the old wolf could escape; and the tailor was the last to be seen, because he had hidden himself so well, but before the huntsmen could aim at him, he had rolled himself, howling piteously, towards the king.

His Majesty alighted from his horse, and examined the tailor before and behind, but could not conceive what singular animal he was. He knew he had never heard of such a creature at school. As it had a hump, it might be a dromedary; but otherwise it resembled a wolf.

At last the poor tailor, trembling all over, raised himself up, and said:

"I beg your pardon, sire; I am really a tailor's apprentice, and only by accident among the wolves."

Then they all began to laugh, and a huntsman cut him out of his skin. A horse also was brought, that he might ride by the king's side and relate his tale.

"Tailor," then said the king, very graciously, "you have caused me much amusement, and if you like, you may remain with me."

This speech pleased the little man right well, and he rode straight away to the castle, where he lived in joy and luxury for some time, as the king's court and private tailor.

But the old wolf, who had escaped with his life, felt raging anger against all human beings, especially towards the tailor, who had been the cause of the death of his wife and children; and he determined to revenge himself.

So he lay continually on the watch, and any man who appeared in his sight was a child of death. The whole land was full of grief and sorrow, for hardly a day passed in which at least one human being did not meet with a sorrowful end in the grip of the fierce old wolf.

But he said: "It is not yet enough, they must all come to it; and the tailor shall suffer the most, for bringing about the death of my wife and children, because he could not hold his tongue."

Saying which, he went to the castle, where the tailor was just looking out of the window, smoking a pipe.

"Fellow!" said the wolf, "you must die, or I cannot rest."

Terror seized the little man, and he told the king what the wolf had threatened.



"THEN THE WOLF RAN AS HE HAD NEVER RUN IN HIS LIFE BEFORE."

"Wait, tailor," answered the king; it is now high time that we should catch this wretch, even if it costs me my only daughter. He has not even respect for the court-tailor; so what will such conduct lead to? And besides, he is eating up all my subjects, which I cannot allow; for, if I have no subjects, I can no longer be a king. But we must catch him living; he must not die an honest death, he must hang, and we will be present."

He spoke, and caused it to be proclaimed through the whole land, that he who brought the wolf alive should be his son-in-law. But when the heralds returned, all remained as before, for no one ventured to undertake the deed.

The tailor had not dared to leave the castle for days, for fear of the monster; but at length he could sit still no longer, and went into the garden one bright summer's day. Suddenly the wolf sprang from behind a tree, caught the poor fellow by the tail of his coat, and dragged him far into the wood, in spite of all his wriggling and screaming.

Here the wolf turned round, and looked fiercely at the tailor, who was trembling like an aspen leaf, and wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Rascal of a tailor!" said he; "you have brought me into misery, therefore you must die."

The teeth of the victim chattered, and he quietly uttered every prayer he could think of.

"If you have anything to say, speak, but quickly," said the wolf.

The tailor thought he would try and make a compromise, so he said:

"Oh! if you will only let me go, I will persuade the king to allow you to have as many sheep every day as you can possibly eat."

But the wolf showed him his teeth, and said: "No, you must die!"

"If you let me go, you shall become a great lord in the empire, and wear a decoration and a gold chain."

"No," answered the wolf, "but you must die!"

Then, in his dire need, a cunning, artful idea occurred to the tailor, and he exclaimed: "Look, there come the huntsmen!" and as the wolf turned round in alarm, the tailor leaped on to his back, and held his hands tightly over the creature's eyes.

Then the wolf ran as he had never run in his life before, so that

each moment he thought his hated rider must fall to the ground. But he sat quite firmly, stuck the heels of his boots into the wolf's side, as though he had had spurs on, and called out : "Gee-up, my little steed !"

And as the creature could not see, the tailor guided him towards the castle to an open stable-door, there got down, pushed him into one of the stalls, and then bolted the door on the outside.

"Wait a bit, old fellow !" he then said, "now I will buy you a rope ;" and he went to the king to announce that he had caught the wolf.

His Majesty was highly delighted that the tailor was such a cunning fellow, and consented that the betrothal to his daughter should take place at once.

The wolf was really hanged, and his skin, which the tailor received among his wedding-gifts, has been preserved to the present day, and just now lies under the table, belonging to the author of this little tale.

CANADA HOME.



OME Homes are where flowers for ever blow,

The sun shining hotly the whole year round ;

But our Home glistens with six months of snow,

Where frost without wind heightens every sound.

And Home is Home wherever it is,

When we're all together and nothing amiss.

Yet Willy is old enough to recall

A Home forgotten by Eily and me ;

He says that we left it five years since last Fall,

And came sailing, sailing, right over the sea !

But Home is Home wherever it is,

When we're all together and nothing amiss.

Our other Home was for ever green,

A very green iale in a deep, blue sea,

With sweet flowers such as we never have seen.

And Willy tells all this to Eily and me.

But Home is Home wherever it is,

When we're all together and nothing amiss.

He says, "What fine fun when we all go back!"
But Canada Home is very good fun
When Pat's little sled flies along the smooth track,
Or spills in the snowdrift that shines in the sun.
For Home is Home wherever it is,
When we're all together and nothing amiss.



Some day I should dearly love, it is true,
To sail to the old Home over the sea;
But only if Father and Mother went too,
With Willy and Patrick and Eily and me.
For Home is Home wherever it is,
When we're all together and nothing amiss.

J. H. E.



COMPETITION QUESTIONS.*

QUESTIONS ON GEOLOGY.—JANUARY.

1. OW are gravel, sand and mud made?
2. What do you mean by the term "sedimentary rocks?" Of what and how are they made?
3. Explain the difference between conglomerate, sandstone, and shale rocks.
4. Point out how stratification takes place in the case of sedimentary rocks.
5. How do fossils of shells, ferns, &c., come to be present in sedimentary rocks?
6. What are the three main divisions into which geologists have classified the various kinds of rocks?

Competitors are asked to read the 'Geology Primer' by Geikie, one of the Science Primers published by Macmillan & Co., and also the 'Physical Geography Primer' of the same Series. Each of these little books contains a very valuable shilling'sworth of information most pleasantly given.

PRIZES CHOSEN BY THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES IN 1878.

- 1st. Beatrice E. Barnard.—Singer's 'Shakespeare,' 11 vols.
- 2nd. A. E. Leroy.—Ranke's 'Lives of the Popes,' 3 vols.; 'Poems of Sir W. Raleigh,' &c.; 'Shakespeare's Poems'; Coleridge's 'Poema.'
- 3rd. Agnes M. Scott.—Irving's 'Sketch-book'; Walton's 'Angler'; Walton's 'Lives of Donne, Hooker,' etc.
- 4th. F. and B. Macnaghten.—Longfellow's 'Evangeline'; Irving's 'Mahomet and his Successors'; Lamb's 'Elia and Eliaana'; 'Undine'; 'Thomas à Kempis'; 'George Herbert's Poems.'
- 5th. N. Pope.—Strickland's 'Life of Mary Queen of Scots,' 2 vols.
- 6th. M. E. Pitman.—'Goldsmith's Poems.'
- 7th. M. H. James.—Rennie's 'Insect Architecture.'
- 8th. Florence C. Gurney.—Leonardo da Vinci's 'Lectures on Painting.'

* Replies to be sent to the Editor, Ecclesfield, Sheffield, by the 20th January, accompanied by a separate paper containing the full name and address of the competitor. Marks will be published in March.

BOOK NOTICES.



'CHILD LIFE,' edited by John Greenleaf Whittier (Nisbet & Co., Berners Street, London), is a charming collection of poems collected by Mr. Whittier from a large variety of sources. Those who have read the editor's own *Poems* will feel his name a sufficient recommendation of the book; but as his works are not as well known on our side of the Atlantic as his, we would remind our readers that he is one of the many sweet singers of America, a country richer in nothing than in its poets. One of the pleasantest features in the volume before us is the sensation of feeling the nurseries of Old and New England drawn together by finding songs on our English birds and flowers side by side with such purely American topics as Mr. Bryant's life-like picture of 'Robert of Lincoln,' the 'Bobo-link,' 'The Orioles,' 'The Morning Glory,' and 'Thanksgiving Day.' The poems are divided into six headings, and those that come under "Out-of-doors" are delightfully fresh and breezy. Jean Ingelow's 'Seven Times One' is in this set, and so is a very quaint "counting song" of a more humorous character, called 'Over in the Meadow.' 'The Sandpiper' here, too, deserves especial praise. Mr. Whittier has taken a good many from the 'Lilliput Levée' volume, but left some of our chief favourites behind, such as 'Cicely and the Three Bears,' and 'Clean Clara,' both of which are inimitable in their way. Amongst the "Miscellaneous" set nothing can exceed the condensed pathos of 'The Grey Swan.' The volume altogether is a valuable addition to nursery libraries.

'The Curious Adventures of a Field

Cricket,' by Dr. Ernest Candèze (Sampson Low & Co., 188 Fleet Street, London). This book is beautifully brought out. Miss D'Anver's translation is all that can be desired, and M. Rénaud's brilliant illustrations almost force one to read the tale, but we confess to being very sorely disappointed with the letterpress. French fun sadly lacks the simplicity and humour of German, and to us the 'Field Cricket' seems little else than a selfish and pedantic bore. Both he and his friends talk in high-flown and stilted language, indeed the Queen Ant's address to her army is a masterpiece of pomposity. During the course of the Cricket's career he imagines that more than one lady insect is hopelessly attached to him, but ingeniously evades involving himself in matrimonial toils, though he graciously permits Meg, the Ant, to work for him like a slave, and incite to devote himself to literature. We can scarcely forgive her this final act of infatuation! since it leads him to retire into private life, and sit down to write his autobiography by the light of a theatrical moon.

'Wandering Blindfold,' by Mary Albert, price 2s. 6d.; and 'Harty, the Wanderer,' by Fairleigh Owen, 5s. (Griffith & Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, London), are interesting stories of run-away boys. The hero of the first is a poor lad, whose adventures are life-like and probable. The teaching of the book is good; it is liberally illustrated, and can be strongly recommended for a village library, or school prize.

"Harty's" experiences are more romantic and less probable, but children will find no fault with them on that score, they are so full of interest and

variety, particularly during the latter part of the book, where Harty's great desire to go to sea is unexpectedly fulfilled. His nice little sister, Dolly, figures prominently in the tale, and makes it a suitable gift for either girls or boys. There are twenty-eight capital woodcuts to it by Mr. John Proctor.

'Queen Elfrida, of the Olden time,' by Julia S. Williams (Hatchards, Piccadilly, London), is dedicated by the writer to her "three little nieces in the hope that its perusal may implant a love of history in their minds." Tastes certainly differ, but we cannot imagine that this record of revolting treachery and bloodshed will encourage *any* little girls to plunge deeper into the pages of the past. Miss Williams has evidently taken great pains with her tale, and we can only regret that she did not choose some happier theme for her pen than re-writing the story of Queen Elfrida's crimes.

'A day of wonders,' a medley of sense

and nonsense, by Mrs. M. Sullivan, 5s. (Griffith & Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, London), is an excellent story-book. The plot, like 'Alice in Wonderland,' is founded on a dream. Harry, the hero, is the son of a naturalist, who writes his little son a string of verses on the alphabet in this style:

"E was an eft made up mostly of tall,
F was a frog with a very hoarse wall."

Over these rhymes Harry falls asleep and imagines that he pays visits to the twenty-six animals of the alphabet in succession. Herein lies the *nonsense* of the story, the *sense* being that all the facts and characteristics relating to the animals are kept true to nature; so the "medley" is not without some teaching, while at the same time it is so funny we are sure children will enjoy it. Some of the jokes are perhaps aimed at matters rather over their heads, but they will probably attach their own interpretations to the same. The book has thirty illustrations by W. G. Browne.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

"ILLY SLOWBOY" will be glad to receive contributions of scrap-pictures, coloured or otherwise (but not drawings), towards making a scrap-book for the children in the Hospital, Great Ormond Street. Address care of the Editor, Ecclesfield, Sheffield.

"Agate" offers for sale two pretty jackets for babies, crocheted in wool, 6d. each; and babies' frocks at 1s. 3d. each. Proceeds to be given to a charitable institution. 27, Green Park, Bath.

"Maud" offers 60 good foreign stamps (including foreign post-cards) for 6d.; copies of 'Marmion,' 'Lady of the Lake,' and 'Lay of the Last Min-

strel,' for 9d. (original price 2s. 6d.); also a copy of 'Anna Lee,' for 6d.; the books in good condition. Proceeds for a charity. 27, Green Park, Bath.

"Evelyn" begs to inform "Madcap May" and "Jan" of a Practising Society, of which Miss E. Prince, 13 Norland Square, Notting Hill, London, W., is secretary. The members are obliged to practise half an hour daily, but can do more if they like. Prizes are given twice a year. If "Madcap May" or "Jan" like to write to the above address, they must enclose 6d. for entrance-fee, 2d. for a book in which to put down the length of time practised, and 1d. for the rules. The society begins again on the 1st January. Every time a member

misses practising the appointed time, a fine of one halfpenny is incurred.

"K. M. W." We do not know of any systematic classification of insects, but one or other of the following books might serve your purpose. 'Duncan's Introduction to Entomology,' 4s. 6d. (Hardwicke and Bogue). 'Beetles, British and Foreign,' 4s. 6d. (Hardwicke and Bogue). 'Insects at Home' (British), by Rev. J. G. Wood, 14s. (Longman). The last-named book is very profusely illustrated. Further information might be obtained from Messrs. Hardwicke and Bogue, Piccadilly.

Other replies are deferred until February, owing to the publication of the MAGAZINE before the Christmas holidays.

*Report of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine'
Cots at the Hospital for Sick Children,
49 Great Ormond Street, London,
December 10th, 1878.*

For some reason or other, the Victoria Ward children are just now in the Alexandra Ward, and there at present is to be found the AUNT JUDY boy. He is William S——, a very small patient from the country, and as yet he seems too much depressed by severe illness to make remarks which would be interesting to report.

Smaller still is the new AUNT JUDY girl, whose sole idea of conversation appears to be that it ought to be carried on by means of little nods.

Our readers will, we are sure, be glad to hear that lately there has been some improvement in the state of the poor boy who accidentally swallowed a bit of ivory. His breathing seems more easy, and his cough less incessant, though it is still very troublesome the moment he attempts to speak, and at present all efforts to remove the mischief-working substance have been quite unsuccessful.

It is nothing new to discover true motherliness in the tiniest girls, but we cannot resist calling attention to a child of four, now in the Helena Ward, who possesses a much-loved treasure in the shape of a large and hideous doll, which is hairless and eyeless, and is altogether in such a dilapidated condition, that it reminds one of that "terribly changed" doll mentioned in 'The Water-babies,' with

"Her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled."

But our little friend Maria never wearies of kissing and cuddling the wretched toy, and pours upon it quite a shower of pretty petting words. "Ain't you a dear?" she will say. "Kiss me, baby. She do love me, don't you, dear baby? Pretty heart! Stand up, baby. Dere she is, the dear! No, baby shan't fall." The contrast between the face of the affectionate child and the almost equally large one of the insensate doll, is odd enough certainly, and yet the sight is not an altogether ludicrous one. Doubtless in Maria's own home there is a very real baby, and an equally real mother, whose words and manners are unconsciously imitated by our little patient.

In the Louise Ward there is a boy who, when asked his name, invariably gives the rather startling answer, "Kicky Donkey." But let no one imagine this child to be an obstinate, refractory being; he is very small, very weak, and very quiet and timid. Then why, it may be asked, was such a name given to him, and why does he rejoice in it? To these natural questions we are at present unable to give any satisfactory answer.

The lady who, for the last year, has been at the head of the Hospital, is now about to resign the post, and we are glad to know that it has been offered to, and accepted by, the present Lady Superintendent of Cromwell House, Highgate.

She has been on the Hospital nursing-staff for about fifteen years, and is the writer of a valuable little work recently published, entitled, 'A Handbook of Nursing for the Home and the Hospital.' Her successor at Highgate will be no stranger, but one who worked for many years as the head of a large ward in the old Hospital in Great Ormond Street. These changes are expected to take place before Christmas.

Last month our sincere thanks were given to many helpers who had written to the Hospital for patterns. We are now able to thank some workers who have sent in the jackets they have been making, and others who have promised to assist in converting into garments certain useful gifts of flannel, the donors of which we must not forget while making these grateful acknowledgments.

Some cynical person once said that gratitude chiefly consists in "a lively sense of favours to come." This we will not believe; yet, having thanked our kind friends for the help they have just given, we cannot resist mentioning the fact that Christmas and the New Year are close at hand, and that this is a most favourable season for sending presents of toys, clothing, etc., etc., to the Hospital.

Contributions to the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Account in aid of the Building Fund received to December 9, 1878.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Moxhay (annual) . . .	1	1	0
Henry (monthly)	0	1	0
E. M. D. (monthly)	0	2	0
M. D. (monthly)	0	1	0
Mother's Daisy (for two months)	0	1	0
Ethel M. Down, Oakridge (two months)	0	3	0
Mrs. Moxhay's 1st Class, Girls' Sunday School	0	13	0

	£	s.	d.
Tabby Cat (monthly)	0	1	0
Louisa Spicer, Spy Park, annual New Year's offering	0	10	0
Master W. Hamilton Thompson, Edgbaston (monthly)	0	1	0
A Friend, per Ditto	0	1	0
May Burrows, Malvern (monthly)	0	1	0
Two Yorkshire Dumplings (monthly)	0	0	6
Nellie (monthly)	0	1	0
Hester (monthly)	0	1	0
Edie Molini, with twelve books	0	1	6
M. E. A., by sale of "Our Pets" (2nd amount) . . .	0	18	0
M. S. B. Gordon, with six flannel jackets and three boxes of toys	0	5	0
Bill White	0	0	3
Snipe 1d., Pug 1d., Fussay 1d. .	0	0	3
Two young cronies	0	0	6
For Georgie	0	10	0
A Little Traveller, Brighton	0	11	0
Proceeds of "Edith H. C.'s" bazaar	3	7	2
Edith, John, Emily, and Lucy	0	7	6
Hylda (for Samaritan Fund)	0	3	0
Miss M. Hodges, some Christmas Cards.			
Master Henry Hodges, some Christmas Cards.			
D. A. and R., 10 flannel jackets.			
H. H., 10 knitted jackets.			
Annie and Connie, twin sisters, a parcel of clothing and shoes.			
M. S., some scarlet flannel and three small jackets.			
May and Ethel, four flannel jackets.			
L. E. L., London, N., a parcel of clothing and toys.			
Lisette, a parcel of clothing.			
Minnie and her Mamma, six flannel jackets.			

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Lo! *Yuletide* comes, hail, merry time!
 Let bells ring out a joyous chime;
 Let all unite in one glad strain,
 To welcome Christmas back again.

1. "Oh, *youth!* for years so many and sweet,
 'Tis known that thou and I were one;
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be that thou art gone."
2. I light the sky, I roam the plain;
 I'm *Ursa*, or King Charles's wain.
3. *Levi* was Israel's priestly tribe,
 Whence issued many a learned scribe.
4. If with a sharp *edge-tool* you play,
 Be sure you will repent some day.
5. *Term* is the word wherein we find
 So many meanings here combined.
6. *Irene* ruled (her name means peace)
 What time the fathers sat at Nice.
7. The glittering *dollar* reigns supreme
 O'er men who still of freedom dream.
8. "I'll take it," quoth the *Editor*,
 "And H. S. E. may write some more;
 'Tis excellent in rhyme and reason,
 And well it suits the coming season."
9. If in this *company* you've shares,
 I fear 'twill bring you many cares.
10. At first I felt no little doubt,
 But now I'm sure I've found it out.
11. Within the mosque the *mufti* stands,
 While eager throng the Moslem bands.
12. An *emblem* here we must descry
 That points to deeper mystery.
13. Oh, who a *sage* would e'er confuse
 With what is used to stuff a goose?

J. S. C. H.

Replies to Double Acrostic also received from "The Three Swans" and "Q. V." The former is incorrect in the eleventh light; the latter in both the fourth and eleventh.



"CHIN."

Page 200.

"CHIN:" THE STORY OF A TAME CHINCHILLA.

By the Author of 'Friends in Fur and Feathers,' &c.

"**F**OR Exchange.—A set of Chinchilla, nearly as good as new, and very handsome; cost twenty-five pounds. *Wanted*.—A Spaniel with very long ears, thorough-bred and affectionate. Also, jewellery to the value of eight pounds; Indian ornaments in gold filigree preferred."

* * * * *

An elderly lady sat, capped and spectacled, in her arm-chair, conning over the distracting contents of an exchange-paper! She has passed over with a languid interest bargains which twenty years ago would have roused her into a fervour of excitement, curiosity, and acquisitiveness—gowns "never put on," to be had for less than half price; rare bits of old jewellery, to be exchanged for a "gipsy-ring" or anything else; a baby's caul, value five pounds, for half the amount in Brussels lace; a tame squirrel, which it was earnestly hoped might be turned into a Wedgwood tea-pot; violins, old china, skulls, bicycles. But none of these things interested her, or awoke even a passing wish for their possession. The very thought of skulls had given her a shiver, bicycles never could by any possibility be anything to her; and she was too far behind the age in which she lived to have given 1100*l.* for a cracked jug (if she had had the money, which she had not); so that even old china, with all its power and potency in the manufacture of maniacs, found no response in her: but what was this?

"A set of Chinchilla"—"cost twenty-five pounds"—"and nearly as good as new." And "wanted a Spaniel with very long ears," and jewellery and especially gold filigree!

She fixed her spectacles more firmly upon her Roman nose, read it again and again, and then leaned back in a reverie.

Chinchilla had been one of her life-long dreams. As a child she had sat every Sunday in winter, through many a year, behind a long and capacious cape and muff of the gigantic proportions our grandmothers carried before them, and ever more she had been haunted by the hope of Chinchilla. But in the manifold disappointments of a life-

time, that hope had ever been getting fainter, and she had long ago resigned herself to the belief, that having arrived at sixty years of age, fate could have destined her to nothing nearer her dream of beauteous furs than her old squirrel-lined cloak. But now, all was within her reach. Again she read, and this time aloud: "A Spaniel with very long ears, thorough-bred and affectionate." Fido was most affectionate, and Fido's ears were nineteen inches across. The coincidence was startling, and the temptation overwhelming. She had Fido, and she had filigree.

In the meantime the unconscious owner of the ears, poor dog! having lapped up his saucer of milk in a corner, came with a "Thank you!" to his mistress, expressed with effusion in wagging tail and in his wistful eyes fixed upon her spectacles. He tried in vain to look his love through those obstructive glasses, and he little divined that his affectionate nature was about bringing him into trouble, having been advertised for, and that in fact himself, and his ears, and his feelings would all be worth—just so much fur!

He waited long and patiently for the word or caress which never came, and being aware at last that his mistress, as a superior being, was absorbed in a higher region than he could reach, and was therefore lost to him for a time, he lay down, putting his head flat on the floor between his outstretched paws, and with a sigh resigned himself to a depressed and dreamy sleep.

But a week or so went by before the deed was done; and then Fido and the filigree were at last packed off together, and a few days more saw the old lady the delighted owner of their equivalent in "real Chinchilla." As soon as she looked at her acquisition, but more especially when she put it on, she felt that life was not all disappointment; and, whilst folding her hands for the first time in her muff, she glanced down at the luxuriously-soft and beauteously-tinted fur on her cloak-border, she was aware that she was a happier woman, and a woman on better terms with herself and all the world than she had been at any time for the last forty years.

In the natural triumph of a successful bargain, Fido's owner had not thought much of Fido's feelings, so she could hardly be expected to remember that her cloak-border had also had its feelings; and was not quite the person to take the least interest in the fact that some five and twenty little lives had been extinguished to fringe her garments.

But who does think of such things? Who ever remembers that cuffs and muffs, and jacket-trimmings at so much per yard, have been living things?—happy little things nestling in rocky holes with their young in the short Northern summers—hunger-driven little creatures, hunting the snows under the starlit sky of the long night of a Northern winter, then trapped when their coats were at their best and winter-warm, to re-appear as muffs, and cuffs, and furbelows.

Such is the story of most of our furs, but not of the Chinchilla, whose name tells where he came from; for he belongs to another hemisphere, to the New World, as the old discoverers called it, and to the grandest region of that world, the great mountain-chain which trends north and south through Chili and Peru. The old lady's soft grey furs had not known the Arctic snows and stars, they had belonged to a tropical region, and only three years ago her cloak-border had been scampering about in the Cordilleras.

The five and thirty little creatures who composed that flounce, were, when alive, exquisite to look and touch; and not wild and shy, as wild things are, but strangely-gentle and easily captured; neither squirrel nor rabbit, but like them both and prettier than either.

They lived in a happy village community half-way towards the sky, where the *aiguilles* of the Cordilleras shot upwards through the air, while the depths below were blue distances of valley and precipice, sheer down to the plain of Chili, looking like a mere narrow riband of land, with the great silver silence of the ocean beyond.

In those heights the magical clearness of the atmosphere seemed to annihilate distance, and the Condor hanging, poised, with huge white wings above a chasm a mile away, seemed as if a stone thrown by a child's hand might reach him.

No sound broke the silence and the hushed mystery of that upland world, unless the great storm-winds awoke, or the thunder crashed in all the fury of a tropical storm.

Down below all was light and splendour, and bird and insect were as gorgeous as the flowers which opened their rare hues in the burning sunshine. Up above it was silent with the silence of the frozen North. The heights were swept by winds chilled from the sea, or iced by the snows of the higher peaks, and the little Chinchillas in their mountain home, although creatures of the tropics, needed all their depths of velvet-like fur to keep them from the cold.

Their village was an old-world settlement under the crags, burrowed out by Chinchilla-hands hundreds of years gone by; they were there probably long before the Incas ruled in the land; they were there certainly while the Spaniards swept the country with fire and blood; and up the rocky ledges past their burrows, the gangs of miserable slaves, Inca princes and their people, must constantly have passed on their way to slavery and death in the mines above.

Whether the Indians who wore those feather-robes which were the wonder of all Europe, ever used the exquisite fur of these little Chinchillas, does not appear from the accounts of the conquerors. The first mention of the creature in European literature is in the writings of a Spanish Padre, who describes it as about the size of a squirrel, and marvellously soft and smooth.

Two years afterwards, an Englishman, Richard Hawkins, has seen it also, and says it is a delicate little animal, having "fur the most curious he had ever seen." Half a century later, another Spanish writer thinks, from its large eyes and the clever use it makes of its hands, that it is a kind of squirrel; and a squirrel it remained for a hundred and thirty-six years, when the Abbé Molina, a native of Chili, a much closer observer and better naturalist than his predecessors, made another guess at its kinship, but no nearer the truth than theirs.

From its habits of burrowing and of living in large communities, the Abbé believes it to be a rat, and thereupon gave it the name of *Mus Lanigerus*, which specific name *Lanigera* it has ever since retained, although it has long since been removed from amongst the rats.

The Abbé says that the Indians drive it from its holes with the "Qique," a kind of weasel, just as a ferret is used in bolting rabbits in England.

This Padre, who writes the natural history of his native country in the year 1782, seems to have had tame Chinchillas, and to have petted them, for he describes them very lovingly, and says they are so clean and scentless that they can be kept in houses without inconvenience, and adds that "they are naturally so gentle that they may be taken in the hand without attempting to bite or even trying to escape."

He thinks they take pleasure in being caressed, and when taken up and put upon any part of a person, he says with evident surprise,

"They remain as quiet and unconcerned as if they were upon the ground."

Having placed his pets amongst the rats, there the Abbé left them, and there they remained for about forty years; classified at times by some observers, dubiously, amongst the Hamster rats, but evermore ignominiously declared to be rats.

Then came the new lights upon remote affinities of race, thrown by the study of comparative anatomy, when the Chinchilla, having been taken in hand by Cuvier, was declared to be neither rat nor squirrel, but a porcupine.

The conformation of the delicate skull, the internal microscopic structure of the teeth, told his story, and the bones betrayed an affinity belied by its whole appearance, for nothing more unlike than this exquisite little creature to a fretful porcupine could well be imagined. And so it was that the softest and silkiest-skinned animal in the world was discovered to belong to the most prickly; and its style is therefore now *Chinchilla Lanigera*, given it by the Chilian Padre, with the family name of *Hystrioidæ* (Porcupine) added by Baron Cuvier, and confirmed by all the modern anatomists, who have killed and cut up a good many of the race in the cause of scientific curiosity, since the Baron's discovery.

Two such intended victims I know of, bought for killing and dissection by a great (perhaps the greatest) authority upon their species, who escaped their fate so far as to be allowed to live out their little lives in peace; and when their turn came to be made into skeletons, they were probably far more interesting to their preserver than when they were alive, for they do not seem to have repaid him by making themselves at all attractive.

The Chinchillas at the Zoological Gardens are also said to be as these were—stupid and sleepy; but the story of a tame Chinchilla which has been given me to tell, justifies all that the Abbé Molina said of the race. A more winsome pet was never seen than this little creature, who, in spite of all his specific and scientific surnames, was known only in private life as "Chin."

It was a chilly July evening, when a small packing-cage arrived in a Welsh home, and through bars wide enough apart to let a pretty little nose push through, a soft grey creature was looking eagerly with its beautiful black eyes.

The Chinchilla, who had been offered by the sailor-nephew and declined, had for all that arrived, and had travelled from Liverpool to Llanberis secured only by a string over his cage-door above and below.

Remembering his tropical birth, and fearing that for all his fur he might be cold, a fire was ordered to be lit, and then dinner had to be thought of. But upon inquiry, it was found he had already dined, and had eaten a whole cabbage-leaf given him on his arrival by a young girl, who, fancying he looked very much like a rabbit, thought he would like such solid and satisfying green food. And so he did at first sight, but he must have eaten in ignorance and found reason to repent of what he had done, for never again would he look at a cabbage ever so young or ever so tender. He was a little creature, "about the size of a small hand," with wonderful eyes, "eyes larger in proportion to his size than I ever saw in any animal." So his mistress says in her account of him. It was difficult to tell exactly how large he was in describing him, for he had a power of elongating and making himself curiously tall when he stood up for dainties held almost out of his reach; but when he sat musing, as he often did, hunched almost into a ball, with his tail curled close to his side, he looked a mere mite.

His pretty ears were large, rounded, and full of expression, semi-transparent, and something like those of a bat. But next to his wondrous eyes his whiskers were his greatest beauty; they were alternately white and black, spreading out like a fan, which graduated from tiny white down on his little nose, to the immense length of four and a half inches.

These splendid whiskers quivered and trembled, and were as full of expression as the mobile ears and the pathetic black eyes; and the eyes, generally so superb and brilliant, had in them a strange mournful pathos, whenever the musing fit overcame little Chin.

As he got used to his new home, he became less vigilant and distrustful, and often lapsed into this pensive mood. A trance seemed to come over him suddenly, and then you might stoop over and kiss him without in the least disturbing him. His dream-land was confidently believed to be somewhere in the heights of Chimborazo, and that he was just then lost in a vision of himself happy in a burrow with all the other Chins, and far beyond the power of ever so kind a kiss to wake him.

But this day-dreaming only developed itself later in his story, for at first, and for a long time, he kept his great black eyes wide open, watchful of all who came near him, and his ears pricked up listening acutely, while his whiskers were in ceaseless agitation.

He was not wild, from the very first, but he disliked being caught; and if a hand was put into the cage to take hold of him, he always pushed it away with the most fascinating petulance. He never had any fear of the face, and did not mind how much he was kissed, but always seemed to have some misgiving about being caught, so he was not often held; but when he was in anyone's hand, he seemed to be nothing but a ball of fur, for his bones could hardly be felt through the depth of fur-coat, the silken softness of which in his ancestors had so astonished the Spanish Padre two hundred years ago.

But Chin's coat was not by any means in perfect order when he arrived, for having sat much either for warmth or for company on the top of the stove in his master's cabin, he had scorched some of his fur off. He sat in that hot corner side by side with another poor captive and companion in trouble, a paraquet, who, *pour passer le temps*, had amused herself by constantly nibbling one of Chin's bat's ears, and he must have approved of it and liked it upon the whole, for he sat quietly day after day to be nibbled and scratched, until his friend forgot herself, and with one hard bite took a piece out of his ear, and left poor Chin disfigured for life.

In Edinburgh he puzzled everyone who saw him as much as his forbears had done the Spanish Padre. Again he was likened to a rat, a rabbit, or a squirrel, but none seem to have divined the hedgehog under that silken skin and delicate form.

In the quickness of his movements, and especially in the clever use he made of his fore-paws, he was a perfect squirrel; but he was altogether a graver creature, with little of the wild spirits, and none of the love of fun and *espièglerie* of a squirrel. Those dainty fore-paws were very small, and curiously like a pair of little hands protruding out of a pair of fur cuffs. He held things with them, and made much use of them in washing his face, as cats and squirrels do, but not in the licking and wiping way they manage the matter, for Chin always did it Arab fashion, with dry sand.

It was long after he came before it was found out that a sand-bath

was essential to his welfare, but some one having heard that the Chinchillas were supplied with them at the Zoological Gardens, a bath improvised out of a soup-plate, and filled with the finest and driest sand that could be procured, was placed in front of his cage.

His mistress says, "I shall not easily forget his first sight of the soup-plate. He stood at his door, whiskers trembling for a moment with anticipation, then he jumped up to the plate, and then on to the sand, scratching it away with his little hands, throwing it over his head, and then lying on his side and rolling over and over so rapidly, that we saw only the flash of his white waistcoat and the straightening of his short tail.

"From that time the daily bath was a great delight to him, and he seemed to enjoy it more and more.

"After a more than usually successful and exhilarating roll, he always sat up, and passed his little hand over his face, which always brought the house down."

Chin's bath became a popular performance, and a circle of his devoted adherents often sat round a table to see it come off. Sometimes the tickling of the sand, or perhaps the tickling which the sand was intended to allay, led, after that indescribable dainty passing of the hand over the face, to a prolonged scrubbing of it, not only with both hands but with both the little arms, which were furred with those curious cuffs of his quite up to the elbow. "The quaintness and deliciousness of *that* performance, the energy with which the head was turned from side to side, and the conceit of the hop into the cage when it was all over, cannot be imagined by anybody who did not know *this* Chin."

Another favourite exhibition was to see Chin make his bed. Whenever he had fresh hay or straw given him, he set to work with feverish haste, in an earnest and rather agitated way, to cut every bit of it into regulation length. This done, the making of the bed began with a great routing, and burrowing, and picking out of superfluous quantities, and a nibbling and arranging of the remainder.

"At his dullest (for even Chin had his ups and downs) one had only to hold a straw near his cage, and out he came to bite at it with a kind of savage energy, always nibbling it off in short lengths nearly up to the holder's fingers, and when it got too small to repay further effort, flinging it far away with that wonderful little hand."

Chin had no doubt instincts of his own, besides family tradition, all on the side of a well-chopped bed, but probably his eagerness in biting up his straw was as much on account of his teeth as for the comfort of his pillows, for if his bedding had to be of regulation length, so, above all things, had his teeth.

They had to be kept ground by hard work, and like those of all gnawing animals they would have gone on growing upwards and downwards, until having lost the chisel-like fit one upon the other of the upper and lower teeth, they would have been useless, and Chin upon his own finding must inevitably have been starved. The head of a poor rat whose teeth had grown and curved round into circles in this way, is somewhere preserved in London.

Chin practised his teeth from time to time upon anything that came in his way, and on board ship kept them in order upon his master's boots.

When he first came, no one about him knew what all this gnawing meant, or understood that the long needle-like teeth required careful adjustment to prevent their becoming unmanageable.

The propensity seemed to come upon him at intervals very strongly. In one of those gnawing fits he put his work to some purpose, and chiselled out a back door for himself through his cage.

That night his mistress, who could not sleep, got up, and going into the room where the Chinchilla was, found it at large upon the table. "More beautiful," as she says, than she had ever seen him, "his eyes shone that night with the joy of the wild life, and had lost the timidity of the caged and hunted creature" those pretty, wistful eyes so often wore.

It was night and he was free. He was a nocturnal creature, all his instincts were alive, and the poor little captive in the triumph of that great success, his new back door, may have been thinking himself far on his way to the Cordilleras.

Nobody knows or ever thinks how the miseries of captivity are enhanced in the case of all nocturnal creatures, by the complete upsetting of their habits. Chin's low spirits and day-dreams were probably partly from the distress caused by having to be awake and watchful when he ought to have been asleep, for as evening came on, he generally became fully alive and lost all symptoms of depression.

His evenings were his happiest time; and although he had to take his gambols in a lamp-and-fire-lit room, and would have much preferred being in the dark, he managed to make himself very happy and most amusing by his frolics, which evidently were meant for a painstaking rehearsal of Chinchilla life in the Cordillera. Chairs and tables, and people's shoulders, answered his purpose for a scampering ground, but it was found that he never in his most confident moods felt himself at ease unless he had places of shelter to run to. It was, of course, the instinct of a burrowing creature feeling shelterless above ground, and liking to be sure he had his holes within reach. So Chin was re-assured upon this head by always having his harbour a waste-paper basket poised in the edge of a china plate, as well as his house close at hand, to either of which he escaped at intervals in his wild frolics about the rooms.

He would run at full speed across the arm-chair drawn to the fire-side, and along the shoulders of the occupants, sometimes burrowing down behind them, making imaginary holes and houses in the stuffing of the chair with great expenditure of muscular strength in kicking and scratching. He often insisted upon burrowing between the buttons of a gown, and after great efforts would manage to push himself through an opening, and when he had nearly succeeded, always gave a final kick before going out of sight. The fierceness of his demonstration against the obstructive buttons was a most amusing thing to see.

Now and then in one of his runs, when he came to the top of an arm-chair, he would go off suddenly into a gentle doze for half-an-hour or more, or upon a safe arrival upon somebody's shoulders, would often remain there, very still, as if he was quite contented and happy, just as the Chinchillas described a hundred years ago by the Abbé Molina, who, he says, always remained upon a person wherever they were placed.

Little Chin, when in an unusually gentle mood, would nestle himself close to the face and nibble the ear of a friend; it was simply a caress, but with his peculiarly-shaped and carefully-sharpened teeth, it was fortunate that he never forgot himself as his friend on board the steamer—the parakeet—had done.

There were times when he was made supremely happy by permission to sit up longer, and continue his gambols half through the

night over a very large bed, which afforded a rich galloping-ground, and much and varied scenery in the way of hill and plain.

There were gallops along the dark valley behind the bolster, a clamber up to the pillows, or a bound to the top of them, from whence, standing still, with one little hand held up and whiskers wildly vibrating, Chin made a survey of the plain below. Then all being safe for a scamper, there was another rush to the foot of the bed, and a swift return for further exploration of the hill-country amongst the pillows. And all this went on sometimes until one o'clock in the morning, when the mad-cap had to be caught and caged to allow of his devoted, but un-nocturnal, friends going to sleep.

His memory was excellent: if a *bonne-bouche* had once been put in any very unusual place (on the top of some one's head, for instance), and been discovered there by him in the course of a steeple-chase over friends and furniture, he never forgot it, and was always sanguine about finding it there again.

He had a certain moral sense also, and often gave an admonition in the shape of a small bite with those needle-like teeth, which, if he had used them in anger, would have instantly bitten to the bone.

When he was excited once by a game of straw-biting, he bit until the blood came, but there was neither a moral nor any malice meant, it was only the merest misadventure.

Although he had never been really wild, he was at first ever on the watch, and distrustful of his strange new surroundings, but he gradually grew much more confident, and was soon sufficiently at home to enjoy himself immensely at times in some sort of fashion.

His food was an ever-recurring difficulty, and a perplexity which was never cleared up. All the directions he brought with him were, that until things that suited him could be discovered, he was to have a handful of grass and a bit of bread; and as nothing whatever was known of his habits, in spite of all the experiments made, and all the trouble taken to give him what he seemed to like, he probably never had any food which properly nourished him, and suffered sadly in consequence.

Besides his master's boots, he had eaten a great deal of orange and apple-peel on the voyage, and the nearest approach to a vegetable diet at hand; so no wonder that on his arrival, his first and last

cabbage-leaf presented itself as a desirable luxury. He made one day a fortunate discovery for himself. His cage having been placed upon a table where there was a vase of flowers, he sallied out to explore, and standing up, smelt at a China-rose which he instantly nibbled off, and dashing away with it into the farthest recesses of his cage, ate it up most eagerly; then throwing away the calyx with one of his pretty, disdainful gestures, he went out to fetch another flower. From that time China-roses became a chief part of his food.

He was fond, too, of plantain, and it was the most charming thing to see him with one of the long stalks, managing it prettily and daintily in both little hands. If the plantain was held horizontally before his cage, he would come out, and putting one little paw upon the holder's hand, he would eat all the seeds close down to the thumb and finger that held it for him, and then take the stalk in his own hands, and fling it far away.

Carrot, dandelion-leaves, and ground-nuts, he also liked; and once, when he was at the Lakes, it was found he would eat groundsel eagerly. His China-roses were getting scarce, but he seemed just then quite satisfied with groundsel and a little carrot. However, upon his return to Edinburgh he had decided to eat no more groundsel. His mistress's first walk had been to a nursery-garden in search of it, and whether Chin discovered a subtle difference between Scotch and English weeds, no one could possibly tell, but he would have none of it. It had been for some time his chief support, so his friends were thrown into fresh perplexity. However, his decisions were irrevocable, for, as his mistress says: "He had the fascinating quality of knowing his own mind;" and she adds most truly and feelingly, "We have no right to keep, as pets, creatures whose ways and habits we do not understand."

In early spring, the first green hawthorn-leaves had been one experiment which he had seemed to like, but in spite of all that was done for him, the probability is, he was suffering the whole time for want of proper food, and it is quite possible that some of his wild moods and apparently frolicsome fits were really from pain and not from play. Fits of languor, which came on at times without any apparent cause, gave many an alarm to his devoted friends. They would then take him out of his cage, and nurse him upon their laps by the fire, and this always seemed to restore him; but poor Chin's little day was

nearly over. One summer evening he had been in an attack of this kind, and his mistress, feeling anxious about him, went the next morning, as soon as she rose, to his cage; but one glance was enough—he was dying, and soon the little grey furry ball stretched itself out in the sunshine, stiffened, and with one sharp cry, Chin was dead.

A partial dissection in order to preserve the skin, showed how sadly the poor little thing must have suffered, the disease that killed him, in all probability, being caused by want of the food and also of the medicine which he would have found in the herbage of his native mountains.

His life was to have been completed by companionship, and matters were all arranged for the arrival of Chilla (for even her name was ready), but he died just as his favourite China-roses began to bloom, and just as Chilla was coming; and all that could be done for him was to make his velvet soft skin into a *seo* for the sailor-nephew who brought him over, and to tell, as his mistress says she hardly likes to tell, “how much of life’s light-heartedness and cheeriness ended” with him. But Chin had been the first thing that awoke the feeling of cheerfulness under the crushing weight of a life-long grief; and so he was well beloved by his friends for his own sake and for hers, who in her loving memoir of her pet, in despair of words doing justice to him and his pretty ways, (while sending his photograph to give some idea of the marvellous eyes, and ears, and whiskers,) ends with a sentiment which those who knew him best would all agree in—“I don’t know that anything that could be said of Chin could ever give you an idea of his fascinations.”

WATER GABIES.

“ . . . Don’t go near the water,—unless you can swim.”—*Ingoldsey Legends*.



THE year that has just closed has been a singularly eventful one in every respect, but in no point more so than in the startlingly large number of people who have met with untimely, and in many cases preventable, deaths from drowning.

Such a succession of disasters as the foundering of the “Eurydice,”

the "Grosser Kurfürst," the "Princess Alice," and the "Pomerania" is unprecedented. In each case these accidents caused a fearful loss of life, amounting in all to nearly twelve hundred people drowned, but even these do not by any means represent the sum total of the mischief that has happened. Scarcely a day has passed without the newspapers recording some fatal bathing, boating or other catastrophe by water; and the worst of it is we cannot hope that these accidents will be the last of their kind. Every "season" brings crowds of pleasure-seekers to the waterside, in summer to bathe or boat, in winter to skate or slide, and by far the greater number of these people are what may be called "Water Gabies," since they recklessly venture to disport themselves upon the surface of the water, long before they have learned how to exist in it.

Any one with a fairly vivid imagination need not go to sensational novels if he want excitement. Let him take up a wreck chart, and try to realise the ghastly fact, that every one of the little black crosses on it represents the loss of a good ship, and the probable death by drowning of many of her crew. Round certain points of the coast, such as Dungeness, the Goodwin Sands, Flamborough Head and others, these melancholy crosses are so thickly marked that there scarcely seems room for any more.

The "Rule of the Road" at sea, simple as it seems, appears to be very hard to carry out in practice, since collisions are more numerous than ever, and I suppose we shall continue to have fogs and gales, with their inevitable result, wrecks on our coast, as long as England lasts.

The Registrar-General's Reports show the startling fact that nearly *fifty thousand people* have been drowned, in England and Wales alone, from the beginning of the year 1860 to the end of 1877, making an annual average of little less than three thousand. The returns for 1878 have not yet been published, but they are sure to largely exceed the usual average, owing to the terrible wrecks of which I have already spoken.

There can be no doubt that had all these victims to the horrid death of drowning been taught to swim, as they were taught to walk and talk, a very large proportion would have been saved, and their friends spared much bitter misery.

I said above that drowning was a horrid death, and curiously enough I can speak from experience, having twice in my life been so

nearly drowned as to be insensible, and I think I am right in supposing that when once insensibility has come on, the bitterness of this death is past.

On one occasion when I was a boy at school, I was swimming in a mile race. The distance was rather beyond my strength, but I thought that I could stop and swim quietly to shore if I got tired. I swam along gaily, the interest of the race was at its highest, and we were at the deepest part of the water. The boy just in front of me seemed to be failing; I thought that if I put on a spurt I should pass him and leave him behind. I did so, and was gaining on him rapidly, when suddenly my overtaxed strength gave way, I lost all power of motion in my arms and legs, and slowly sank.

I tried to call out, but as my mouth was then below the surface I involuntarily swallowed a quantity of water, which made me sink still farther. Whether I went to the bottom or not I do not know, but at length I came to the surface again and managed to scream out before sinking a second time. Never shall I forget my sensations as long as I live. I suffered all the hideous horrors of death by suffocation, my brain being for a long while quite clear. My lungs got full of water, and until I became insensible, the whole thing was one deadly desperate struggle to breathe, to call for help, and to move my lead-like limbs, but all in vain.

I was dived for eventually, taken ashore and brought round, the latter process being only slightly less unpleasant than being drowned. The sensation over the whole body being like that felt when one's foot is coming to after having been "asleep."

Where the theory comes from, about delicious dreams of green fields and meadows, and the rapidly-moving panorama of one's past life passing before the mind's eye, I do not know; but this I do know, that I cannot even imagine a form of death more painfully horrible.

In a short paper like this it is needless to dwell any farther on the horrors of death by drowning, or to describe the heartrending scenes that often occur in cases of shipwreck. The newspaper correspondents now-a-days take very good care to supply the public craving for "sensation" with every painful and repulsive detail that can be related, so nothing that I could add would be likely to exceed the vividness of their narrations.

I will assume, therefore, that in theory at any rate, every one

admits the value of being able to swim. I say *in theory*, because in practice they do nothing of the kind, or we should not find that an expert swimmer is the exception in any company, whether composed of sailors or landsmen, as is now the case; this too in spite of the fact that an able-bodied and intelligent man or woman can learn to swim for a short distance, say twenty-five yards, in about six lessons.

My chief object is to try and show how necessary swimming is to all classes and both sexes, and I hope to convince my readers that very many dangers and risks may be avoided if people will only take the trouble to acquire what ought to have been taught them as children.

In all sorts of water-dangers, presence of mind is invaluable, and that a good swimmer is sure to possess, since the water has no terrors for him. The converse is almost invariably true of non-swimmers.

No doubt the best way of learning to swim is the method by which children are taught other necessary things, *i.e.* without being conscious that they are learning at all.

In the Pacific Islands, and in most hot places on the sea-coast, children learn to swim before they can crawl, and are carried out on their mothers' backs to a smooth place, where they paddle about, and dive, like a lot of small black turtles.

Unluckily our climate is against this sort of instruction, as bathing in the open air can only be carried on for a few months in the year by any but the very hardiest, but at the same time very many towns have tepid swimming-baths, the number of which would, no doubt, be very greatly increased were there a sufficient demand for them. It would surely be worth while to spend an occasional fortnight in a town where there are baths, in order to learn such a useful thing as swimming.

Compare for a moment the Pacific system of easy growth of knowledge in the art, with the usual first experiences of an English child, wretched little animal! when taken down to the sea-side to have a "dip." Hateful word!

In the first place the miserable urchin is taken into a very evil-smelling, sandy, damp and gritty dog-kennel called a bathing-machine. He is undressed, and has to put on a cold, clinging, damp sort of winding-sheet called a bathing-gown, which chills him to the bone. Next the shivering victim is told not to be afraid, and at once very

naturally concludes that there is something to be afraid of, so that between fear of the unknown horror in store, and the chill, his teeth chatter like a rattle. Suddenly the door is opened. At the bottom of the dripping steps appears, up to its waist in the greenish, cold-looking sea, an awful caricature of Mrs. Gamp lately risen from a watery grave, but having, while resting in it, grown a beard, and become possessed of a complexion like a weather-beaten scarlet oak-leaf in the autumn. This fiend in most inhuman shape stretches out its dripping claws and seizes the wretched, terrified child, and bears it away like a ghoul; then before it has time to think, plunges it suddenly, and as a rule backwards, into the sea. Instinct and the sudden cold makes it catch its breath and try to cry out, with the usual result of being nearly filled with salt water. The sensation is a black mark on the child's life for ever after. It has all the unpleasantness of the earlier stages of drowning, mixed with fright, a sense of being ill-treated, impotent rage, and a mouth, nose, eyes, ears, and lungs full of sandy sea-water!

No dog-breaker is ever half so barbarous in his treatment of a retriever puppy, as he well knows that if the dog were flung, at first, into deep water in such a sudden manner, it would be most likely shy of going in again for the rest of its life.

The first essay at swimming, if properly managed, need not be at all unpleasant. In fact I know of few sensations more delicious than that of diving deep down into the sea off a rock; but it would be about as rational to tie a child on to the leg of a first-rate runner in order to teach it to walk, as to treat it in the brutal manner above described and then expect it to like the water and take to swimming.

The easiness of the art is best seen by the behaviour of all animals in the water. They never splash about and make a fuss, but at once swim away towards the shore without any difficulty. The reason of course is that they swim with the same motions of the limbs that they use in walking, and they have not to learn a new method of progression, as a man has.

One great lesson must be learnt by any one who watches any animal thrown into the water and swimming, which is, that it does not show the slightest tendency to sink. The human body weighs about as much for its bulk as any other animal's, and has therefore no greater difficulty in keeping afloat. The act of swimming does not keep a

man afloat, the lightness of his body does that for him. Swimming simply balances him and sends him along.

The extraordinary skill in swimming and diving which it is possible to attain under favourable circumstances, must be seen to be believed. At Suez, Aden, Ceylon, the West Indies, &c., I have seen the ships in harbour surrounded by crowds of boys, who swam about regardless of sharks, from morning to night, waiting for someone to throw them a shilling or some bright coin to dive for.

The scene is always very curious and amusing, whether the actors are yellow Arabs at Suez and Aden, or the blackest of "coloured gentlemen" at Jamaica. Someone throws something in—I am afraid I have seen the small bits of tin that are sometimes put on the tops of the corks of soda-water bottles, used instead of silver, but the result is the same to everybody except to the successful diver. The moment the coin touches the water, all the little bodies, black, brown, and yellow, turn up their legs in the air like ducks, throwing a sort of somersault to get the necessary impetus, and then down they go like so many otters, struggling, fighting, wriggling, writhing, and racing down beneath the clear blue water, to catch the coveted prize, which goes twisting and fluttering downwards like a piece of paper dropped out of an upstairs window.

One or other of the little sea-urchins generally manages to catch the shilling long before it reaches the bottom, and popping it into his mouth, comes up like a cork, followed by all the others. The successful diver gives a yell of triumph, holds up his prize to show you he has really got it, and then back it goes into his "purse-mouth" with the rest of his day's earnings.

They all then begin again at once to swim round and round the ship, playing all sorts of fantastic tricks on one another; and every now and then raising themselves out of the water, which they shake from their eyes and hair, they scream out, "Heave for dive, sare! Heave for dive! Me Johnny, me know you very well, sare. Hope um fader and mudder quite well, sare. Heave for dive."

Many of them will dive down on one side of a ship, and catch a coin that has been thrown overboard from the opposite one, and it is a common feat with them to dive under ships drawing twenty feet of water and more, and come up on the other side as if nothing had happened.

I have laid some stress on diving, and on its being a great feat to dive twenty feet or so without any previous plunge or "header," because it is not till one begins to try to dive that one finds out how exceedingly hard it is to get down in the water, unless you happen to be full of water yourself, when, as I explained before, sinking is by no means such a hard matter.

One of my own experiences will serve to show the difficulty of going to any depth in the water, even for a comparatively good diver, unless he has a plunge to drive him down.

Some years ago I was living in Canada, and used often to go out trolling for pike on Lake Ontario. On the particular occasion to which I refer, I was out in a birch-bark canoe with a great friend of mine. The pike were large and active, and in no hurry about dying when they came into the canoe. The result was, that in so rickety a contrivance as a "birch-bark" they were like the traditional bull in a china-shop. Driven by necessity, my brother fisherman and I devised a plan which promised great results. Instead of using a landing-net, or any such old-fashioned contrivance, we always used a pistol, and shot the pike through the head whenever they could be persuaded by hook or by crook to come near enough. The system answered marvellously well for a time, but all things have an end. I had caught a monarch of the lake, and my fellow-fisher shot it as I drew it alongside, but with so true an aim that he cut the line in the fish's mouth, and down to the bottom went the pike with a bullet, and my most killing and favourite "spoon bait" inside him.

I did not want to lose my property, so in I went head first after the pike and spoon. They were rather deeper down than I thought, the water being as clear and bright as glass, and to my disgust I found that, swim as I would, I could not reach the fish, which lay down below me, apparently quite close, glistening like silver, but just out of reach. I tried again and again for more than half-an-hour, but never got it, and there it lies, as far as I know, to this day!

We might of course have gone ashore for a big stone, and dived with it to the bottom, as is done by pearl-divers, but we should never have found the right place again, and we could not take headers from the canoe owing to its unsteadiness.

My very first essay in swimming was, on the contrary, singularly

successful as a dive, though that was not exactly the line in which I intended to shine.

I was lucky enough to be at a school where swimming was regularly taught. We had a small lake in the grounds, with boats, bathing-house and such like, and on the first day of my school life I went down to bathe with the rest. I had often heard that all that was required for swimming was confidence to jump in fearlessly, and then to strike out like a frog. So when some of the big boys said, "Jump in!" in I went, but strange to say remained at the bottom. What happened afterwards I only know at second hand.

One of the boys said, "What's become of that little beggar who jumped in just now?" No answer! I was not to be found. They all then began to dive for me, and before long I was found seated at the bottom like a Water Gaby. I was soon fished out, and half-an-hour afterwards I was none the worse for my ducking.

I have since often tried to repeat this diving-feat, but with very little success, as I always rise off the bottom. How I did it that day will always remain a mystery, but I suppose I must have clutched some weeds by instinct, and held on till I got full of water through my nose and mouth.

We used to have a good deal of rough swimming-practice at this school; and amongst other amusements, boat-fights were much in fashion, the result being generally that one, if not both crews got knocked into the water. As we could all swim like fishes, no great harm was done, and what there was, was counterbalanced by the fact that we all got thoroughly accustomed to swimming in our clothes. One useful fact I found out then by practical experience, which is, that clothes do not weigh very heavy when in the water, though they seem like lead when you are walking ashore, or what is worse, trying to climb up into a boat.

The reason of this is clear, as the clothes actually weigh less when fully immersed than when on your back on shore and as dry as a bone, or in other words the water, being a denser medium, supports them better than the air. This is further illustrated by the fact that we can float in water, but not in air. I mention this because there is a popular prejudice that it is almost impossible to swim in clothes; but in reality the worst thing they do is to interfere with the free action of the limbs, and increase the friction when passing through the water

We used at school often to practise bringing one another ashore, one of course acting as if he could not swim and was in danger of drowning, whilst the other dashed in after him to save him. We tried all imaginable ways of bringing the inert body to land, but found that the easiest and safest plan, at any rate in smooth water, was to get behind the victim, seize him by the back of the head, hair, or ears, and pull him on to his back and draw him ashore backwards, the rescuer swimming backwards at the same time. By this means the victim's head was held up out of the water, he was kept under control, and unable to impede the rescuer by clutching hold of him.

If, however, the victim could swim a little and be trusted to retain his presence of mind, it was found easier to allow him to put his hand on the rescuer's hips, and then strike out as well as he could.

When you first swim up to a drowning person, tell him he is quite safe if he will only be quiet, but take care yourself not to go within reach of him till he is quiet; for it is a golden rule to treat a drowning man like a wild beast, and not go near him till he is nearly exhausted, as nine men out of ten unfortunately lose their presence of mind before they lose consciousness, and try to seize anything within reach, and would clutch and hang on to the rescuer with the grip of a cuttle-fish. Should such a misfortune as this happen, it becomes a struggle for life between the two, and a very dangerous one. However, the drowning man will, as a rule, release his grasp if you dive with him as deep as you can. If this fails, I know of no way of safety but to hit the drowning man as heavy a blow as possible on the head.

If a swimmer, however strong, find himself in the water in the middle of a number of helpless people, as is often the case in boating-accidents, his position is one of extreme danger. Every one who may be within reach will try to seize him, and they will certainly do so if he tries to save one and swim away with him through the others. The safest thing to do is to dive at once and get away from them all, and when once outside, begin to save those that are most clear of the crowd.

When men have exhausted themselves and swallowed a good deal of water, they sink at first a short way below the surface, but are easily brought up again, and are tame and quiet, which is a great point to the saver. But should a person sink to the bottom, the body is easily found in clear water; and when the water is thick the place

may be found by the bubbles that come up. When diving for a body, it is best to take it by the hair with the left hand, and then swim up with the help of the other. The specific gravity of the human body is so nearly that of water that the least thing will make it float or sink, which is the cause why people sink when they have swallowed much water or taken it into the lungs. The chest when full of air is naturally the part that floats best, and the denser parts, such as the limbs and back of the head, are the worst.

What makes anything float is the fact that the body of water it displaces is heavier than itself. A heavy iron ship floats on this principle, which might be practically proved if a plaster cast were taken of the ship's bottom up to the water-line (or load line), and then if the cavity thus formed were filled with water, it would be found that the water weighed exactly as much as the whole ship. The water-line of a man, if he be well placed for floating, with his head back and his arms down, is usually just round the face, the ears being under water, but the eyes, nose, and mouth above the surface. In the case of a fat person, or one with a very powerfully-developed chest, the displacement is greater in proportion to the weight, and in consequence the body floats higher out of water. A woman can always float better than a man.

This seems a good place to say a few words about restoring the apparently drowned, and I think the Humane Society's Instructions* are all that any one can want. A copy of the Instructions should be hung up in every boat-house or bathing-house, and every one who has the chance should take the first opportunity of learning the method.

The process seems to be rather complicated, but is not so in reality, the whole secret being to try and induce the lungs to work by contracting and expanding the chest.

I once resuscitated a man that I pulled out of a mill-dam. He was as far as I could tell quite dead, and was as cold as a stone. I was quite alone as regards help, though there were spectators in plenty. In twenty minutes the man was on his legs and abusing me for having interfered with his plans of suicide.

I do not pretend to be able to teach swimming by writing about it, and am not going to try, as there are plenty of instructors and hand-

* To be obtained by application to the Secretary, Royal Humane Society, London.

books to be had, but the following hints may be useful for the learner to bear in mind.

The best way of beginning to learn is, I think, to go into the water, with the teacher, to about the height of the breast. The instructor should then place his hand under the pupil's chest, making the latter at the same time throw himself forward; he will then be able to give the would-be swimmer all support necessary while he is teaching him the mechanical motions of the limbs. As confidence is gained, less and less support is required, and finally none at all, but the fact of its being there all ready to hand gives the learner that feeling of safety and security without which nothing can be done.

Another system is to have a belt made of girth webbing to go round the waist, care being taken that it fits well enough not to slip down over the hips. To the back of this belt must be fixed a rope loop, or iron ring, and to the loop or ring a long light rope.

The teacher can by this means support the swimmer without being obliged to go into the water himself. This plan is of course only available from a boat, or the side of a swimming-bath, canal, wharf, or some such place.

It cannot be too carefully impressed on learners that all artificial aids, such as corks, bladders, swimming-belts, &c., are worse than useless. They are like a chair to a person beginning skating. In either case it is harder to give up the use of the aids than it would have been to start fair without them.

Of course it must not be understood that I say anything against these helps when once a person has learned to swim. On the contrary, if I had to swim a long distance I should get hold of anything I could to help me.

On board all American steamers—(I wish I could say the same for our own)—there is a life-belt in every berth, and besides these, many are hung about the ship, and often all the deck-chairs are so made that they are capable of supporting one or two people in the water.

The various ways of swimming, diving, &c., in common use are:—
Ordinary or breast-swimming.

Floating on the back.

Swimming on the back.

Swimming on the side.

Treading water.

Plunging and "taking headers."

Swimming under water and diving.

I have given the list in the sequence which is the best for learning, though, as I said above, they cannot be practically taught on paper.

Floating is extremely easy in salt water for anybody, but in fresh water thin people find it more difficult, and as a rule require a slight movement of the hands to help them.

Swimming on the back is the natural outcome from having learned to float. It is the easiest way of swimming that exists, but has the disadvantage of allowing the water to wash over the face now and then, and steering is rather more difficult than in breast-swimming. It is however such a splendid rest and relief during a long swim, and so valuable from a life-saving point of view, that all swimmers ought to practise it.

When diving and swimming under water, it is advisable, unless great speed is required, to keep the arms over the head in the position in which they are placed when "taking a header" to protect it from a chance blow, which might stun the diver and drown him.

The palms of the hands should be kept together, and in taking a header, especially from a height, great care should be taken to let the fingers be the first point to touch the water. If the body falls flat on the surface, the tingling slap is very unpleasant, and knocks all the breath out of the body. If the legs are not kept straight, the blow is apt to fall on the front of the thighs. Always remember, therefore, to keep the body as straight as a bar.

No one need be uneasy when plunging or diving about not coming up again, as to do this you have only to cease to labour to keep down.

There is not the smallest difficulty, except from nervousness, in opening and shutting the eyes under water. I used to practise looking at a shilling at the bottom of a basin full of water. At first when my face was immersed, there was a very strong nervous disinclination to open the eyes, but a slight effort of will, and a determination to see the shilling, soon overcame it, and now my eyes open and shut as naturally under water as above it. Divers must not expect, however, to see as well as they do above water, for the water is seldom quite clear, and everything looks rather dim and foggy. Every one can swim faster under water than on the surface, and a dive lasting thirty or forty seconds, if converted into distance, represents a good many

yards. An average diver can remain under water rather less than a minute, the strain on the lungs being reduced by thoroughly aerating the blood before taking the plunge, by breathing as fast and as fully as possible. It is as well to remember that there is no difficulty in expelling air from the lungs when under water, and this will be found a relief. It is a very good plan to dive after white stones, or hard-boiled eggs, until it ceases to be more troublesome to bring them up from the bottom than it would be to pick them up off the grass.

The above details may seem dry reading, but they will, I think, be found useful, and my object is not so much to amuse, as to try and drive home the fact that it is the absolute duty of every man, woman, and child to learn to swim, and, what is more, to use all their influence to try and persuade others to do so. If they do not care about saving their own and other people's lives, they ought to try and diminish the risks that other people would run in trying to save them.

In the course of a somewhat eventful life I have seen many instances of reckless foolhardiness, but the rashness of people who persist in going out in crowded pleasure-boats, sailing-boats, racing-skiffs and canoes, without being able to swim, beats anything of the kind I have ever seen. Non-swimmers often venture with the most childlike confidence on ice which bends and cracks under them in the most dangerous manner. I saw a case of stupid recklessness or ignorance in Canada which will serve as a good illustration of what I mean.

I was away hunting deer in one of the wildest parts of the backwoods of Canada in the month of November. This month is a very favourite one for hunters, as very large numbers of wild fowl are driven southwards about that time by the excessive cold of the regions farther north. And the first snow which falls then is very favourable for tracking or "still hunting" deer.

The whole forest is often a perfect fairyland from the "silver frost," as it is called out there, every twig, branch, and blade of grass being covered with a transparent coating of ice which glistens like diamonds in the bright winter sun. I and the hunter, who was our guide, left camp one day to hunt for some dogs that we had lost, and a terribly hard day's work it was, for our way lay across what is called a "wind-fall," and a very unpleasant sort of one we found it. The trees of the forest are often blown down in large strips and patches by some

very heavy gale, sometimes not a tree is left standing, and huge hemlock, spruce, and cedar trees are piled and tossed about on one another like a gigantic game of spillikins. Over ground of this sort we had to climb, creep, clamber, and crawl, our feet rarely touching the earth, and to add to our troubles the trunks and limbs of the trees were covered with frozen snow.

At last, as it was getting dusk we arrived at a small lake, on the opposite side of which lay our camp, not half a mile away, but to go round by either bank would have entailed a tramp of five or six miles over the windfall. We were as tired as dogs, as hungry as sharks, and very anxious to get home. In front lay the lake covered with a sheet of young ice, as black as ink, and as smooth as a looking-glass, but alas! not much thicker. I proposed to my companion that we should try and get across the ice. The man assented readily enough, but had his doubts as to whether it would bear. As far as I was concerned I was quite ready for the venture, so after a little discussion we determined to try it.

By way of precaution we each cut two long saplings, the use of which is that they spread the weight of the body over a very large surface of ice. They can be used by laying them flat on the ice, and having the right hand and foot on one and the left hand and foot on the other, and so working along over dangerous bits; or one sapling can be held by two hands across the line you are taking, and the other can be placed under the knees, also cross-ways. In each case of course you walk, or rather shuffle along on your hands and knees. We had some trouble in getting on to the ice, which is always weakest at the edges, but by help of our sticks we got well out and found it fairly firm in the middle. We got on to our legs and walked away in the direction of camp, keeping, however, a very respectful distance apart. It was rather precarious work, as the ice swayed and yielded to our footsteps like parchment, but no accident occurred.

When we got to within about two or three hundred yards of the shore on which lay our camp, matters began to take a new phase. I found that my feet were making round dishes in the ice. I began to shuffle along without lifting my legs; soon I felt that ice-sticks must come into play, so down I went on my hands and knees and went as far as I could. Soon this plan failed, as I found I was

crawling along in a sort of pit which came along with me ; so I spread myself out on the ice as flat as a pancake, one stick being in my two hands, the other across the middle of my body. I wriggled along like a great worm for a matter of twenty yards, and then I felt that if I moved or put a vestige more weight on one part than on the rest, that part would go through, and in I should go. I very cautiously turned my head to see what the hunter was doing, and as I looked I saw the ice give way under him and he rolled in, but in a very short time got on his legs, and stood up in water not higher than his chest, and commenced wading ashore. Finding I could not get any further, I thought I might as well follow his example, so I rolled over and disappeared. As I went under I heard a yell, and when I came to the surface I saw the man running round to the part of the bank opposite me like a maniac. And he then began to break the young ice and wade in towards me. Meantime, I had found out that I was nowhere near the bottom, which I could not even reach with my ice-pole, so I began very leisurely to swim ashore, breaking the ice in front of me as I went with my stick.

When I got near the land, I caught sight of the man's face—it was positively green with horror and fright. I have seldom seen anything so ghastly. I was laughing at my absurd plight, and stopped to ask him whether he had seen a ghost, or what had happened. His answer was, "Good God, I never knew you could swim." I said, "You don't suppose I should have been such an ass as to have come across the lake if I couldn't?" He replied, "I can't swim a stroke."

It was my turn to turn green now. I never had such a shock in my life. It truly seemed almost a miracle that he had grounded on a spit of sand as he did, for the sides of the lake were very rocky and bluff, as is usually the case with Canadian lakes about there. Had he crossed where I went, nothing could have saved him. The ice was not strong enough to cling to for support, but quite thick enough to make it very hard to swim through. We were more than a hundred and fifty yards apart, and I should never have been able to break through all that distance in time to get to him. Even had I been successful in reaching him, I do not suppose I should ever have got him ashore through the ice, and we should both have been drowned, and never heard of again till our bodies came up in the Spring with the thaw.

There are a few practical lessons to be learned about ice that may be useful. In the first place Punch's advice to those about to marry, applies with great force to those about to venture on unsafe ice—"Don't." The game is not worth the candle. If you should feel yourself going in, throw yourself flat on your face, and if there is no time for that, throw out your arms as wide as possible. The reason being to spread the weight, as I have before described.

If a person is in the water, through the ice, do not try and go to him, or you will both go in, but get a ladder if possible, or one—or better still—*two* long poles, and slide them along till they bear on both sides of the hole on sound ice. This will support the drowning person, and also enable someone to go and help him. If neither ladder nor poles can be got, a rope should be slid to the hole, so that the person to be saved can catch hold of one end, and the people on sound ice the other. If the worst comes to the worst, and nothing can be found in the way of ladder, poles, ropes, &c., then the best way I know of is to make a human chain, by one man taking hold of the other's heels. The one nearest the hole must be of course spread out on the ice, and must wriggle forward till he can reach the hand or hair of the victim, when the people behind can haul them both in. Any current makes all this many times more difficult, as the legs get sucked under the ice, and diving is made almost impossible on account of the difficulty of finding the hole to come up by.

Besides weak ice, there are two other dangers: one is the existence of air-holes, and the other is of cracks which extend right through the ice and form a triangle. Either of these is dangerous, as the ice over the air-bubble is often very thin, and the three-cornered piece will sometimes give way beneath you like a trap door. I found this out to my cost in Canada, having been twice under the ice on Lake Ontario, and on each occasion I owe my life to being able to dive.

The first time, I was skating across the lake, and meant to land at a wharf where I saw some boys putting on their skates, so I thought it was all safe. I was going fast, and put out my hands to catch hold of the wharf, when a great piece gave way, and down I went with a good deal of impetus. I found myself eventually among the beams and things at the foot of the wharf, and dived along till I found my hole, and then shot up through it, much to the amazement of my

fellow-skater, who had just fished out my fur cap as a last sad memorial to send to my friends.

At the end of the winter of the same year, when the ice had become uncertain, just before it finally broke up, I had been in the town, and in the evening was returning all by myself to a fort where I then lived. By road it was about two miles and a half, by ice not much more than three-quarters; but that was not all—the roads were in that fearful state known only to such as have witnessed the break-up of a Canadian winter, whereas the ice was charming to look at. The hot sun melted the surface by day, and it froze again at night. I had no business to have tried to go across, but fancying that I knew more about it than my neighbours, I ventured—and suffered accordingly.

I was skating cheerfully away home, congratulating myself on my superior wisdom in having taken so pleasant a short cut instead of tramping round by the road through the half-frozen mud and slush, when down went a three-cornered piece of ice beneath my feet, and in I went as before, right under the ice. My feelings at that moment were intense enough for any lover of excitement, as I well knew that although the ice was rotten and unsafe, yet it was still immensely thick, and that unless I found the hole I had come in at, I should never get out alive. I looked up and could see nothing, but it flashed across me that I must have shot forward, as the ice tipped; so I turned on my back and luckily caught sight of something in the darkness—for it is very dark under thick ice, as I found—which looked like the sun in a fog. I knew this must be my hole; so putting my arms over my head to deaden the blow in case I struck the ice, I swam backwards and upwards to the light. I was very glad when I felt my fingers on the edge of the ice. Luckily for me, the piece had dipped and gone under as I did; had it gone back into its place, I must have stopped where I was. I got out and skated home without further mishap, but when I got to shore my clothes were frozen quite hard, and I could not use my arms or do anything—the only joints that my clothes had were two hinges at the hips.

So end my aquatic adventures. I hope they may tend to the gradual disappearance of the race of Water Gabies.

B. Y. G. A.



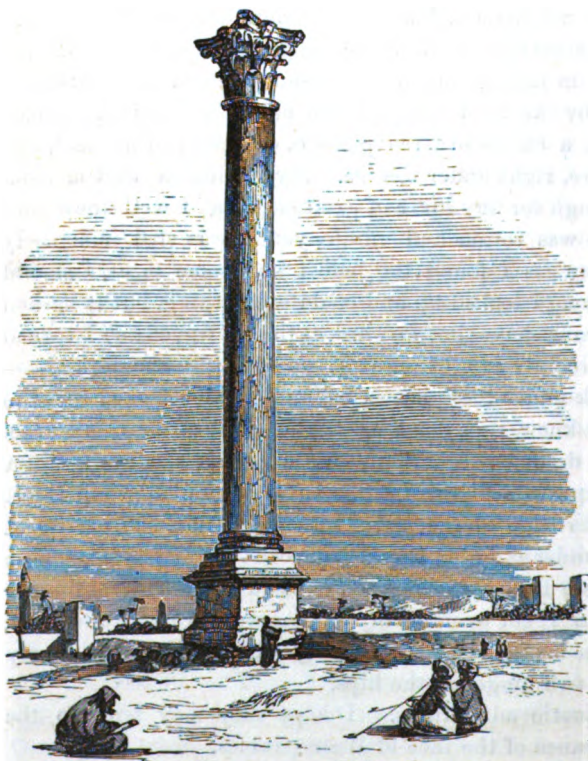
DONKEY RIDES AROUND CAIRO.

By Greville J. Chester, B.A.

II.—ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO.

AN express train, imposed upon the Egyptian Government by the mercantile community of Alexandria, starts at 8 A.M. and performs the distance of 131 miles to Cairo in about four and a half hours. Shortly after leaving the new sta-

tion a cutting is traversed in whose sides may be seen sections of large vases or coffins of terra-cotta, probably of the Roman period. After crossing the Mahmoud-deeah Canal, which connects Alexandria with the Rosetta Branch of the Nile, the line of railway runs for many miles along the flat shores of the great Lake Mareotis, the resort of innumerable water-birds, and the continual scene



THE SO-CALLED "POMPEY'S PILLAR," NEAR LAKE MAREOTIS.

of the mirage which transforms the shores and flat islands into the

semblance of towers, towns, and groves of trees. Sometimes expanse of white are observed resembling islands of salt, and the traveller is surprised at seeing them rise bodily into the air, until he learns that they are vast assemblages of pelicans. These enormous birds occur in still greater numbers on Lake Menzaleh. Sometimes, also, flocks of flamingoes are seen scooping with their crooked bills amongst the mud, and these birds present a glorious spectacle when, rising into the air, the sunlight strikes their rose-coloured plumage. To the great lake succeeds a marshy tract abounding in fowl and wild swine, and at times a small village of low mud-huts rises above the swamps, which continue almost as far as Damanhour. This populous town is the capital of the province of Baheyra, but although of ancient foundation, it is at the present time of little interest. A Mohammedan cemetery outside the town, with some white-domed tombs, and a ruined mosk of dark red brick, is, however, picturesque. At the distance of sixty-five miles from Alexandria, the Rosetta Branch of the Nile is crossed by a great iron bridge, whose appearance is certainly not suggestive of security. The yellow stream of the ancient River of Egypt will here be viewed for the first time with feelings of emotion and deep interest. A rich tract of well-tilled country leads hence to Tantah, a very large and important town with a fine mosk. This place is celebrated throughout Egypt as the burial-place of the great Arabic Sheyk and Saint, Seyyid el Bedawee, who, born at Fez, in Morocco, A.D. 1200, settled at Tantah on his return from the Hadj, or pilgrimage to Meccah, and remained there until his death. In stormy weather, or at almost any other occasion of peril, the Nile traveller will constantly hear the name of the Saint invoked by the Arab sailors, and three great fairs are held annually at Tantah to his honour. The principal of these fairs takes place in the summer, and is attended by vast throngs of people from the whole of Egypt. After the orthodox visit to the tomb of the Saint, the people give themselves up to the wildest dissipation and debauchery, and the houses in the town being utterly insufficient to afford accommodation to the multitudes who attend, the environs of the town are covered with tents and booths.

Just before reaching Benha, the Damietta Branch of the Nile is crossed by another iron bridge, and at the railway station is the junction of the line to Ismaileyeh and Suez. We take advantage of

the delay at this point to recall the features of the country through which we have passed. We have been passing through the Delta, everywhere a vast and perfectly flat plain, for the most part richly cultivated, and bearing crops of cotton, sugar, corn and beans. Wherever the soil appears it is black; and it was the blackness of this alluvial mud, deposited in countless centuries by the annual rise of the Nile, which occasioned the name *Kam*, or the *Black*, to be applied in the ancient hieroglyphics to the whole country. Everywhere the vast plain is cultivated like a garden. In the ditches are seen the beautiful blue water-lily, which is unknown in Upper Egypt. Trees are rare; when seen, they are chiefly willows, tamarisks—which here grow into graceful trees—and sycamore figs, the self-same tree as that from which the Prophet Amos gathered his poor fruit; while here and there a palm lifts up its feathery plumes, and almost alone of all around reminds the traveller that he is in truth in the ancient yet ever-fresh East. Truth to tell, the scenery of the Delta very strikingly resembles that of Cambridgeshire, or the tract of country between Ely and Peterborough. Every now and then a mound rises above the vast flat. Some of these, crowned, perchance, by the white dome of a sheyk's tomb, mark the site of some ancient and long-forgotten town of the old Egyptian Empire; while others, marked in some instances by a few date-palms, are the ant-hill-like dwellings of the present oppressed and down-trodden inhabitants. These miserable villages in the distance resemble Stonea and Manea and others of the eyots which rise like islands from the flats of the Isle of Ely. When approached, they are found to consist of masses of low huts of one storey, built of sun-burnt bricks formed out of the brown mud around them. As the inundations and the rains (for in the Delta there is a considerable amount of rain in winter,) cause these huts to dissolve and fall to pieces, other huts are built upon their ruins, and thus in course of years the mounds arise which form such a characteristic feature in Lower Egypt. Some of the more considerable villages look in the distance as if they were defended by embattled walls, but these are found to be pigeon-houses built on the tops of the dwellings and occasionally whitewashed outside. The pigeons are kept less for food than for the sake of their manure, and they build in pots of burnt clay inserted in the crude brick turrets. Around the villages and beside the line appear the *fellaheen*, or country-people, in ragged white or

blue shirts, blue robes and scull-caps of brown felt. Round these last the richer folks twist a white turban, or if they have made the pilgrimage to Meccah, a red one. The women are covered by and clothed in long blue robes of graceful folds; and a blue veil of triangular shape, which hides the lower part of the face and is attached to the head by an article resembling three gold thimbles one within another, falls almost to the feet. The women are seen engaged in various agricultural operations—tending sheep and cattle, carrying huge water-vases upon their heads, or bearing the pipes of their lords and masters, as the latter bestride their saddleless and bridleless donkeys. Horses, asses, camels, donkeys, oxen, sheep, goats, and buffaloes are seen in the fields, and on the backs of the latter strange, wild-looking beasts may constantly be seen standing a beautiful snow-white wader, falsely supposed by dragomans and Cook's Tourists to be the sacred Ibis, and known to the natives as *Abou Erdán*. These beautiful creatures may also constantly be seen following the primitive ploughs, and standing motionless beside the small boys and girls as they tend their sheep. The tameness of the birds in Egypt is surprising, but no Arab child will wantonly maltreat an animal of God's good creation. As you travel on foot or donkey-back in the Delta, the water-wagtails and ground-larks will scarcely get out of your way; and near a village you may stand within a few yards of the beautiful hoopoes, and watch them as they search for insects with their long beaks amongst the rubbish.

Benha is a flourishing little town, and is celebrated for its delicious Yusef-Effendi, or "Mandarin" oranges, which exceed in excellence and size those even of Malta. Hard by is the village of Atreeb, which recalls the name of the ancient *Athribis*, whose vast mounds lie to the left of the station. In this, as in other similar instances, the mounds are being gradually removed by the fellaheen, who come with their asses and camels to carry off the soil and dust, which is valued as manure for the land, and is placed upon it in the spring of the year. Many interesting antiquities are thus brought to light; but while the larger objects are generally broken up and sold piecemeal to strangers, those of the precious metals are at once melted. This is owing to the absurd and cruel practice of the officials of the Egyptian Khedive, who commonly reward the accidental discovery of a valuable antique by the flogging or imprisonment of the finder, and by the

confiscation of the object found. The mounds exhibit sections of tiers upon tiers of ruined houses of unburnt brick, chiefly of the early Christian and Roman periods; while lower down occur fragments of more ancient buildings of limestone, and of red granite from the distant quarries of Assouan, at the first cataract of the Nile. The mounds which mark the sites of the ancient Egyptian cities and towns of Lower Egypt are still, with few exceptions, such as Athribis, Tel Basta (Bubastis, near Zagazig), and Tel el Yahoudeyeh (the Mound of the Jews), well nigh unexplored, and without doubt would afford a rich harvest to the antiquary. One cannot walk about long amongst them without finding objects of interest, and a naked Arab digging for dust in a hole amidst the ruins can, when his natural suspicions are removed, generally produce a scarabæus, an amulet, or a coin from the pocket of his single shirt, which lies wrapped-up hard by the scene of his labours. It is hard for the uninitiated to appreciate the interest which attaches to the discovery or purchase on the spot of a relic bearing the name of a Thothmes, a Rameses, a Ptolemy, or a Roman Emperor, and yet, assuredly, such finds constitute no small part of the pleasures and alleviations of foreign travel.

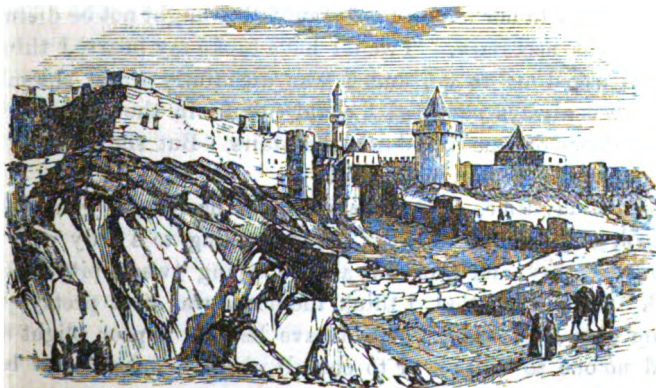
A few miles beyond Benha the hazy line of the barren hills of the Libyan and Arabian Deserts become visible to the right and left of the line; and shortly afterwards the traveller, as he gazes anxiously ahead, gets his first view of the two most enormous masses of masonry ever raised by human hands, and knows he has seen the *Pyramids*. A little further on to the east, the Gebel Mokattam comes in sight, with the citadel of Cairo crowning nobly its rocky height. After passing Kalioub the country assumes the appearance of a garden, country-houses appear dotted about amidst orchards of fruit-trees, and then the train passes into the station of Cairo. Henceforth the European traveller feels to a great extent that he is in a new world, and despite barbarian vandalism, he may still explore ever new mines of interest and of delight. Spite of so-called "improvements," spite of wholesale destruction of the beautiful and the venerable, Mus'r the Victorious—as the Arabs call it,—or Cairo, is still the queen of Eastern cities.

Arrived in Cairo, I will at once conduct you to the excellent Hotel du Nil, beyond all comparison and in all respects the best in Egypt; and after lunch I will start you on your first donkey-ride in the

Egyptian capital. The Hotel du Nil lies in a central situation, and on emerging from a narrow lane the traveller finds that its verandahed buildings surround a beautiful garden of fragrant flowers in which he can take his coffee under palms, *nebka*, and the deliciously-scented *sont* or *Acacia Nilotica*, one of the most characteristic trees of the country. Ascending the galleries which surround three sides of the court, the visitor, who probably imagined himself to be hemmed in with Arab houses, finds that he overlooks a vast garden belonging to a mosque. Tall date-palms, and two or three graceful minarets, stand out against the sky, and at sunset you will hear from the latter, perhaps for the first time, the deeply impressive and never-to-be-forgotten cry of the blind mueddzin, calling through the clear air to invite the faithful to prayer. The call is, of course, intended for Mohammedans alone, but (as the great and wise Sir Thomas Browne was used to lift up his soul to God on the sounding of the Ave Maria *), so is this an invitation to which the Christian will do well to respond, and to offer up a prayer to the Triune God to arise and bless the people of the land which of old time was the refuge and the resting-place of the Infant JESUS.

* See 'Religio Medici.'

(To be continued.)



THE CITADEL OF CAIRO.

MOTHER MOLLY.

By the Author of 'The Rose Garden,' 'Through Rough Waters,' &c.

VI.

ANOTHER FRIEND.

She was sharper than an eastern wind.—*Tennyson.*



RANDFATHER passed a quiet night, and Mr. Tregellas was satisfied with him the next day; but yet he told us 'twould be long before we could feel the danger was past, because erysipelas might set in, and that would be a most serious thing. And the riot had made a great impression on his mind, so that every now and then he would awake with a start and stretch out his hands, as if imploring the tumult to cease. People were very good to us. Mr. Bedford came early the next day, and Mrs. Bassett drove over in her coach, with a dish of stiff jelly she had made with her own hands, and M. de. Lantenac called at the door, and Mrs. Harty sent her own woman to know if she might not stay to help nurse. She would have been there herself, but that she was ill and confined to her room, and she wanted some of us to go altogether to her house, that grandfather might not be disturbed more than was necessary. 'Twould have broke my heart, I think, if Molly had asked me to go, and I was dreadfully afraid she might, because 'twas always supposed I could not be in the house without slamming doors or jumping down the stairs. But she did not, nor once spoke as if she had thought of it.

It was holiday time, or else Harry would have been going to his day school, and I for three hours every morning to a lady who took pupils in that way, and Dick was always saying 'twas a pity this had stopped. But for all that, I think the house was kept pretty quiet, and I am sure Dick himself would have been in a poor plight if he had had no one to talk to, or to consult about his chances of being chosen for the corps of fencibles.

Mrs. Coplestone sent over to enquire, but did not come herself till, I think, the third or fourth day after grandfather's accident; which

seemed strange, considering how intimate the families had always been. And from something Molly said one day, I fancied she was fretting a little over it. It was not much, but I heard someone coming up the stairs, and took it into my head 'twas Mrs. Coplestone, and Molly brightened and smiled, and said, "Is she come?" very eagerly, as if she had been looking for her. It was not she after all, but Mrs. Bassett with more jelly, and Moll's disappointment was plain; she came at last, however, Molly tied a fresh ribbon round her neck and went in, and I staid with grandfather.

Sometimes we read to him, and sometimes he just liked to have us where he could see us, and now and then let drop a gentle word or two, very often about our Madge, whom he loved most dearly. This day he seemed more alive to outer things, and to my surprise his ear caught the sound of voices.

"Nan," he said, "is that Mrs. Harty talking? Because if 'tis so, I should like her to come in and see me."

I said, "No, grandfather, 'tis Mrs. Coplestone who has called to ask after you, and Mother Molly has gone to speak to her."

He said quickly that he could not have her in; and this was not astonishing, for though I believe she was fond of us all, she had a prompt imperative manner, and a way of pronouncing sharply upon things which always made grandfather uneasy. But after he had lain quiet for a few minutes, he told me to go in and to thank Mrs. Coplestone very kindly, on his part, for coming to ask for him, and to say he hoped her family were well, and to give his kind compliments.

I was glad of the errand, wanting to hear about George, and thinking perhaps there might be a message for me from him. For he knew how I cared to hear of Father's ship. However, when I had opened the door, all thoughts of this flew out of my head, seeing, as I did, that Molly was sitting tearful and flushed, and Mrs. Coplestone so displeased that I stared. She glanced at me and nodded, but took no other notice, and went on with her speech, which was coming forth with much vigour and sharpness.

"I never thought to have to say such things to you; and indeed I should not have done it if 'twere not for the thought of your mother, and of some one else you know of. 'Twould have grieved *her* almost beyond bearing to think of you, Moll, as headstrong and unmaidenly;

and as for *him*, well, you know best, perhaps, what would be his grief in the matter."

I understood nothing, but I had gone round and knelt by Mother Molly's side, and put my hands into hers, that she might feel there was someone there. And she held me tight.

"When I had spoken once," went on Mrs. Coplestone severely, "I certainly had no fears but that 'twould have been enough. Indeed, you promised me that it *should* be enough, and I was unwilling to say overmuch, knowing that you are young, and therefore might have been thoughtless, and had no good friend, perhaps, to act the part of a counsellor. I might have thought that it would have been better had you sought advice more freely, but I was never one to offer it where 'twas not asked for."

This was said with a glance at Mrs. Harty, to whom she thought we turned too much. But Molly still remained silent, and she continued:—

"When at last I felt it necessary to speak, I expected you would have paid some attention to what I pointed out. I tell you plainly, Molly, that a young woman who conducts herself with so little propriety cannot hope to be welcomed into any respectable family, and though I would overlook much for the sake of your mother——"

She stopped. Molly had lifted her hand.

"If my mother or my father were here, madam, I doubt whether any would have said such words to me. Sure I am that I have given no one the right to do so."

She spoke not passionately, as I should have done after such bitter words, but slowly and sadly, and 'twas evident that Mrs. Coplestone was made uncomfortable. For she was a kind-hearted woman, and, as I said, fond of us all, only liking to rule, and vexed if her advice were not closely followed. And I think, when she saw Molly's sweet and modest face, she felt ashamed to have spoken with such violence.

"Well, child, well," she said quickly, "perhaps it was more thoughtlessness than anything else; but that is a foolish fault for one who has younger ones to guide."

"I do not think it was thoughtlessness, madam," Molly replied, still quietly. "I gave it all the thought I could."

"But Molly," cried Mrs. Coplestone, losing her dignity in amazement, "do you know what you are saying? Don't you see that 'tis shocking for you, a young girl without any woman older than your-

self in the house, to be receiving a gentleman, and letting him spend all these hours here, and dine with you—nay, for aught I know, sup?”

“That he did not!” I cried in a heat of indignation, “if ’tis M. de Lantenac of whom you are making this ado. He came in, because he had helped us so with poor grandfather, and because he was Dick’s friend, and Molly did not wish it, nor would so much as dine with us. And he went away because Mother Molly asked him not to come, and ’twas scarce four o’clock.”

I was too angry to be coherent, and Mrs. Coplestone was very angry also.

“Hoity-toity!” she exclaimed, “and is this the way you suffer your younger sisters to behave, Miss Molly? Pretty behaviour, indeed! firing up as if I were going to beat you!”

“You have done worse than beat me, I think, madam,” said Molly. “And if I have none but younger sisters left to defend me, you must not expect me to blame them, even if they do speak too warmly.”

And with that she put her arm round my neck, and drew me to her, and we clung together.

Mrs. Coplestone looked at us sharply, and got up and went to the window. She came back with a letter in her hand, which she had taken out of her bag, and spoke in quite an altered voice.

“There is a letter come from George to-day, and a message for you in it. I will leave it for you to look at, at your leisure, Moll, if you will, and you can send Harry back with it by and by, and he may stop to supper.”

Molly gave a quick longing look at the letter; but she did not put out her hand, rather drew back a little.

“No, madam,” she said, firmly; “with your opinion of me such as it is, I could not take it, though I thank you for your kindness. I do not fear his misconceiving me; but you are his mother, and if you hold my conduct to have been so blameworthy—why ’tis by that we must abide. I thank you very much, and if I may not answer this message, I leave it in your hands to explain as kindly as you can.”

She must have been wounded to the very quick, for I had never heard her speak like this before, and Mrs. Coplestone was smitten with amazement.

“Why Moll,” she said, taking a step towards her, “what has come over you? Is this the way you treat your old friends? For shame,

child—and George's mother too! Don't you know that there must be somebody to look after you and find fault, and who so fit to do it as I? Not take the letter, nor read George's message, poor fellow! Fie, fie!"

"Not if you have such thoughts of me," said Molly, with her voice tremulous.

"Pooh, child, my thoughts of you will never break your bones. Nay, then," went on Mrs. Coplestone very gravely, "will you make me ask your pardon, and me an old woman by comparison! Don't you know yet that 'tis my way to say a little more than I mean? I never thought so badly of you as all that: only you young creatures here, without any one to look after you properly, can't be too careful, for your own sakes as well as George's."

Molly was in her arms before she had finished her words, and Mrs. Coplestone kissing her. I thought perhaps 'twas better to go back to grandfather, and leave them, and the more so because I was more likely to get a rating than a kissing from Mrs. Coplestone when my turn came, if it were only for being in the room. So I sat down and tried to disentangle a puzzle which had got into my head. What had Molly, more than the rest of us, to do with George?

VII.

FRIEND OR FOE?

His ready speech flow'd fair and free.—*Scott*.

"Vrench be coming! Vrench be coming! Ees, fay!"

It made me jump, but it was only the parrot. Harry had been teaching him to say these words in Betty's manner, and 'twas most laughable to hear how the bird had caught the turn of it. He was a very handsome grey parrot with a bright crimson tail, and Father had brought him home for me in his ship. Now, when I spoke to him, he came clambering along the side of his cage nearest to me, and took my finger very gently in his mouth. The heat was so excessive at this time that we had hung him outside the house, and having practised a little on the spinet, for grandfather liked the sound of it, I had gone down into the garden, and Mother Molly had promised to come as well.

She had heard the bird upstairs, it seemed, for she came down laughing.

"Polly has caught the cry of the country," she said, perching herself on the window-sill, "but the worst of it is 'tis true, by all accounts. Mr. Boscawen told Dick to-day, that we ought to get our money out of the bank and have it in guineas in the house, ready to take away. I have some canvas here, with which to make a strong bag."

"Should we go to Dartmoor?"

"Yes, to Betty's brother."

'Twas astonishing how much of my courage had oozed out since that day with the press-gang. I no longer felt as if I should like to stay and fight.

"But grandfather, Mother Moll? Grandfather can't go."

She looked grave.

"Not yet. I asked Mr. Tregellas, and he said it would be impossible for a time. I hope we may not have to fly till he is better, but if we should——"

"What?" I asked impatiently.

"Dick and I would stay, and, Nan, you must take the little ones."

"Oh, no, no!" I cried out.

"Yes, yes, indeed," said Molly playfully. "Why you would not think of yourself before our Madge?"

"No, but you!"

"Well, we'll hope our ships may yet beat them off."

"Father will be thinking of us, Molly."

She said "Yes," softly, and there was such a sweet and happy look in her eyes, that by the light of what had struck me that day, I fancied 'twas not only of Father she thought. I was a little afraid to put the question, and yet I was burning to do it, so I looked at the garden gate and blurted it out.

"Are you going to be George Coplestone's wife, Mother Molly?"

There was a little silence: I could hear the parrot whispering to himself, "Ees, fay; Ees, fay; Ees, fay!" Molly got down from the window seat, and came and sat on the grass by my side.

"Perhaps, Nan. Some day or other. Not for a long time, dear." I think when I said no more, she was afraid I was hurt, and so I was,

a little, for I thought I might have known. She went on hurriedly, "There is nothing settled, we do not even call ourselves engaged, for George knows he must wait a great while, and 'twas thought best by everybody that nothing should be said. I did want to tell you; but when he went away, you seemed almost as much of a child as Harry: 'tis only lately, Nan, you have grown so womanly. These past few days I have longed to say something, but scarcely knew whether or no, until I had consulted Mrs. Harty. When you came into the room to-day I was sure you would understand." And then, as I still did not speak, for although I was partly prepared, it seemed to take me by surprise, she said, almost timidly, "You have always liked George, dear?"

That aroused me, and I hugged her heartily. I am sure 'twas the greatest relief to her to think that I knew it, and that there was some one to whom she could talk openly. She would not let me say all I should have liked about Mrs. Coplestone, though 'twas evident she had felt her accusation deeply. It seemed Mrs. Coplestone had spoken to her the week before about M. de Lantenac, very much vexed that he should come to the house, and Molly had always told Dick not to bring him. But Dick was so proud of his friend, and so far from thinking there could be any other inducement except his society, that he pooh-poohed all her entreaties.

"And was that why you did not wish Dick to be with him?"

"No, indeed," said she eagerly, "I could not have been so selfish. And that would not have mattered, only bringing him to the house. No, Nan, 'twas for the reason I gave you, and no other."

"Vrench be coming!" cried the parrot in high glee.

"Oh, Molly, 'tis impossible!" I said. But somehow I could not say it quite so confidently.

"Well," she said, sighing, "I hope so. But Dick is so unsuspecting, and he lets out everything to him, and says he is going to try and get him into the citadel. I am always in terror of what he may tell him, for Mrs. Coplestone says if 'twere only known how poorly we are furnished with defence, the French might sail right into Plymouth Sound. And now there has been this set at Admiral Keppel, and Sir Charles Hardy is an old man and has seen no service these twenty years, and has but a few ships. Only think, Nan, what a terrible thing 'twould be for Father"—and here she just paused a

second—"if one of us was the means of helping the French into Plymouth!"

Terrible! Why, I knew 'twould almost kill him.

I lay awake, I am sure, full half an hour that night, which was a long while for one of my age, and in spite of it I could think of nothing useful, only kept wishing I could be by to hear what Dick said when he walked with M. de Lantenac. And perhaps if I had made myself more pleasant to Dick he would have more readily made me his companion.

The heat of those days was something almost beyond bearing. In other parts of the country it was much worse, for in Plymouth there was generally a sea-breeze springing up towards evening, and we could get it by going up on the Hoe, but about noon-day in our house 'twas so intense as to give us great fears for grandfather. And every day the news grew more disquieting. The French were absolutely masters of the Channel, and might at any moment threaten Plymouth. The King's proclamation came down that at the first approach of the enemy, all horses, oxen, and cattle, not employed in defence, were to be driven and removed to some place of security. Then there was a talk of the prisoners of war being sent off to Exeter. And, as might be thought with all this alarm abroad—and not only at Plymouth, but round the English coasts generally—there were constant panics terrifying the public mind. Many of them I have forgotten, and of others I cannot remember whether 'twas this particular summer or in later years, but there was always a ludicrous side to the terror. We had an aunt living in Sussex, where one day they were frightened out of their senses by hearing the beacons were all alight, and the French no doubt close at hand. 'Twas quite true about the beacons, but no one could see the French, and it turned out that the wise people in charge on one hill, wanting a fire for some purpose, had lit a small one by the side of the beacon, and never thought they were giving the signal! And there is a better story still against the good folk at Milford Haven, who seeing, as they thought, through the gloom of night, a strange ship standing close in, banged away at it with a valiant heart all the night long, and in the morning found the enemy was none other than their own old rock which stood outside the harbour, and must have been sore surprised at such ill-treatment from his friends.

However, there is no doubt that at this time, with so many against her, with no allies, and with her navy and ports very ill-prepared, England was in the greatest danger. And though we children could not understand this, and were ready to believe the Invincible alone—with Father and George Coplestone on board—was sufficient to protect her, yet even I perceived 'twas better Dick should talk on any subject rather than our weak defences to the best Frenchman that ever breathed.

We did not see much of Dick. He spent a great deal of his time with M. de Lantenac. But one evening Molly got him to go up to the Hoe with her and me, for since Mrs. Coplestone's fault-finding she would not go there without him, and the heat and confinement to the house, and anxiety, had taken away her pretty pink colour, so that Mrs. Harty was quite uneasy about her, and, I think, gave Dick a hint.

'Twas more beautiful that evening than words can say. A thin opal-tinted haze lay all along upon the glassy water, so that the line of horizon was lost, and no one could tell which was sky and which sea. A sloop, which had been hastily armed with guns, was moving slowly out of the Sound, her white sails reflected in long lines in the water, and two or three fishing-boats, with sails the same colour as the red sandstone of our Devonshire cliffs, were coming in. Dick wanted to go down and hear whether they had brought news of the French, for 'twas by such means we often got our tidings, but Molly would not let him.

"You shall go later, if you must," she said smiling, "but now I have you, I shall keep you. Sure, Dick, 'tis too charming here for you to wish to leave, and, listen, there is the band in the distance."

They were playing their finishing tune, 'God save great George, our King,' an air which ever went straight to our hearts; and I think there was not one of us but repeated the words to ourselves, as we looked round at the fair and beautiful scene. Presently Dick said,

"I went to Andrews' to-day, Molly."

"About the waggon?"

"Yes. I found they were being bespoke so rapidly that if we did not look out we should be left in the lurch. But now I have got him to promise a good-sized one, and two stout horses."

"That is off my mind, then," Mother Molly said, with a sigh of relief; "I only pray we may be able to take grandfather, for a sudden fright might kill him; and yet, Dick, 'twill be dreadful to leave you behind with the Volunteers!"

I thought 'twas best to hold my tongue and not throw difficulties, but I made up my mind that it would be a great deal more dreadful for me to go and leave them both. Meanwhile it was difficult to realize that we might have to fly, for of all peaceful evenings this looked the most peaceful. The calm and hush deepened as the evening stole on, and all the lovely colours seemed to melt gravely into one another and die away. Lights began to twinkle on Drake's Island, and on board some little vessels moored just within its shelter; a dreamy plash of oars reached us; presently we could hear that some one was landing under the rocks at the top of which we stood. There is a little path leading up from the beach, and after a while we saw a man come up. He passed us, and then came back and took off his hat, and we found 'twas M. de Lantenac.

Molly's face I could not see, but I could hear by her voice she was not over pleased. As for Dick, he was loud in his greetings, and wanting to know where the Count had come from.

"From getting cool, my friend," he said, pleasantly. "Having been stifled all day, I called a boat and went out this evening, little thinking my fortune would prove so good to me on my return. You, madam, have come to add to the perfection of the hour."

Dick spoke a little hastily. ("Twas curious, but I think that although Dick was quite content to receive M. de Lantenac's compliments himself, he mistrusted them when they were bestowed upon other people, and I was conscious of something of the same contradiction in myself.)

"Have you heard any tidings, sir, from the fishing-boats?"

"No more than the same sort of vague reports as have been flying about the week past. In time of war, without doubt, it is always the same. Oh, my people will not come. I know them too well. I hope that you do not suffer yourself, madam, to be disquieted?"

"One must always be disquieted by uncertainty, I suppose," said Molly gravely. "And it is possible we may be put to inconvenience. But I do not *fear*, sir, if that is your meaning."

He looked towards her curiously.

"You are different from others of your sex, are you not then, madam?" he said; "but that is no more than I should have expected. And perhaps you have information beyond what is generally guessed at as to the condition of the defences?"

"No, sir," replied Molly with spirit, "that is a matter I leave to others who can understand it better. But as to fear, standing where we stand, and remembering the men who played their part here, at a time when England was in worse plight than she is now, I hope 'tis not presumptuous in me to believe that the men of Devon will show they have got the same blood in their veins, and are not more backward in driving off the invaders. We wish you good-night, sir. Come, Nan."

There was a ring in Mother Molly's voice as she said this, which made her words, though she spoke them low, sound like a trumpet. M. de Lantenac stood where we left him, without trying to answer; and when we had gone a little way, and I looked back over my shoulder, I saw him still standing motionless on the ridge of the hill, a dark shadow sharply out against the clear blueness of the evening sky.

(To be continued.)

THE KINGFISHER.



RIGHT-EYED was Willie, sunny haired,

He, the miller's one ewe-lamb;
And in the miller's cot he dwelt,
That overlooks the dam.

And standing by his father's side,
Loved to watch the river flow,
A sheet of glass above the lock,
A seething pool below.

There shining salmon, swimming up,
Leaped to gain the pool above;
He wondered why the current swept
Backward the fish that strove.

Upon a peaceful autumn day,
Stood he at the open door;
"Oh, 'father! let me go with you
To hear the 'fish-leaps' roar.

"The reapers in the meadows work,
The wood-doves coo and coo—
I'll gather blackberries and haws,
And drooping harebells blue.



"And oh! you say that fisher-birds
In the rocky woodland hide,
Where the brawling brooklet struggles
Down to the river-side.

"Beneath the bridge—such fishers I
Fain would wait to see all day,
And there I'll find smooth hart's-tongue ferns—
Oh, father! say I may."

"My child! you shall some other time,
But now must I go alone;
Look for me through the wicket-gate,
I shall not be long gone."

Poor Willie sighed. His wistful eyes
Watched the father disappear,
And from the hidden river he
A tempting voice could hear:

"Come! wander through the woods with me,
All across my grassy meads;
The merry sunbeams dance and play
Among my rustling reeds.

"See, the great snowy mountain-clouds
Drift along the azure sky,
And resting on my throbbing breast,
Most wondrous pictures lie.

"Among my gorse," the river sang,
"Fearing wrong, the partridge hides;
All wary of the angler's rod,
The gorgeous salmon glides.

"Between tall ruddy cliffs I float"
Ah! at last the latch he gained,
And over all the landscape round,
A monarch Willie reigned.

He, by the pool above the weir,
Heard the two-tongued river prose,
Trilling the moorlands whence she comes,
Thund'ring seas where she goes.

Fluttering o'er the clover-fields,
Bees and painted-ladies went,
And mirror'd in the limpid wave,
Silvery willows bent.

When sudden from a grassy cape,
Winged, a jewel shining came;
Swiftly it glittered down the stream,
All blue, and green, and flame.

Joy-stricken, Willie held his breath,
Stared, the fitting gem to spy;
And "I know what it is," he thought—
"A monster dragon-fly."

Just in the middle of the pool
Stood a boulder grey in view,
And to this barren island straight
The wingèd wonder flew.

"A bird! a bird!" entranced, the boy
Longs to have it for his own,
Resolves to cross the shallow flood
That ripples round the stone.

* * * * *

The anxious father soon returned,
Seeks in haste his wilful child:
He calls—the rushing mill-dam drowns
His cry of anguish wild.

And Willie's foot is o'er the brink;
Willie's certain end is near,
When the unconscious kingfisher,
Seized with a sudden fear,

Flies from the figure on the bank,
Speeding fast the child to save;
And tearfully the foolish boy
Turns from an early grave.

Hark! the warning river tells
Willie's story evermore,
Rolling from the purple moorland
Down to the salt seashore.

Z. A. E. N.



THE OLD MILESTONE.

"Dull, dull,
 Slow, slow!
 Three tall poplars all in a row.
 Slow, slow!
 Dull, dull—
 Three red cows and a crop-eared bull.
 From morn to noon, and noon to night,
 Nothing more lively heaves in sight;
 Nothing more lively or jolly than these
 Bellowing cattle and spindling trees!
 Oh! oh! oh! oh!
 It's dismally dull and horribly slow,
 Slow, slow! dull, dull!
 A crop-eared—poplar—a spindling—bull,
 Oh! oh!"



HAT'S the song the poor old milestone sang to himself. It wasn't very lively, but it was the best he could make. He was stuck by the side of a road, nine miles from a great town, as you might see from the IX carved on his face. There used to be a great many coaches and carriages, and post-chaises and waggons passing at all hours of the day, and he had rather a pleasant time of it, for, you know, the figures on a milestone are his eyes, and he could see all that passed. But a railway had been made, and all the coaches and carriages and chaises and gigs and waggons were stopped, and nobody passed along the road now, and the grass began to grow upon it. And the surveyors and turnpike people didn't care for the old milestone, and the moss covered his face and got into his eyes, so that he could hardly see even the poplars and the crop-eared bull that he made his song about. And it was a very weary life for him, and his heart of stone grew heavier and heavier, till it became almost a heart of lead, and he lost his words while he was trying to sing his old song.

But one day, while he was singing, "Dull, dull! slow, slow!" there came a little girl, and sat on the ground just in front of him. She had a basket in her hand full of forget-me-nots and stitch-wort, and she sat down to tie them in a bouquet with a rush. And her dog seated himself opposite to her, as if to watch what she was doing.

Now the dog was an ugly little brute, a black-and-tan terrier with a long tail, and he was of no particular use, for he was afraid of a rat, and rather fond of tramps and beggars, and so he didn't bark at them. But he loved his little mistress very dearly, and she loved him in spite of his ugliness.

And the poor old milestone's heart began to grow softer, and the cockles of it, such as they were, to grow warm, as he looked at the little girl and heard her talking to her dog. "Now, Nigger," she said, "you're not handsome, and I don't think you can go in for goodness. Your tail is a great deal too long, and it's all your own fault; for if nobody would cut it, you might at least have got some other dog to bite a piece of it off when you were a puppy. But you're a very dear little dog, all the same; and I'll make you a collar of forget-me-nots, and then you'll not be so ugly;—and here, you may eat this piece of biscuit while I am making it."

And she plaited a sort of rope of rushes, and wove the forget-me-nots into it, and tied it round the dog's neck, as he licked her hand, and held up his foot to "shake a paw" with her, and she finished her bouquet and off they went together, and the poor old milestone was left again in his loneliness.

People talk of angels' visits, but this visit of the little girl and her dog was something of the same sort to the poor old milestone, and he never forgot the sound of her voice and the sight of her dear blue eyes, and it cheered him to think of them, and to hope that perhaps some day she might come again. But weeks and months passed away and she never appeared, and the moss grew quite over his eyes and all was dark and sad to him. And one day a drunken carter fell asleep on his cart, and the horses ran away, and the wheels of the cart caught against the old milestone and broke him off level with the ground, and there he lay, like one of Jack the Giant-killer's giants, flat on his back, with his legs cut off by the sword of sharpness.

Poor old fellow! there he lay ever so long, and if it was dull work for him before, it was worse now. And he had hardly spirit enough left in him even to make a rhyme; he could just mutter,

"Dull! slow!

Slow! dull!

I can't see a tree or even a bull.

Slow! dull!

Dull! slow!

And whether it's morning or night I don't know."

But a good time was coming for him at last. One day he felt something scratching at his eyes, and the light began to shine through them, and he began to hear a voice—(I forgot to tell you that his IX was both eyes and ears to him)—and at last he saw and heard quite plain; and what do you think it was? There was his own little girl sitting on him, and scraping his IX with her knife, and she was talking to an old man with grey hair, and she said, "Papa, I wish I might have this old milestone in my rockery; he's no use here, and he'd look quite handsome among the other stones. The road-people can't want him now they've put up that ugly cast-iron thing in front of him."

(I think it was well for the old milestone that he had not known this; he would have been sadly jealous of the black and white iron thing taking his place.)

And her papa said, "Well, here's the surveyor coming; you may ask him." And the surveyor of course said he'd no objection if the young lady wished it. And so a cart was sent down that same afternoon, and the old milestone was carried into the rockery, and set up with his face towards the croquet-ground and the little girl's garden. And now he was indeed happy, for every day he could see her face and hear her voice, and she would often come close to him and put her trowel or her gloves on his head; and, from some fancy or other, she always kept his IX clean, so that he could see and hear all that passed. And when she was not there, there were always bright flowers to look at, or lazy old James the gardener to chuckle at, as he stood with his hand in his waistcoat-pocket, and his head on one side, thinking what he should do next, or whether he should do anything at all; and so his life passed very happily. And sometimes fine ladies and gentlemen came to play croquet just in front of him, and it was very pleasant to see their smart dresses and hear their jokes. But the thing he loved best of all was to hear and see his own little girl as she played with her dog, or worked in her garden; and I think he was quite right—don't you? And, for all I know to the contrary, there he is now.

T. C. S. K.

EVENING HYMN FOR CHILDREN.



HE night is here, the day is done,
On all is darkness spread;
My work and play are finished too,
And I must seek my bed.

But ere I go to sleep, nurse says
(And what nurse says is right)
That I must ask of our dear LORD
Pardon and rest to-night.

I'm not afraid, though it is dark;
For well I know He sees,
And hears, and answers, lovingly,
His child upon her knees.

I thank Thee, LORD, for all Thy care
And love for me to-day;
For food and clothes and many friends
To help me on my way.

I thank Thee for the trees and flowers,
The beasts, and birds that fly.
The sunshine and the fragrant fruit
All tell me Thou art nigh.

My naughty ways and careless words,
This day, O LORD, forgive;
Oh, teach me, make me, day by day
A better life to live.

If selfish or unfeeling, LORD,
I've hurt a friend or foe,
Bring to my mind Thy gentle words
Spoken long, long ago.

Bless those I love, those who love me,
My parents, sisters, friends.
To those I neither know nor love
Give peace which never ends.

All that I am and have are Thine;
If by Thy love I'm blessed,
In life, in death, by day, by night,
To Thee I leave the rest.

AUGUSTIN B. FRY.

COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

*All replies must be signed with initials, and sent to the EDITOR, ECCLES-FIELD, SHEFFIELD, by the 20th of February. Each set must be accompanied by a separate paper giving full name and address, and stating whether the competitor is over or under 14 years of age. The marks will be published in April. It is also requested that care shall be taken to pay the full amount of postage, and that the replies, if written on more than one sheet, shall be fastened together.**

QUESTIONS ON GEOLOGY.—FEBRUARY.

1. EFINE the term "organic rocks."
2. To what class of rocks do you refer coal? What is coal made of, and how was it deposited?
3. Account for the fact that different seams of coal lie often one above another, stating what surface changes have probably taken place, so as to cause them to lie so.
4. What is chalk made of?
5. How far has the examination of "Atlantic ooze" thrown light upon the history of chalk formation?
6. What class of fossils are usually found in coal-mines?

In answer to "H. M. B.'s" inquiry, the examiner would say that the answers to questions are judged by the amount of knowledge and research they show. Let them be as full as possible, so long as they are to the point. If it is necessary to suggest a limit of length, "H. M. B." may imagine an examination in which three or four hours are allowed for writing the answers to the six questions.

* The books recommended to competitors are the 'Primer of Geology' and the 'Primer of Physical Geography,' published by Macmillan & Co.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.*

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."



AR from the breezy fields, where happy children play,
Among the birds and flowers, through the peaceful
day—

(Ah! would that they might never breathe a sigh of
pain,

Or bear a heavier burden than a daisy chain!)—
Far from the tranquil village church, whence softly rise
The youthful angel-voices, soaring to the skies;—
Amid the restless, toil-fraught city's endless din,
Its scenes of wealth and want, of innocence and sin;
Where e'en the birds and blossoms pine and droop and die,
As though they shrink, oppressed by so great misery;—
There stands a lofty mansion, palace, fair to view,
For those who scarce before of home or comfort knew:
For those whose wond'ring, gladdened eyes might surely deem
Its shel'tring, hallowed walls a fairy-land, or dream!
Where glitt'ring gifts and freshest flowers appear each day,
To cheer in time of pain, or while the hours away;—
And some, alas! who never heard that now in Heaven
Dwells One who died on earth, for all to be forgiven.
Whose kindest word, whose fondest thought and deed e'er fell
In blessing "little children," whom He loved so well:
Who bade us never e'en "offend" "the least" of all,
But in our watchful care of them, His name recall.
Here gentle hearts and ever-willing hands are found,
And holy words that spread their message far around;
With aught that tenderness and zeal can do to save
The soul for God, if not the body from the grave.
They guard, and with their utmost might—in vain for some,—
The small, frail hope of life, for better days to come.
The noblest, proudest right that woman well may seek,
Is thus to help the helpless, and to aid the weak.
The mother foremost, for her own prized darling's sake,
If spared to bless; still more, if lost, the heart to break.

* Great Ormond Street, London.

And she who walks apart her solitary way,
 May find a recompense which will, in part, repay.
 Leave the rough spheres of toil, his fitter work, to man,
 And give thine hand to serve where only woman can.
 Though few, perchance, like Florence Nightingale, can claim
 The wide world's grateful homage round a cherished name;
 Yet all can make some "wilderness rejoice and sing,"
 If they but give the cost of one vain, useless thing.
 And when the story of thine inner life is told,
 That mite shall bring thee blessing, more than pearls and gold.
 "The voice of joy and health" shall rise, when earth grows dim,
 If thou hast tried to save the "little ones" for Him.

AUGUSTA A. L. MAGRA.

FRENCH BOOKS FOR ENGLISH SCHOOLROOMS.



OUR 'British Workman' finds an equivalent in France in the shape of 'L'ami de la Maison,' which only costs 2s. 6d. a year, and would be welcome in all homes where there were French servants. 'Le rayon du Soleil,' at the same price, is meant for children, and its engravings would alone make it worth having. If procured direct from France, it should be ordered from M. Blundell (4 Place du Théâtre, Palais Royal, Paris). Both periodicals appear monthly.

Among French books for children which have lately come under our notice are 'Les Poches de mon Oncle,' 'La petite Fille aux grand'mères,' and 'Bois Gentil' (M^{me}. de Pressensé). The first is harmless, but as a boy's book is not a success, and the second just misses being very good, from a want of humour in the contrast between the two grandmothers. Probably the fear, not altogether unfounded, of leading children to criticise their elders, prevents French writers from drawing true characters of grown-up people with much detail in story, but this is no reason why there should be so little

plot. 'La Maison roulante' is more successful in this respect, but very improbable, and if we are to get into the regions of improbability we prefer actual fairy tales, such as the deservedly popular 'Bouillie de la Comtesse Berthe,' by Dumas. 'Bois Gentil' is a really pretty story, though not worked out enough, and the naughty, very naughty girl is too suddenly reformed. For elder girls we can recommend 'Ce pauvre Vieux,' by M^{me}. Fleuriot (2s.), the hero of which is a learned old man, who is looked on as in his dotage by all but his loving little grandchild, because he is convinced that mineral wealth will be found in a certain district belonging to him. In the continuation, 'Marga,' we find that the mines, when discovered, have brought little happiness, for Marga discovers that her hand is sought only for the sake of her fortune, and after her grandfather's death she enters a convent. This is not indeed the end which an English reader would desire, but if girls read Roman Catholic books at all, they will of course find another tone of thought in them to what they meet with in our own, and it does them no harm to talk over such points with a

sensible friend. Another book may be recommended to the elder members of schoolrooms, 'Pernette,' a tale in verse, by that charming writer, Victor de Laprade. This is the story of a 'réfractaire,' i.e. a conscript who, rather than serve in Napoleon's unjust wars of aggression, takes to the woods. It is a pity that so high-minded and pure a poet as M. de Laprade is so little known in England. The 'Bibliothèque Rose' has brought out several new works, such as 'En Quarantaine,' by M^{me}. de Witt, a story turning on the games and stories invented to amuse some half-dozen children in quarantine for six weeks on account of scarlet fever. Grandfather, grandmother, mother and eldest sister are all occupied in helping them to get through this imprisonment contentedly. Another volume, by M^{me}. Martignot, 'Les Vacances d'Elisabeth,' relates the adventures of a remarkably naughty girl, whose brother is as insubordinate as herself. She expects to find that he is spending his holidays as usual with his

grandfather. But his misconduct has tired out his elders' patience, and they will put up with him no longer. Refused a home, he has gone no one can tell her where. In course of time she succeeds in finding him, poor and sorrowful, and brings him home, to be the joy of their family. 'La Maison modèle,' by M^{lle}. Marie Maréchal, is a story of the same kind; a spoiled and insufferable child is corrected by misfortune, wins the heart of all her relations, and all ends happily. The New Year is sure to bring numbers of new gift-books, and little children will enjoy the newly published 'Bibliothèque Blanche' (Hetzl, at two francs, or three if bound). Eight volumes have appeared, of which we may mention 'Les Clients d'un vieux Poitiers,' by La Bédollière, and Lemoin's 'La Guerre pendant les Vacances.' It is much to be wished that the beautiful story of 'Maroussia,' by Stahl, should appear in a cheap edition; it now costs seven francs unbound. We shall give a fuller account of this book at another time. M. R.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



LADY" is very anxious to obtain votes for the admission of an idiot into Earlswood Asylum at the next election, and

will be grateful to any Subscribers who will give their help. The case is a very sad one, the child being one of a family of ten. Further particulars can be had on application to "Zoé," care of the Editor, Ecclesfield, Sheffield.

"Nellie" thanks an anonymous friend for the splendid packet of wool sent in November towards making soft balls for sick children.

"Agate," who offered babies' jackets

crocheted in wool last month at 6d. each, has been obliged to raise the price to 9d., finding that the first sum did not cover the cost of the material. 27 Green Park, Bath.

"One of Mother Carey's Chickens" thanks "M. L." and "M. C." for the epitaphs that they have sent. She will be glad to receive more, and to copy some in exchange for those already in her collection. Address Miss Attwell, Nassau House, Barnes, S.W.

AUNT JUDY apologizes for her suspicion, and sends as a peace-offering the following epitaph, which is the quaintest she has ever met with. It is on the tombstone of a musician named

Hattersley, in Holmesfield Churchyard, Derbyshire.

"To the down Bow of death
His Forte gave way;
All the Graces in sorrow were drown'd;
Hallelujah Crescendo
Shall be his glad lay
When Da Capo the Trumpet shall sound."

"Hem and Gem" want to hear of a good and inexpensive book on sea-weeds, illustrated, and more systematic than 'Common Objects of the Sea-shore.' AUNT JUDY fears that they have asked for what is not to be had; the cost and labour of *producing* a scientific book with illustrations is too great to allow of its being sold at a small price. The best book for beginners that AUNT JUDY knows is 'British Sea-weeds,' by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, in two volumes, with a coloured illustration to each sea-weed, price £2 10s. (Bell & Sons, York Street, Covent Garden).

If "The Sandy Cat" (1) refers to the current number of the 'Monthly Packet,' she will find that 'Cameos from English History' are being continued. (2) The simplest method of procuring 'The Darley Girl's Own Annual' is to apply to the publisher, Mr. Wells Gardner, 2 Paternoster Buildings, London. (3) Can our readers recommend some good water-colour copies of animals? Horses and dogs preferred.

"M. E. G." wishes to remind our readers of her appeal on behalf of the "Royal Charitable Repository" at Leamington, which appeared in the November 'Correspondence.' The institution is for the sale of work done by ladies who are in reduced circumstances and wish to help themselves. Full particulars were given in November: and in the same number "M. E. G." offered copies of 'The Exiles of St. Germain's' and 'The Ladye Shakerley,' post-free for 2s. 6d., the proceeds to be divided between the Charitable Repository, and the Children's Hospital in

Great Ormond Street, London. Address, *The Oaks, Leamington.*

"Emma C. Y." Morgan le Fay, or the Fairy Morgana, is one of the mystic beings spoken of as dwelling in the Vale of Avalon, or Apples. Morgana figures in the French version of the legend. She is said to have bewitched a knight, Ogier le Danois, who had been carried into the valley by his steed Papillon. The fairy gave him a golden crown, which, when placed upon his head, caused him to become oblivious of the lapse of time and of all his past life. His battles and love of glory were alike forgotten, until one day the crown fell from his head, when his recollection returned, and he went back to France to discover that two hundred years had expired since he left it. The whole race of Charlemagne and their greatness had passed away; and unable to find rest in his native land, the knight returned again to Avalon, and remained for ever with the fairy Morgana. Mr. Baring Gould gives an interesting account of this and other versions of the legend in his chapter on 'The Fortunate Isles,' in 'Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.'

"Addie" offers sheets of foreign postage-stamps, containing 48 varieties, at 4d. a sheet. A. M. E., 14, Westbourne Terrace Road, London, W.

"C." offers the following dolls' clothes for sale: crocheted jackets 6d. & 8d. each; baby shoes 9d.; stockings 10d. and 1s. Address care of the Editor, Ecclesfield, Sheffield.

Additional members are wanted for a small drawing club, of medium attainments. A list of rules and any desired information can be had on application to *The Secretary, Old House, Swanbourne, Winslow.*

"W. S." offers 38 crests and monograms, in exchange for foreign stamps. W. Stewart, The Rowans, Parsonage Road, Withington, Manchester.

"Fanohette" wishes to sell or exchange (the latter preferred) a canary for any old numbers of 'AUNT JUDY'S MAGAZINE' that contain tales of the 'Scaramouches,' or of the 'Khoja and his Friends.' 143, *Harley Street, London, W.*

"M. A. B. offers a volume of sixteen sacred songs by Handel, for 1s. Address care of the *Editor*.

"F. E. C." (1) is very anxious to obtain a copy of 'Two Lectures on the Influence of Poetry upon the Working-classes,' by the Rev. F. W. Robertson. The book is now out of print. "F. E. D." will gladly give 3s. for it, or exchange some book of the same value for it, paying cost of postage. (2) She offers to exchange riddles for others. *Chad Hill, Edgbaston, Birmingham.*

"F. G. H. D." (1) is making a large scrap-book for children, and will be glad to receive contributions of pictures, coloured or otherwise. (2) She offers a fine healthy death's head moth pupa for 2s., and a large elephant hawk pupa for 1s. *Miss F. G. H. D'Aeth, Knowlton Court, Wingham, Kent.*

"Tilly Slowboy" is making a scrap-book for the patients in the Children's Hospital, and will be grateful for pictures, coloured or otherwise, to put in it. Care of the *Editor*.

"E. M. R." offers to sell the following books, or to exchange them for 'AUNT JUDY'S MAGAZINE,' 1874, 1875 and 1876, or for any volumes of 'Good Words for the Young,' save 1871: 'The Quiver,' Vol. VIII., 5s.; 'Barchester Towers,' 1s.; 'The Round Robin' for 1872, 4s.; 'Jack Brag,' 1s.; 'Penny Readings,' 6d.; 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 6d.; 'Exiles of Siberia,' 6d.; 'Ruth Hall,' 6d.; 'Stories from Jewish History,' 9d.; 'Old Merry's Annuals,' 1867 to 1870 inclusive, 2s. 6d. each. 76, *Wickham Road, Brockley, London, S.E.*

AUNT JUDY is glad to be able to comply with an "American Mother's" request by inserting some more of "M. R.'s" hints on French reading this month.

"M. M.," who inquired for French Magazines in December, may also be glad to see what "M. R." has to say.

"B." will be glad to receive contributions of coloured pictures towards making a screen for a county hospital. *Miss B. P. Thickthorn, Kenilworth.*

"Gwenllian" offers a perfectly new copy of 'Mistress Margery,' by E. S. Holt (3s. 6d.) in exchange for 'The Rose Garden,' or any book by the same author, or for one by Mrs. Ewing or Mrs. O'Reilly. *West Sea, Egremont, Cheshire.*

Quotation wanted:

"So clad he was, that both on breast and limb
Steel glittered, but his head as yet was bare.
And in his face was just so much of care
As seemed to show he had got that to do
He feared but little well to carry through,
But which must have his heed a little while."

"The Three Swallows" (1) will not have to wait much longer as the writer is better, and AUNT JUDY hopes that the tale will recommence in April and be continued through the rest of the year. (2) The donation kindly sent for the Hospital has arrived safely. (3) The little boy Herbert, who is spoken of in Part III. of 'Hospital Pets,' was the first occupant of AUNT JUDY's Boy's Cot. He is mentioned in all the Reports of the Cot Patients from August 1872 until March 1873, when his death occurred. His memory is still fresh in the minds of all those who had to do with him.

"E. M." of Brussels. The cost of permanently endowing a special Cot in the Children's Hospital is £1000; that of annually maintaining one, £40 per annum. The authorities are glad to allow the donors to give whatever name they may choose to the Cot they support. There are 28 special Cots in the Hospital now, of which AUNT JUDY's Girl's one was

the first. Five are permanently endowed. Twelve are supported by life donations, and eleven by annual contributions.

The solution of the Double Acrostic in December sent by "Chesham" was correct, but that from "C. E. M." and "E. M." was wrong in the last light.

"C. M. S." The berries of the red arbutus are certainly not poisonous, but edible, and probably would make into very nice jam. They are offered for sale in the market at Killarney and other places.

"G. W." and "Crab" both ask for the rules of an Easy Essay Society in which members are admitted of 13 years of age.

"F. P." offers (1) 'The Gipsy Rondo' by Haydn for No. 74 of 'Sacred Songs,' in Boosey's 'Musical Cabinet,' or any shilling book of sacred songs; (2) a fretwork saw-frame in exchange for 'A Flat Iron for a Farthing,' or 3s. in cash; (3) to send the rules of a Daily Practising Society on receipt of a stamp for postage. *Miss F. Peake, Oak Grove, Chepstow.*

"A. Z." offers knitted woollen socks, men's size, 1s. 7d. a pair; in finer wool, 2s. 3d.; socks for children at lower prices according to size. Also gentlemen's 'Tam O'Shanter' caps in coloured, or heather yarn, 2s. 7d.; in grey or brown wool, 2s. The proceeds for a charity. Address care of the *Editor*.

The author of 'Mademoiselle Mori' wishes to recommend a German Correspondence Class (not advanced). Address for particulars, with *stamped envelope*, *Miss Thongar, 2 Ingatestone Place, Torquay.*

Report of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Cots at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street, London, January 11th, 1879.

As there is not much to say this time

about the AUNT JUDY Children, we will at once proceed to give a short account of the Hospital Christmas Treat, which took place on the 9th of this month. The old programme was followed. First came the good tea for the Hospital inmates, and for about twelve old patients who had been fortunate enough to receive invitations. At five o'clock an immense Christmas-tree was lighted up, laden with pretty little toys of every kind imaginable, many of which we suspect our AUNT JUDY friends know something about. We only wish the "Dumplings," "Cheshire Cats," "Cronics," "White Roses," and other kindly odd-named creatures who interest themselves in the Hospital, could have seen the assemblage of delighted children, all, excepting quite the elder ones, clad in new red flannel jackets, thanks again to AUNT JUDY helpers. When the fun of the tree was over, a magic lantern was exhibited, which produced the loud and shrill bursts of applause common on these occasions; and the sudden appearance on the sheet of a likeness of the Queen, called forth the hearty singing of the National Anthem. "Kicky Donkey" was to be seen, perched at the foot of another child's cot, and he opened his eyes so wide that one might have thought he never could close them again. Johnny, the boy who swallowed the bit of ivory, was also present, looking very happy, and much better than he did some weeks ago, we are glad to say. And the James who can walk more easily on his hands than on his feet, was another of the spectators.

Among the old patients was Willie W——, so long the occupant of the AUNT JUDY Boy's Cot. He was of course perfectly at home in the Victoria Ward (where the festivities were held), and greeted everyone in his old strange hoarse whisper, for the poor fellow's throat is still quite unlike that of any ordinary child.

The largest and best toys were temptingly arranged on a table, and were all marked with the children's names. The distribution of these treasures took place after the magic lantern had been shown, and the treat was then brought to a close. In a wonderfully short time, the aspect of the ward was completely changed. All the merry guests had disappeared, the children who belonged to other wards had been carried back to their own cots, the blaze of light was gone, and order and silence reigned as on other evenings.

"Are you not very sleepy?" said a visitor, on leaving, to one of the patients.

"O no," said the little girl, with an air of offended dignity: "I sit up till eleven o'clock at home minding the baby, while my mamma finishes her work."

We must say that it would be well if this mamma understood that "early to bed" is the right thing for young children.

Two days later, the Highgate Treat took place, and all went off as pleasantly as possible. The very tree that had given such delight at Great Ormond Street, appeared again at Cromwell House, and was as richly covered with glittering presents the second time as the first. By the bye, it is now arranged that a third part of the gifts of clothing, toys, &c., which arrived at the Ormond Street Hospital, is to be forwarded to Highgate. This is, as our readers will doubtless see, a very fair plan, as the work of the two Institutions is one and the same in all important respects, and the Cromwell House patients have been invariably passed on from the sister Hospital.

Among the children at the Highgate Treat we observed our old friend "Dusters," who was in boisterously good spirits. Quite as happy, but in a gentler way, was pretty little Annie, another old acquaintance of ours—the child who fell out of the window when walking in her sleep.

We hope that the imagining of these joyous scenes may give real pleasure to our good helpers, who keep so warm a corner of their hearts for our poor Hospital Children, and provide not only for their actual needs, but also for their innocent amusements.

Contributions to the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Account in aid of the Building Fund received to January 15, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Ethel M. Down, Oakridge (monthly)	0	1	6
A. White Rose (for three months)	0	3	0
Laura (quarterly)	0	12	0
Ditto (donation)	0	8	0
Mrs. Howlett (annual)	1	1	0
Alliest (annual)	2	2	0
Nellie (monthly)	0	1	0
Hester (monthly)	0	1	0
W. Hamilton Thompson (monthly)	0	1	0
Harriet (quarterly)	0	3	0
Anonymous (annual)	0	5	0
Sandy Cat (for two months)	0	2	0
Five young Bees (monthly)	0	1	0
Two Yorkshire Dumplings (monthly)	0	0	6
E. M. D. (monthly)	0	2	0
M. D. (monthly)	0	1	0
A Chip (annual)	0	10	0
An Anonymous Gift	0	15	0
A Christmas Box	1	0	0
Ada, Elsie and Charlie Parkins	0	6	0
Nellie and Bertie	2	2	0
Miss Mary Gordon	0	14	6
Hilda and Moselle	0	5	0
Mrs. Cattermole	0	5	0
H. G.	0	2	0
Gakie, Mamie and Joeey	0	2	6
May Burrows, the Grange, Malvern	0	2	6
Mabel Biggs, North Allerton	0	0	10
Charles Couchman 5s., Henry B. Couchman 4s., Ernest H.			

	£	s.	d.	
Couchman 2s. 6d., Francis				Manchester, 24 Christmas cards.
D. Couchman 2s., Philip H.				Miss Julia Pellatt, eight Christmas cards.
Couchman 1s., Malcolm C.				Miss Winifred Robertson, eight Christmas cards.
Couchman 6d., Henry N.				Nellie, a parcel of warm clothing, also some dolls and toys.
Couchman 6d.	0	15	6	Harold S., muffatees and picture-cards.
P. H. S. (collected)	3	1	3	Mrs. Stone, Bisham, twelve flannel vests.
W. J. A.	0	5	0	Mrs. Powell, Bisham Vicarage, six flannel vests.
Hetty Pepper (collected) . .	0	10	0	Ada and Elsie Perkins, two quilts and one blanket.
"For the love of little Jemmy" .	1	1	0	E. M. Burrows, Christmas cards.
Conny Currey	0	2	6	Bessy Gordon Cameron, a warm petticoat.
A Trap-door Spider	0	1	0	Kilburn Vicarage, Easingwold, a box of clothing.
Black Retriever Dog	0	1	0	Bessie, Charley, Bertie and Ernest, books and toys.
Five little Fish	0	4	0	The young Snarks, a hamper of toys.
M. E. G., from sale of copies of 'Lady Shakerley's Diary' and 'Exiles of St. Ger- mains'	0	10	0	Miss Perry and ten friends, a large number of dolls and toys for the Christmas-tree.
Fanny and Aggy Ogilvey . .	0	10	0	P. L. B., eight red jackets.
Collected by a Tabby Cat . .	0	6	0	Three Fox Terriers, a scrap-book.
Three Swallows (for Samaritan Fund)	0	10	0	Two Donerties, some warm garments and two scrap-books.
Florie, Bushey Heath	0	1	0	
A Happy Family.	0	4	3	
A Bunch of Daisies	0	1	1½	
Three Scaramouches in New Zealand and their mother .	0	6	8	
Mrs. Powell, Dorking, six flannel jackets.				
Alice and Flora Walter, dolls, toys, boxes of sweets, &c.				
Nellie, 100 dolls, 100 cards, 24 boxes, 84 bags of sweets, 12 books.				
A. H. W. and A. M. W.,				





"IN ANOTHER INSTANT WE COULD SEE ITS BLACK OUTLINE TOSSING UP AND DOWN UPON THE WAVES, AND HEAR THE SPLASH OF THE OARS." Page 269.

MOTHER MOLLY.

By the Author of 'The Rose Garden,' 'Through Rough Waters,' &c.

VIII.

IN M. DE LANTENAC'S HANDS.

"Oh, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine,
Stand aside, good bearer."—*Love's Labour's Lost*.



THE month wore on without much change beyond the deepening of alarm on all sides, and the departure of one or two families to Exeter and elsewhere: among them, of one old man whose age, they said, was much beyond a hundred. Grandfather was so far restored, that he was able to sit in his own place downstairs, and even to go for a drive in the coach which Mr. Radcliffe, of Warleigh, sent him for the purpose. This was a great relief to my mind, for it had seemed a most dreadful thing to me that I should be sent away, and grandfather and Mother Molly left behind. But now it looked as if we should go together, except poor Dick. And Mrs. Harty also lay heavy on our thoughts, for she would always say that the journey would be far worse to her than the French. And the most that Mother Molly could make her promise was, that if it came to extremities, she would drive away to Warleigh.

Those that have not felt it can scarce tell what a strange feeling it gives to look round and think that, in a few days, the house you are living in may be burnt and pillaged, and to be expecting, at any moment of the day or night, to be roused by news of the enemy. And yet, what is stranger still is how quickly you get used to this state of alarm, and how little it disturbs you. Some of our neighbours said they should not fly till the French were quite in, and masters of the harbour; but Mother Molly made up her mind not to leave it so long, but to go directly they appeared in sight, because any violent haste or panic might be too great a shock for grandfather, so Mr. Tregellas told her. The great hope of all the townspeople lay in the French thinking Plymouth better prepared for defence than was the case. Whether the King's government did not believe that the French really intended to attack, or what, 'tis impossible to say, but they made no

preparations all this time, and I believe there were scarce two rounds of ammunition in the citadel, and perhaps less.

Very unfortunately, Mrs. Coplestone fell foul of Dick on the subject of M. de Lantenac. She had known him, of course, like the rest of us, all his life, and could not think of him as he thought of himself, with the weight of nineteen years upon him. So she spoke to him sharply about his folly in fancying that a man so much older as the Count, should care for his society, except as a means of furthering his own ends; and this set Dick in a fume of indignation. He came home to us, and gave Mrs. Coplestone all the hard names he could think of, vowing he would never go to her house again, and I know not what; and all that Molly could say was of no avail in calming the storm. There was no one in Plymouth like M. de Lantenac, he declared, and he would trust him as a brother; and England had no better friend. This must be said for Dick, that I don't think there was another person in Plymouth shared Mrs. Coplestone's and Molly's opinions; 'twas really strange to see how complete a confidence M. de Lantenac had won. He often said himself he should not rest until he got himself naturalized as a British subject. Then Dick had been forced to see his feelings about Mother Molly, and that made him believe that 'twas only jealousy on the part of George Coplestone's mother.

Molly was very uneasy, more so than I knew, though she talked to me openly, and said 'twas her greatest comfort.

By this time it had got well into August, and Harry and I to the end of our holidays. One afternoon Madge and I went to Mrs. Harty's again, and as I had some pages of Lowther's Grammar to learn by heart, much against my will, Molly said I should take it and learn it there, while Mrs. Harty read, and Madge stayed with Mrs. Smith. And I remember that day, before we started, going into the kitchen, where Betty was busy with hatchet and hammer cleaving the great loaves of white sugar, and I fell upon the nippers with which to crack the smaller pieces. Loveday was upstairs, and Betty confided to me that she was packing her clothes.

"Her'll be off the first. Her've no more villin' than they nippers. That day you was arl dringed up in the choorch, her never thought nothin' 'bout Passun Ridley nor nobody but herself. I should be stunn'd to be so self-seekin'. Night an' day her'm talking 'bout her old itemy things."

It was evident we should not have much help from Loveday.

The heat had passed, and the weather was too damp and stormy for Mrs. Harty to be sitting in her garden. She sat at her window instead, where 'twas very cheery, and where she could overlook her pleasant garden as she read or knitted. She had had Mr. Cookworthy there that morning, bringing her a little piece of his beautiful china, which stood on a little table by her side, and she shewed it to me with a smile.

"Not very wise, Nan, is it, to gather more together, when all runs a chance of being carried off by our enemies? But I have set my heart upon saving this, and some others like it, to be my wedding present to Mother Molly."

This seemed to bring it so near that I could only stare in wonder, and Mrs. Harty fairly laughed.

"Don't you expect to have the wedding some day?"

"Not for a long while," I said indignantly. "Molly said so."

"Do you know why, Nan?"

"Because George is away."

"He will not be always away, let us hope. No, my dear, 'tis because she is Mother Molly, and she knows you can't spare her. So the sooner you can fit yourself for filling her place, the more you will be furthering her happiness. Now do you learn your grammar lesson, and I'll take a book, and when you have finished we'll have a pleasant chat."

'Twas settled that Madge and I should stay to supper, and be sent back with James; but at a little after seven, Harry arrived, quite breathless, to say that Molly wanted me at once. And he made so many faces and signs at me behind Mrs. Harty's back, that I got quite bewildered, and I am sure she saw there was something. But she said nothing, only wrapped my cloak round, and kissed me tenderly. And she would still keep Madge, who was nothing loth, having come upon some knowledge of a junket and scalded cream in the pantry.

"What's the matter?" I said, catching Harry's arm as soon as we got outside the gate.

"Wait and hear from Mother Molly," he said stolidly.

"No, now. I can't wait. Do tell me, dear Harry."

He liked so dearly to tease, that I don't believe he would have told

me if he had not been burning to speak. And even now he made me guess first.

I guessed grandfather wrongly, and Polly wrongly, and then I guessed Dick, and he nodded hard.

"Is he ill again?" I asked, but all the while I knew that was not it.

"Ill? No. Sure, girls *are* sillies!"

"Then it is M. de Lantenac," I said, and he nodded again. I caught his arm and shook him. "Harry, do speak! What is it?"

He saw that I was past waiting, and kept back no longer. So far as I could make out, what had happened was this: Dick had come home a little while ago full of triumph. He had been over the citadel with a gentleman who understood all the defence works most thoroughly, and had shewn him as they went how they would be brought to bear. And Dick was so pleased to have the means of confirming certain points and explaining others which he had discussed before with M. de Lantenac, that on his way home he went to the merchant's house where he was lodging, to talk it over with him, but he was out. Molly had got all white, as Harry described it, while she listened, but when she heard this she clasped her hands and said, then he had not seen him? No, Dick said, but he had gone in and written him a note, and left it there. It seemed that this information cast her down terribly, and she besought Dick to go and get his note again, and think of what he might be doing. He only laughed and patted her cheek, and said she and Mrs. Coplestone were the two silliest women in all Plymouth. And she need not mind the French knowing about the batteries, for there was scarcely any shot in the place to fire from them. "And you told him this, too!" cried Molly, with a sort of groan. Dick answered proudly that she might have heard him say many times that he trusted M. de Lantenac as he would trust his brother, and then he went out of the house, and Mother Molly sent Harry for me, and that was all he knew.

It did not take long to get to the house, and Molly was at the garden-gate watching. I had never seen her look as she did then, her face had no colour left in it. She came flying out when she saw us coming, and caught me by the arm.

"I thought you would never be here," she cried. "Nan, for pity's sake, think of something! It seems to me, whichever way I turn, my hands are tied."

"Oh, Molly," I said, "why should you think so evil of M. de Lantenac?"

"I am certain, certain," she said impatiently. "I can't talk of all that now. Think of what this will be for Father. And there it is in Dick's own handwriting, worse even than if he had but told him. If it had been any but M. de Lantenac, I would have gone to him and besought him for that letter on my knees."

Molly was like one distraught; and seeing this, made me think much worse of it than I had done when Harry told me. I felt that we must do something. Dick had not come back, it seemed, and no one knew where he was; but as he had written the note and left it, we did not think he could have meant to go back there.

"If I had asked him more quietly, he might have given way," said Molly sadly. "I thought of running to Mr. Bedford's or to Mr. Buller's; but that would shew all, and perhaps be no use."

"Harry and I will go and try to get back the letter," I said. "Now, Moll, you must not say nay."

She shook her head.

"He will not give it to you."

"Perhaps he has not got it yet. Come, Harry."

Mother Molly wrung her hands.

"I cannot bear to send you where I dare not go myself. If I took you or Harry——"

But she was thinking of Mrs. Coplestone, as I knew. And grandfather was standing at the window, and calling "Molly, Molly!" piteously, and she looked at me with her eyes full of uncertain trouble.

"What harm can come to us? Now, Harry, let us run."

But she made me stop while she ran in and brought down her own cloak and hood, for I was nearly as tall as she, and tied it on me and kissed me very warmly.

"Tis for Father and poor Dick," she said under her breath.

"And Plymouth town and all of us," I said laughing. "Don't frighten yourself, Molly, if we are late; and don't tell Dick, or he will spoil it all."

Harry was never a boy of many words, and as we had a good way to go to Mr. Newman's house, where M. de Lantenac lodged, we kept our breath for our running. 'Twas no grievance to me, for I liked the fun and excitement of being out at that time and on such an

errand, and as I could not lose my admiration for M. de Lantenac all at once, I made no doubt of being able to induce him to give me up Dick's letter. Harry did not think so. When I expressed my hopes, he said gruffly that if 'twas any use to him he didn't see why he should give it up because a girl came and asked for it, and as this was a sort of argument in which 'twas difficult to bring out one's own convictions plainly, I was obliged to hold my peace.

We were forced to go up and down a number of dirty streets, crowded with people, and 'twas a squally evening, with a fine rain coming now and then in what we call a scat, just driving up suddenly and passing away with the wind before it has done much worse than sprinkle, but leaving a promise of more behind. Mr. Newman's house stood in the street, an old Elizabethan building, with gables and broad casements. On the door he had placed a new knocker, which I tried boldly, but which was stiff and made such a feeble sound that Harry laughed at me finely. However, it brought a young woman, who stared and said that the French gentleman was not in the house. We knew Mr. and Mrs. Newman, so I asked if they were in, and whether we might wait, as we had business with M. de Lantenac. She said, after a little hesitation, that we might wait if we pleased, but that Mr. and Mrs. Newman had gone away for two nights, and shewed us into a small room by the door, which looked as if 'twas a sort of place Mr. Newman used when people came to him on business, and had pictures of some of his ships hung round, and a print of Mr. Smeaton's lighthouse.

I got more frightened there than I had been in the streets, and Harry was most impatient. He would have it that if we could see the letter we might take it, and I could not be sure that would be honourable, though he puzzled me with all he said. At last he persuaded me, though I felt very shy of the young woman, to have her up again and to ask, what we might have asked before, whether M. de Lantenac had been in since Mr. Bligh had called, and whether he had had his letters.

No, he had not been in since four that day. As for his letters, she did not know what business it could be of others; but if I wished to know, his letters had been delivered to a young man whom he occasionally employed, and who called and took them perhaps half an hour ago, perhaps three-quarters.

My heart sank terribly at this news. I asked humbly if she could tell us where the young man was to meet the gentleman.

That she couldn't, she said, not being by nature fond of asking questions which didn't concern her.

There was no use in waiting, as she said M. de Lantenac might not be back till late. I could only think that Harry and I would come very early the next morning, and go away wishing I could have carried better news to Molly. Something which I said, however; to the young woman told her that Dick was our brother, and it seemed to change her all at once. She got very civil, and offered to take charge of a message; but my wits were not equal to one which could be of any use, so we wished her good evening and walked dismally away. Presently we heard a voice calling, and there was she breathless.

"I've just remembered that Peter said something about the landing-place under the Hoe," she said, "and 'tis my belief, Miss, that 'tis there he's gone to meet the Count."

Harry and I looked at one another. It sometimes provoked me in Harry that he never was the one to propose anything, but was always ready with objections, and I made sure he would bring up a dozen so soon as I said, with the more determination on that account,

"We must go after him, Harry."

But he only nodded, which almost took away my breath from the unexpectedness of it.

There was a great comfort in having something to do, and being obliged to do it quickly. We hurried back, and up towards the Hoe, meeting the wet wind now full in our faces, for it was blowing from the south-west, and bringing the rain in with the tide, and when we got up on the Hoe the sea was grey and ruffled by a kind of vexing squall, which had no malice in it, but possible mischief; and the clouds, though nowhere very thick, were flying fast overhead, and the air seemed full of rush and sound. As I have said, there was a path which zigzagged down from the top to the bottom, but there were shorter cuts which needed a steady head and firm footing, and with which I was well acquainted. Harry did not so much as ask whether I meant to follow; he knew that every minute we could gain might be of consequence, and he plunged directly down, and I after him. I did not think much about the difficulty at the time, there

were other things to think about, but afterwards I knew that there must have been a good deal of danger in the descent. For it was growing dusk and almost impossible to see our foothold, and where there was short grass the slipperiness was extraordinary, and the wind and rain beat in our faces and blinded us. Once Harry lost his footing altogether and went down ten or twelve feet, bruising himself hardly, and being brought up by clutching at a great bramble which grew out of the rocks. And I stepped on a loose stone, which rolled over and gave my ankle a sharp twist. But for all this, we got down pretty fast, and the break of the sea grew stronger and louder, and I think we both felt a kind of pleasure in what we were doing: I particularly, for I had often looked longingly over the edge since Molly had decided I was too old to clamber down that way.

I reached the bottom a moment before Harry, and looked round eagerly. There were rocks and shingle on which the waves beat noisily, some boats drawn up out of the reach of the tide, and gloomy shadows, for it was much darker here under the cliff than above. I saw nothing more, nothing living, and the desolation made me shiver and catch at Harry's hand. We stumbled on over the shingle.

Suddenly a shadow moved. Somebody had been sitting on the edge of a boat, and rose up and walked a few paces away. I stood still, but Harry dragged me on.

"Make haste," he said. "What are you stopping for?"

"Is it M. de Lantenac?" I asked in a whisper.

"No. Oh, you silly, why, M. de Lantenac is a head taller! It's Peter, of course."

"Do you ask him then," I said, hanging back.

I am sure Harry despised me very much at that moment, but he said nothing before going boldly up and asking. The lad was astonished at first, and then evidently glad of some one to whom he could speak, and he was ready to grumble over his long waiting.

"Pretty nigh wet to the skin, that's watt I be," he said, "it bain't a night to be kep' walking to and fro, biding for he. No, fay."

Harry gave me a nudge that I was to take the next step, so I asked him, awkwardly enough, whether he had brought some letters for M. de Lantenac. He said yes, and pulled two or three out of his pocket, and even in the dim light I could see that one was directed in Dick's carefully rounded writing. Oh, how I longed to get it

and carry it back to Mother Molly! Harry said quickly, pointing to it,—

“That’s the letter we’ve come down for.”

The lad was a stranger to us, and he gave a great laugh at Harry’s words.

“To get un out o’ me? I baint such a gumphead as all that, sir. You can bide and ask the Vrench gentleman hisself,” he said, thrusting all the packet into his pocket, and beginning to walk backwards and forwards again whistling.

Harry and I crouched down by the side of a boat which gave us a little protection. What a strange wild waiting it was! The rush of the wind, and the quick break of waves on the pebbles, and the sea all a confused tossing mass in the darkness, with lights dancing up and down, and every now and then getting lost altogether, and my own thoughts in a whirl. What should M. de Lantenac be doing here at such an hour and in such weather? What would be the fate of Dick’s note? And what, oh, what would Molly be feeling all this time?

I suppose we had waited three-quarters of an hour, though it seemed a great deal longer, when we heard a step crunching on the shingle close by, and so cramped and stiffened was I that, before I could get myself quite up, M. de Lantenac was almost touching me. He started back as I rose, with an exclamation which sounded like an oath, and pulled something out of the bosom of his coat which caught the light and gave me no doubt ’twas a pistol. I cried out in terror to him not to shoot, for it was only I.

“Not so loud,” he said, uneasily. “Who is I? Not——”

He made a quick step forward, and I think, our voices being so much alike, for the moment he fancied ’twas Molly herself.

“I am Nan Bligh,” I said, “and this is Harry, and we have come to ask you to do us a great favour.”

“Me?” he said in amazement, and then, as Peter had joined us, he said courteously, “Pardon me, dear mademoiselle, one moment,” took the letters, and gave a hasty direction, which made the lad hurry off. “A favour?” he said, coming back. “And you have come here on this bad night to demand it. But who told you?—how did you know I should be here?”

He asked these last questions quickly and suspiciously, and as at this moment a faint and watery gleam of moonlight broke through

the clouds, I could see his face looking down upon us. I have never forgotten it. I have never forgotten that look, the keen eye, the long nose, the bare and sallow cheeks.

"The maid at Mr. Newman's told us the lad was coming here with your letters," I said timidly. There was something about him different from what I had ever noticed before, something which made me uneasy. And yet he spoke kindly.

"See then, my child, I have no minutes to spare. What can I do for you?"

But I think he knew, for he had looked down at the letters in his hand, and I saw something like triumph cross his face.

"It is Dick's letter," I said, with my voice trembling, "it was a mistake that he wrote it to you, sir; and if you are his friend, Mother Molly begs you to give it back to us."

"Ah. This letter?" he said, fingering it thoughtfully. "Do you know what you are asking?"

"Nothing that can be of consequence to you, if you are what you say you are," I answered, getting bolder.

"That is true," he said with a mocking smile. "Nevertheless, I assure you I value my friend's letters."

Harry pulled my sleeve. Two men at a short distance were pushing a boat down towards the water. I grew desperate.

"Pray, pray, sir, give it to me," I said imploringly. "Molly begs you to do so."

"She should have come herself," he said, with his voice a little changed. He walked away a few steps and back again. "Come," he said, "you should go home."

I could think of nothing to say but the one entreaty.

"Give it to me, please! She will be so grateful."

"Grateful!" he cried out with sudden passion, "what good will it do me if she is grateful? Will she speak to me? let me be in the room with her? shew her gratitude, as you call it, in any way which will give me so much as a moment's content? Oh, I know what it means, that! And see here, it is not *that* I value."

What could I say? I did not half understand what he meant, I only saw that he was strangely moved. I stared at him speechless. There was nothing more for me to urge, though he thrust the letters within his waistcoat.

"Will you tell her what I have said," he went on in the same tone. "Tell her she might have got from me whatever she wished, but it must have been by stronger means than she has chosen to employ. I am not a dog, to leap to her hand for the crumb she would fling me."

And yet, though he said these words, he hesitated—I knew he hesitated. He looked out at the sea, at the boat, at me. There was a struggle going on in his heart, he had not drawn out his hand from where it held the letters. I waited. In an instant he had pulled them out again.

"Well," he said slowly, "I will give her what she wants. It will be my last present. But I must read it first."

"No, no," I cried, starting forward. He put me back with his hand on my arm.

"Be quiet," he said sternly.

He read it slowly, every word; once I thought he sighed over it. Then he folded it up, and gave it to me with a bow more like his old self than anything I had seen in him that night.

"There, mademoiselle," he said, "that is the reward of your courage. Try to think kindly of me still, you and my good friend Dick. For mademoiselle, your sister——"

He never ended the sentence. He stood for a moment looking at the shingle under his feet, then waved his hand, and walked rapidly towards the boat and sprang into it. The men pushed it off and leapt in after him; in another instant we could see its black outline tossing up and down upon the waves, and hear the splash of the oars. Where could it be going? On what strange enterprise was he bent? Only some desperate purpose could have taken him out that night into the Sound, and what had Dick's letter to do with it? Harry and I kept close by each other; he was even glad, I think, to slip his hand into mine, as we went up the little path, beaten by wind and rain, and with a great fear in our hearts.

For though the letter was safe in my dress, M. de Lantenac had read it. And, oh, what would become of Father if he knew that Dick had helped the French into Plymouth!

(To be continued.)

DONKEY RIDES AROUND CAIRO.

By Greville J. Chester, B.A.

III.—THE BAZAARS AND THE CITADEL.



OUTSIDE the hotel you will find in waiting a number of donkey-boys and donkeys, alike finishing their mid-day meal. The donkeys, although not large, are fine active creatures and, so long as the road is dry, wonderfully surefooted. They have generally a handsome saddle-cloth thrown over their backs, and a saddle of bright red leather with an enormous pommel in front. Under the nose of each is a heap of rich green *bercin* or clover, and for every mouthful of this which is brought into Cairo the donkey's master has to pay a tax. For each donkey a further tax of some two napoleons has to be paid every year, and the boys are further mulcted of a considerable sum for being donkey-boys at all. The boys are found squatting on the ground around their sheyk, the somewhat deformed but placid-featured and gentlemanly Hassan, but some of them are asleep on the ground wrapped in their dark cloaks or *abbeyehs*. A general rise takes place when the *howadji*, literally shopkeepers, but now indifferently applied to all foreigners, come out after lunch. I mount the donkey of a young man named Hassan Sameyda, who has accompanied me to nearly every part of Egypt, and whose faithful and disinterested services and friendship I can never repay or be sufficiently grateful for. You shall take the beast of Baicoumi or one of the other lads, and in almost every instance you may rely on their perfect honesty. Most of the donkey-boys who stand near the principal hotels speak English, Italian, and French, and some of them German and a little Russian and Greek into the bargain. Like English post-boys, these "boys" are of all ages. Some of them own one or two donkeys themselves, but the majority attend those of other people, and depend for their subsistence on the *back-sheeshes* or presents given by the hirers. It is better for the traveller to make a bargain by the week or month, and then he always has his own donkey awaiting his pleasure. For a good donkey and English-speaking donkey-boy, five francs a day is not too much, and during

DONKEY-RIDES AROUND CAIRO.

the period of the engagement the boy acts as a servant. You may trust him implicitly, and if you send him to exchange £5 or £10 into piastres you need not count the change. It is amusing to see how these lads, as indeed all Arabs, gauge the character of Europeans and adapt themselves accordingly, almost in a few minutes. Even if you wished, you could not be a humbug to an Arab; he would see through you at once. The observation of centuries by a mainly unlettered people has its fruit in an instinctive and intuitive appreciation of character.

Mounting our donkeys and reaching the bottom of a narrow lane, we find ourselves in the *Moosky*, a very long straight street, which extending at one end nearly to the gardens of the Esbeykeyeh, ends only at the mounds of sand and *débris* which mask the front of the range of Gebel Mokattam. On the present occasion we turn to the right eastwards. Soon, skirting the Jewish quarter, from whose lanes Jews are seen emerging in black turbans and dirty furred gowns, the tables of Jewish money-changers are seen on either hand. To these succeed many shops kept by lithe handsome Syrians, and gay with the gorgeous silk *keffias* of Bagdad and Damascus, and with beautiful cotton handkerchiefs from the Lebanon. Then a crossways is reached, and we turn to the left. The throng here is tremendous: trains of camels laden with stones or merchandize mingle with European carriages conveying strangers, pashas, or the Khedive's dentist. In front of each of these runs with great swiftness an Arab *sais*, or outrunner, in white vest and scarlet sash, with a staff in his hand, whose business it is to clear the way. At night these fleet youths carry cressets of iron full of fire. English ladies in European dress contrast with the women of Cairo, who, veiled to the eyes and shrouded in black silk cloaks, look like great balloons as they sit straddlelegged on their donkeys. Here is a tawny Coptic priest in long black robes, there the Sheyk of a mosk, whose huge green turban proclaims him as a Shereef, or one who can claim descent from the noble blood of the Prophet Mohammed. On this side there is a flashing-eyed Greek boy selling nick-nacks, on that a brown Bedawy from the desert in white woollen mantle, or a stalwart fellah from a country village in a single blue shirt.

Turning to the left and obtaining a splendid view of the noble mosk of Sultan Kalaoun (A.D. 1287), we dive down a narrow entry

to the right and speedily find ourselves in the so-called "Turkish" bazaars, called by the Arabs the Terbeea and the Khan Khaleel. Some of the shopkeepers in these places are Turks and Jews from Constantinople; among them, however, are a few shops kept by Arabs. Here are sold attar of rose and jasmin, the tails of musk-rats and other perfumes, embroidery, arms, old china, derveshes' begging-basins, flash-looking jewellery chiefly of French manufacture, gems, problematical antiquities, and a few coins. Enormous prices are asked, but occasionally objects of value may be picked up by those who know what is what. Hard by the Terbeea, in a small court overhung by ancient stone buildings of elaborate Arabian architecture, is the carpet bazaar. Few more picturesque scenes for the painter's brush, and few lovelier bits of colour can anywhere be seen. Here are displayed and unrolled the carpets of Turkey, and the still more beautiful ones of India and Persia, and for a couple of pounds a carpet may be bought which would fetch from five to eight pounds in London or Paris. The great desire of the Constantinopolitan dealer in the Khan Khaleel is to get the stranger to sit down on the front of his shop and partake of coffee; but this is considered highly *infra dig.* by the Arabs, and to condescend so far is to expose oneself to the contempt of the passers-by.

Leaving these bazaars and re-crossing the Moosky, we enter the bazaar known as the Ghoreeyeh, from the large neighbouring mosque of Sultan el Ghoree. This is a great place for the sale of tarbooshes or fez caps, yellow and red slippers, and beautiful handkerchiefs for turbans, of Egyptian manufacture. Some of these have pale red and blue stripes far apart on a white ground, and though of cotton are of extreme elegance. The blessed Virgin Mary, in some of the glorious pictures of Raphael, is seen to be habited in kerchiefs of this description. Behind is the Arab bazaar for scents and drugs, and it was here that I some time since discovered that the druggists had in use as weights those curious mediæval Arab coins or rather weights of glass which have caused so much discussion amongst numismatologists. In a lane near this spot several singular African productions are sold, such as saltpetre, horns of various species of antelopes, and the tails of giraffes, used as fly-flappers. Here also low tables and ladies' bath-slippers of fine wood inlaid with mother-o'-pearl are manufactured, and deserve notice as a tasteful branch of native industry. The shops

are in all cases mere shallow stalls, with a counter next the street, behind which the shopkeeper sits motionless, or at times sways himself to and fro as he intones a portion of the Korân from a well-thumbed manuscript volume. Should a customer appear, the goods are handed to him from behind. Should the shopkeeper have occasion to go away, he spreads a light net over the entrance of the shop, and that suffices to protect the property within from robbery.

Leaving the bazaars, we hurry through the alternately crowded and desolate streets of the Arab quarter, passing every few minutes perfect gems of architectural beauty in towering minaret and swelling dome and noble portal, until, after obtaining a glimpse of the magnificent mosk of Sultan Hassan, we reach the open space under the citadel and commence the long ascent.

The citadel of Cairo occupies the summit of a lofty and precipitous rock, which stands out and away from the wall-like range of Gebel Mokattam which rises high above it. It was erected A.D. 1166 by the great Arab Sultan Yusuf Salah-ed-deen, or Saladin, whose name has been made a household word to Englishmen, through that beautiful romance, 'The Talisman,' of Sir Walter Scott. Little save a portion of a mosk and one or two venerable minarets, remains of the old structure. The barbarous hands of Mohammed Ali ruthlessly tore down the greater part to make room for a modern palace, and for the great mosk which bears his name, and which, spite of its gorgeous material, oriental alabaster, is merely a colossal monument of bad taste. The present Khedive, following in the steps of the founder of his dynasty—and with a Vandalism, not alas! confined to those who pull down and build anew in any country, or in any age the world has yet seen,—has committed still further abominations in a style half-French and half-Yankee. There is one thing, however, which Vandalism cannot spoil, and that is the view. Leave your donkeys, and I will lead you to a narrow terrace behind the mosk, and thence show you a prospect which has scarce its equal in the world. At your feet lies Cairo, *Kahîreh* the Victorious, a densely-peopled and labyrinthine mass of stone houses from which rise an apparently innumerable quantity of domes and minarets. Beyond lies the modern Frenchified quarter of Ismaileyeh, happily in part embosomed in trees, and beyond that Boulak, the port of Cairo, and the Nile. Immediately below you towers up the splendid mosk of Sultan

Hassan with its unrivalled portal, its huge impressive rifted walls, its towering minaret. To the right the eye ranges over a richly-cultivated tract to the Barrage of the Nile, the windings of that majestic river flecked with sails, and to the green Delta. Still more to the right is seen the immense pile of the desert palace of Abbaseyeh, portions of the great Arab cemetery beyond the Bab-en-Nasr, some of the superb mosk-tombs of the Circassian Memlooks, including that of Sultan Kaitbey, and the curious rock known as the red mountain. Beyond Boulak and the river, in front, is a green, intensely green plain, extending to the yellow hills of the Libyan Desert. More to the left over the vast mounds which mark the site of the original Arab city of Fostat and the Roman Babylon, and beyond the green, green plain, rises on their rocky terrace the majestic group of the Pyramids of Geezeh, and further south over the palm-groves of Mitrahenny and Memphis, the Pyramids of Aboukir and Sakkâra. Further south still are descried the Pyramids of Dashoor, and the sands of the wonderful and mysterious desert bound the view. Nearer at hand but still on the left of the mounds of Fostat, a strip of sand and pulverized limestone stretches southwards under the yellow range of Mokattam. In this tract are seen the mosk-tombs of the Iman Shafe'eh, with their graceful fluted and chevroned domes, and beyond them the innumerable tombs of humbler folk, extending into the far distance. Surmounting the Gebel Mokattam is seen a ruined mosk, another ruinous mosk seems poised in mid air on the side of a precipice, and amidst Arab tombs appears the sepulchre which contains the corpses of the Turkish usurper Mohammed Ali and his successors. Such is a faint reflection of the view from the citadel of Cairo; and now as we continue our amazed and enchanted gaze, the sun prepares to sink behind the Libyan chain. The Eastern sky in front changes from amber to crimson, the Western chain behind and the brown mounds of Fostat are alike bathed and glorified in the crimson light which they themselves assume; then the sun, the worshipped of the ancient Egyptians, leaps into his desert couch, and darkness sets in apace. Yet stay, and see yet one more marvel. The Western sky flames forth once more with bright yet more delicate tints of crimson, and once more bathes the prospect in roseate tints. Then the *Afterglow* fades and fades away, and beneath the clear stars we remount and return—let us hope with thankful hearts—to our hotel.

Two or three more points with regard to the citadel of Cairo may be added in this place.

It was within this citadel that Mohammed Ali, in 1811, with brutal treachery massacred the Memlooks whom he had beguiled into the trap he had laid for them. The gates were shut upon the devoted band both before and behind, and, thus inclosed and helpless, a fire of musketry was poured in upon them from every side. None escaped save one, the gallant Emin Bey, who leaped his no less gallant horse over the fortress-wall, and alighting on some *débris* escaped unhurt.

Behind the mosk, in the citadel, is a remarkable well, 290 feet in depth, called the well of Joseph, *i.e.* of the great Yusuf Salah-ed-deen. It is supposed, however, with considerable probability, to be not of Arabic, but of Ancient Egyptian origin, for the ancient people seem to have had a town on the site of Cairo, and ancient Egyptian tombs may be seen to this day in the steep limestone scarp of the Jebel Mokattam. A sloping walk, constructed in stages, leads to the bottom of Joseph's well, which is supposed to be fed by percolation from the waters of the Nile some two miles distant.

(*To be continued.*)



CAIRO FROM THE EAST.

DOROTHY'S DIARY.

By the Author of 'Half an Hour in the Days of Chivalry.'



JULY 16th, 1696.—I, Dorothy Spencer, do write this on my fifteenth birthday, on which, to reward what he is pleased to call my diligence in study, my dear father has presented me with many fair sheets of writing paper, on which I purpose to write a diary of my life, after the example of many great men whose Diaries have been printed. Though to be sure a humble wench, such as I, is not like to have much of note to record every day; so that methinks I must only write herein when anything uncommon happens. My paper, too, if it please God I live many years, will soon fill up, so what I write must be worth the writing. And before I go further I would say, let no one think slightly of me, because I, being a wench, do write—an art thought little of amongst the ladies of these days, and scorned in them by our gallants. But to me it is a gift, for which I owe great gratitude to his reverence the chaplain of my Lord Feversham, at whose manor of Widcome he liveth, and saith the grace at my lord's table; but of an evening oftentimes he condescendeth to come and sup with my father in our large kitchen. His great learning and the fine things he readeth out of his many books, so awakened in me the desire to read such like for myself, that he did offer to teach me. He was pleased to call me an apt pupil; for so desirous was I to learn, that in six months I could spell out one whole chapter in the gospels. Thereafter he taught me to write also; but this found I not so easy, and write but slowly even now. Wherefore I must close for this night and go to bed, while twilight yet lasts to undress me by; else my chickens, pigs and cows, will fail to see me up betimes the morrow.

August 23rd.—It is certainly fit I should note that harvest is safely over, and the crops good and plentiful. The LORD be praised for this. I am too weary with sleep to write of our harvest home, which has kept good Bridget and myself hard at work these many days, from four o'clock of the morning baking bread and pasties. It puzzles me to think how the men can drink all those gallons of ale my father

brewed but last week, and how the casks are all empty. It is meet we should be thankful and hospitable, but truly I am glad harvest home cometh but once in the year, and that our kitchen will now be quiet again. I like not the sounds of carousing.

October 12th.—Alas! that my next entering should be so sad, and that too just when we thought to have our hearts full of gratitude to God for the good fruits of the earth. My dear father has had a bad fall from one of the apple-trees in the orchard. The tree was old and he is heavy; moreover, he was not heeding what he did, but playfully casting the fruit into my apron as I held it out, the while counting the bushel baskets full of ripe and rosy apples, standing here and there in the green grass amongst the trees; when suddenly before I could well say how, there came a crash, the ladder on which my father stood swayed aside, and he was lying on the grass, and the ladder a-top of him. Ralph and another of the farm men had much ado to carry him into the house, for he groaned much at being moved. When the leech came, he said he must have some inward hurt, for no bones were broken, though his right foot is sorely sprained and twisted.

November 25th.—I have had no heart to write for these many weeks, but must now, for the last time in this my old home. My dear father died of his hurts three weeks ago. He had all his senses to the last, and Master Fenwick was attentive as a son, both praying and watching with him at night, and such hours of the day as he could spare from his duties at the manor. At my dear father's will he wrote to my uncle Lawrence, alderman of the City of London, who married my lamented mother's sister, to tell him how that he lay a-dying, and to commend me to his care, and that of my aunt, for her dear sister's sake. My uncle wrote (though not in so fair a hand as Master Fenwick, but that is not to be expected), that he would follow his letter speedily to Widcombe, for to see my dear father before he died; and that but for the length of the way, and the badness of the roads, at this inclement season, my aunt also would have journeyed with him. My dear father was much comforted at his promise that I should not want for a home; but he lived not to see my uncle, dying the night afore he reached us. My uncle would fain have taken me back with him; but I besought to stay to see the last of my old home, and all the dear things which I have known so long. Wherefore my

uncle returned riding as he came, for in these troublous and uncertain times, he liketh not to be long from home. He sayeth, too, that the smallpox is spreading much in the City of London, which maketh me long the less to go there, for I love not the town. I do therefore leave a few days hence with Bridget (to whom my uncle did take amazingly and liked much her baking and her pies), and the servants of my Lord Feversham, who go up with my lord and my lady to keep Christmas in London. Master Fenwick promiseth to see me safely to my uncle's door in Bishopsgate Street, in the City of London. Truly I can never write down all his kindness to me; how he has seen to the disposing of all my dear father's farming stock and household goods, and hath so sought out my father's business, that I go not to my uncle as one wholly dependent. Nay, my dear father himself, on his dying bed, said to me: "Dorothy, my daughter, I leave thee a sum which will keep thee from want, sell not the old farm which I received from my father, and which has been in my family for many generations; but let it out to rent, it will bring thee enough for that thou shalt be no burden to any one, nor go to thine uncle empty-handed." Much more he said to me of things better than money, which I need not write here, for they are written in my heart. He told me also what things I should keep, and never part with, of my dear mother, and besought Master Fenwick of his charity to keep ever a watch over me—and so he passed away.

Bath, December 3rd.—After many delays we are thus far on our way. My lord and lady start to-morrow in my lord's own coach, with six horses, the roads being heavy. Good Master Johnson drove Bridget and me into this city of Bath this afternoon, where we spend the night at his house, and join the stage coach to-morrow, Master Fenwick meeting us there. For all my lord hath six horses to his coach we shall reach the city first, for that it is heavy and cumbersome, and the weather now very inclement, the snow thick on the ground, so that I quake to think of driving so many miles at this season.

Truly it surpriseth me that in this great city of Bath, having full five hundred houses, and frequented by the rich and noble for its healing waters, the streets should yet be so narrow that there is scarce room for foot passengers when a vehicle is passing, and in truth it must be bad when two meet. And for the sick who come to

seek healing at the waters, it grieveth me to see them in this inclement weather with no better shelter than open sheds, spread with straw. Methinks 'twere better to suffer in comfort at home. By next I write in this diary I shall be in London. Ah, me! a few months ago, how proud should I have felt at the thought; but now I go a stranger among strangers, and know not what shall befall me there, as said the holy apostle.

The City of London, December 12th.—Thanks be to God, the long journey is safely over, and I am in the great city, though at one time I verily thought we should never get to the end, and I felt truly thankful of good Master Fenwick's company to comfort Bridget and me. The weather got worse and worse, the farther north we travelled, and the cold was very pinching. The snow in parts of the road had drifted so high the hedges looked like one large bank of snow, scarce leaving room to pass; and more than once the wheel of the coach was like to slip into the ditch. By day it pleased me to look at the country, which was very various—sometimes bleak and bare, at others thick wood, almost forest. About Windsor, we saw tracks of large herds of red-deer; oftentimes we went many miles without coming to a house. A gentleman at one hostelry, where we stayed the night, told Master Fenwick, that part of the country had much sport in badger hunting, a pitiful sport to my mind.

The passengers inside the coach were, beside Master Fenwick, Bridget and me, two women-servants of my lord, and a man-servant. This man had a grudge methinks against Master Fenwick, and spake to him in an insolent manner, as to one in his own standing; likewise he was surly and rough-spoken to Bridget, and familiar to me; but after some time he fell sound asleep and snored, which however, was pleasanter than his talk, though I marvelled how he could sleep through such jolting. I felt great emotion when at the end of the fourth day, Master Fenwick who has travelled many times up this way, said we were nearing London; but it was so dark and I so bewildered by all the strange cries, the tall houses and the long streets, that I do but remember passing under the great gateway called Temple Bar, and Master Fenwick telling me we were now in the City. Immediately thereafter the coach stopped at a great hostelry in Fleet Street, bearing the sign of "The Turk's Head." Master Fenwick told me to have a care of my purse, for that there are many

thieves hereabout. When I alighted, the first person I espied was my uncle. It was kind in him to come out so far to meet me on so cold a night, and I did thank him therefore. He said he often cometh this way to a coffee-house near by, called "The Rainbow."

When Master Fenwick had found our baggage he departed, my uncle pressing him heartily to come and visit us at his house, which he promises to do. My uncle then hired a hackney coach which brought us to this house. The fog was so thick that we went but slowly, and I was bewildered with the noise and shouting of the driver and of the linksmen, who flared their torches in the horses' eyes. I was right glad to reach the house. At the sound of my uncle's knock the door was opened, and comfortable it was to see a blazing fire of coal in the large hall, where my aunt and cousins stood ready to greet me. For my aunt I feel already much love; though I remember not my dear mother, I feel a tie of flesh and blood to her sister, and she to me methinks, for her greeting was right warm and motherly as she embraced me, and bade me feel myself at home. Then did she present me to my cousins, saying, "Here is Dorothy, your new sister, whom you must love as one of yourselves," whereon they kissed me all. Also my aunt spoke kindly to Bridget, and sent her with a maid into the kitchen, there to refresh herself. I felt strange and shy and not inclined to eat; right glad was I to retire to my room, which it pleased me to find adjoined that of my cousin Hester, to whose looks I take much. A large fire was burning on the hearth, which made it feel warm and snug; but the dark panelled walls and heavy arras hangings, for all they are so handsome, looked gloomy and ghost-like. When I was in bed the sounds of cries and fighting in the streets frightened me. At the last I crept to Hester's door and besought her for this one night to let me sleep with her, for that I was not well-accustomed to a town. She said her bed would not hold two, but she would come and sleep in mine—my room being the guest-chamber. After this I felt less fear; yet I lay awake long, listening to the cries of the linksmen, who seem ever more in the way than helpful, and then, when all grew quiet, to the tread of the watchman pacing up and down, crying out, "Time nine; time ten," at each hour.

And now no more for this day, which hath already taken me long to write down.

December 20th.—I feel now more at ease in my uncle's house, which is finer than our dear home at Widcombe, my uncle being a rich man, and my dear father but a yeoman. Yet what can be nobler than a British yeoman; and truly no man can come up to my father in nobleness and goodness. My uncle's house is fine outside as well as in. Without, it is adorned with wreaths of flowers and fruit; and to give greater space, the rooms above do overlap the lower storey. Hester telleth me it belonged to a nobleman, of whom my uncle bought it; for little by little the nobility have built themselves houses without the city walls in the Strand and Southampton Square,* King's Square, in Soho Fields, and Lincoln's Inn Fields. For my part, I would rather live in these streets than in those squares, into which are cast all the rubbish and cinders of those parts, making an odour most offensive. But as to my uncle's house: I like the great hall the best, for it remindeth me of our kitchen at home, which to me was dearer than the best parlour, which was used but seldom; though Bridget sayeth that in my mother's time it was pleasant, in particular in spring and summer, when fragrant with rosemary and posies. My aunt's best parlour is very rich and handsome, scented with Indian odours, having Chinese cabinets and many other curious and wonderful foreign things. Also she hath a large white bird with a yellow top-knot, called a cockatoo, which needeth always to stand close by the fire, for that it cometh from a warm country.

As to my cousins I must say a few words. They are four in number. Anthony, the eldest, I like not. I understand not all his pranks, and he seemeth to jest at me, for he sayeth all the world may know by my speech that I am from Somersetshire. Wherefore of him enough, saving that he goeth to Charter-house School. My cousin Hester I like much; she is one year younger than I. Seeing me write, she hath a desire to learn also, but Anthony doth hinder her, saying he will not have a prodigy to a sister. The other two are little lads of six and seven years; their names, Thomas and Nicholas. I do love little children, and they are most winning and lovable. The servants I like not so well as our country folk; they are pert and saucy. I like not town manners.

December 21st.—The shortest day, and truly it has been very short; quite dark before four o'clock. I have not been out yet until to-day,

* Now Bloomsbury Square and Soho Square.

excepting once by night, for that my aunt said she must get me finer clothes, and a felt hat with a long feather of a bird called an ostrich, like to that my cousin Hester weareth, which becometh her wondrously. The streets here are not dark like those at Bath, wherein we never walked at night without a lanthorn. Here the streets are as light as day, by means of lamps hung at every tenth door, every night, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, on which there is no moon, from the hours of six to twelve. And in truth, it is most necessary, for the boldness of the thieves and pickpockets has reached a sad pass; let alone the danger of falls and injury to life and limb. I marvel that, after the Great Fire in 1666, the streets were not made wider, seeing coaches were then in use, and ladies do no longer ride on pillions. But the chief evil of walking in the streets is the fear of being drenched with foul water from the windows and garrets above, which is poured out with no manner of regard to the passers-by. Therefore go we out in my uncle's coach. The city is very full now of entertainments of all sorts, peep-shows, plays, and puppet-shows. The cries, too, are very many, especially of vendors of holme, ivy, cypress, and mistletoe, to deck the houses and churches for the blessed season of Christmas.

December 26th.—I must not fail to write down our doings the last two days, and all that I have seen of new and curious. First of Christmas Eve. The day being clear and frosty and the ground somewhat frozen, we walked out early and saw all the shops and booths gaily decked; as also the sign-boards, of which there are very many, one to each shop. The various conduits and lamp-posts were also hung with wreaths; but especially were the butchers' shops gaily dressed. Such quantities of meat and whole bullocks did I never see, all with bunches of holme between, and the stalls garlanded with ivy, so that the streets have the appearance of alleys of green bowers. When we returned home and had partaken of a light repast, being mindful of the heavy supper at night, Hester and I, with the help of Bridget, decked out the hall and best parlour, the little boys taking great delight in handing up branches of evergreen, whereof my aunt hath laid in a good supply, and especially a large bunch of mistletoe. They are brought from a great distance out of town, even from Islington, Kensington, and Chelsea. So soon as darkness set in we lit tall Christmas candles of uncommon size, which the grocer did supply as a Christmas gift; and Roger dragged forth and cast upon

the fire the great yule log, which illuminated the whole hall, turning as it were night into day. Then we all closed round the fire, entertaining ourselves with stories of ghosts and goblins as we ate our bowls of furmety. The taste of this made me feel sad, for it brought to my mind this eve last year in my own home, whereon my dear father praised much the furmety which I made under Bridget's teaching. Hester seeing me look sorrowful, supposed I was thinking of home, and asked me: "Dorothy, I have often heard say, that on this eve, the oxen in their stalls do kneel and moan; now, thou art from the country, tell me, is it so?" Then I laughed, and replied I knew not, for never did I go out into the stalls of the oxen after dark, nor had my father ever told me such a thing. Then my uncle told us tales of highwaymen, and especially of their doings on Hounslow Heath, till our hair stood on end, and I felt right thankful I had not known it when we passed that way in the stage. The carols at midnight were very sweet to hear, and it pleased me to think that both in the country and in the town, Jesus Christ of Bethlehem was being sung and praised.

Christmas Day.—The Cathedral of St. Paul being not yet completed we went betimes to the church of St. Peter, Cornhill, where Master Beveridge did lately preach; Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, formerly preacher at the Temple Church, gave us a good discourse.

At our Christmas feast were many guests, the brothers of my uncle with their families, and other neighbours, and very plentiful was the food. First was served on a silver dish, a soused boar's head, which Roger carried in with great pride; then the large joint of roast beef, smoking hot and so heavy that one man scarce could stagger under it. Then followed plum porridge and what I never did see so served before, the Christmas pie of minced meat and various sweet ingredients in the form of a cratch, to represent the rack of hay in which the Holy Infant lay. Wine, too, had we of many sorts. After the servants had had their share of feasting, the hall was cleared for the mummers, who acted the famous Coventry play called 'Hook Tuesday,' in memory of the defeat of the Danes in the year of our Lord 1002. This highly diverted us, and my uncle regaled them on yule cake and spiced ale. Then were brought in the Christmas gifts. I was much amused to note amongst the toys, sweets, and other gifts for the children a rod; but methinks it will not be used o'ermuch,

for my aunt loveth it not. She gave me what I do prize more than all, a miniature of my dear mother, and my uncle gave me a ring containing her hair. This over we played many games, such as blind-man's-buff, after which were put out all the lights and Roger brought in the blazing dish of snap-dragon. Right brave were Thomas and Nicholas in picking out the flaming plums from the burning brandy. After that we danced Sir Roger de Coverley and many other country dances under the mistletoe, finishing up with yule cakes made in all sorts of queer shapes of mice, pigs, and men with currants for eyes. The spiced elder wine so heated my head, that I was glad to go to bed, and we all slept so soundly that we woke not till near seven o'clock this morning; indeed, so sleepy have we been all day that we have done little else but sit in the window of the best parlour and look out at the raree shows, in particular at Punch and Judy and the Morris dancers.

January 1st.—My uncle and Anthony are gone this day to a grand banquet of the Worshipful Company of Grocers. The day hath been pleasant for me also in that good Master Fenwick came to see me and my aunt pressed him to stay and dine. He brought me a book for a New Year's gift, lest, as he said, I should forget what he had taught me; but that I told him I could never do. He saith the Londoners are rude and insolent to country folk; the drivers of the hackney coaches love to bespatter them with mud, and halloo to make them run, as though they were about to drive over them. I can well believe it, for I have seen Anthony do the like to squires in the streets.

Twelfth Night.—We did all go, excepting the little lads, to an entertainment at Crosbie Hall; built more than two hundred years ago by Sir John Crosbie, a wealthy grocer; but since then it hath been a royal palace inhabited by King Richard III., and now again belongeth to a rich merchant of this city. Here the feasting was very sumptuous and the twelfth cake of enormous size, covered with sugar ornaments, for which we drew characters. We had sundry other amusements, amongst which was a wonderful peep-show of shepherds and shepherdesses, and another which did shew forth the history of a turkey from the egg to its coming on the table. Charades also were acted in which my cousin Anthony took part, and I must confess he did it well. With this day end our Christmas entertainments, of

which there have been far more than I have writ down, for that I have only room for the best; but indeed I think it time we had done with such feasting and returned to more sober ways.

Candlemas Day.—We pulled down all our dealings of evergreen, very dusty were they. We made therewith a goodly blaze, filling the hall with the scent of burning leaves.

Lady Day, March 25th.—It seemeth certainly strange that although we give New Year's gifts in January, we reckon not our year to commence until to-day. Methinks it were wiser to follow our neighbours the Scotch, and other nations, and make January 1st to be New Year's Day in all matters, for it causeth much confusion in business and in affairs of state. And this mindeth me to say, that great and good man Mr. Isaac Newton hath well fulfilled the office which was bestowed on him just a year ago, to wit the wardenship of the Mint. Though I understand not money matters well. My uncle saith our coinage needed much to be renewed, and so hath Mr. Newton devoted himself to the work, that all last year he gave himself no time for his favourite pursuits. It is certainly strange that so great an astronomer should be born, one year after the death of Galileo.

May Day.—I do yearn to see the country once again. The sight of the Jack-in-the-Green bringeth back to me, how beautiful did look our garden in spring, with gay flowers, lilies and thorns and Dutch tulips, and the children with wreaths dancing round the May-pole. My uncle hath promised to take us next week to the famous Chelsea bun-house, there to walk about the country and spend a long day.

July 21st. Tunbridge Wells.—Hither we drove yesterday, to spend a month. The place is full of gaiety, of lords and fine ladies come to drink the waters and refresh themselves after the heat and dust of town. Truly the air over this breezy common is cool and pleasant after the close and narrow streets of the city. The houses are scarce better than cabins, few and scattered over the heath. Hester, who hath been little in the country, is much diverted thereby. The strangest part to me is that they are mostly built of wood, and some are moved on sledges from one part of the common to another. A fair is held daily at the chief fountain, to which the wives and daughters of the Kentish farmers come from the villages round, bringing cream, cherries and quail to sell. Likewise here are many

milliners, toymen, and jewellers from London, who made booths for themselves under the trees. My uncle hath found a coffee-booth, where he readeth daily the 'London Gazette.' My cousin Anthony passeth most of his time chaffering with the cherry-sellers. Of evenings, dancing goeth on to the sound of fiddles, though Hester and I take not part therein in it amuseth us to watch the dancers. On Sunday we went to the church newly built and dedicated to St. Charles the Martyr. After church we walked to see many great rocks near by, one of which is in shape like a toad.

September 14th.—All London is beside itself for joy. The guns at the Tower have been thundering all day, flags flying on the abbey of Westminster and St. Martin's church, and bonfires now are blazing everywhere. Peace is at last proclaimed and a treaty has been signed at Ryswick, a little Dutch village in which His Majesty the King hath a country seat. It is certainly time we had our King back again, seeing he hath been gone since April. The followers of King James, however, are not so glad.

November 9th, Lord Mayor's Day.—My uncle looked well on horseback among the aldermen. My aunt goeth to-night with my uncle to the banquet at the Guildhall.

November 16th.—London seems like to go wild this month with rejoicings over the King's return. To-day I went with my aunt and cousins to a house on London Bridge to see the King come in procession through the City. Every shop was closed, and the Companies have provided themselves with new banners. The Lord Mayor and aldermen, my uncle amongst them, met the King at Southwark. All along Cheapside were placed the various guilds, under the standards of their trades. At St. Paul's Churchyard stood the boys of the school of King Edward VI.; from Temple Bar to Whitehall the trainbands under arms. The windows all along were gay with tapestries, ribands, and flags; and such crowds of spectators all in their Sunday best as I never before did see. The King seemed much moved thereby. While we waited for the procession to reach London Bridge, we amused ourselves with looking from a back window at all the craft on the river. Methinks I should not like to live on a bridge overhanging the water. I wonder, with all these houses and traffic, the whole doth not fall in; and the houses do so overlap, that it is like walking under a roof all the way, saving for a few void spaces

reserved for the retirement of foot-passengers from carts, cars, and droves of cattle on days of traffic. The gateway, at the entrance, called the Traitor's Gate, did make me shudder at the sight of many white skulls, which have hung there very long. The house we were at formerly belonged to John Bunyan, whose book, the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' is much talked of.

December 2nd, Thanksgiving Day for Peace.—The new Cathedral of St. Paul was this day opened for the first time for public worship. Bishop Compton preached. All the magistrates of the City appeared in state. The bishop took for his text that word from the Psalms, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go unto the house of the Lord." The King attended service in his own chapel at Whitehall, Bishop Burnet preaching.

December 31st.—I wonder will Master Fenwick come to-morrow?

January 1st.—No Master Fenwick. Methinks he hath forgotten my dear father's trust, I have not heard from him for so long. I like not people who forget promises.

January 4th.—Whitehall Palace is burnt to the ground, with all its fine pictures and beautiful carving. It is said the fire was caused by a Dutch woman employed as laundress at Whitehall, who made a fire of charcoal and placed some linen round it; the tapestry and bedding caught fire, and the poor woman perished in the flames. The palace outside was indeed mean and inelegant, and it is fit we should have a better. The King troubleth himself not much, for he dwelleth mostly at Kensington Palace, where his queen died of the smallpox three years ago.

January 30th.—Truly we lack not for excitement nowadays. All London is crowding to see the Czar of Muscovy, who landed at Greenwich on the 10th of this month, and for whom a house was prepared in Norfolk Street; but he liketh it not, wherefore the King hath hired for him Mr. Evelyn's house of Sayes Court, Deptford, for that he greatly desireth to learn shipbuilding. Truly he seemeth somewhat of a barbarian. He is but seventeen years of age, stately in form, with most piercing eyes and a gracious smile; but at times his countenance is convulsed in a manner to strike one with terror. He shunneth public gaze, and when he visiteth the King at Kensington, he entereth by the back door. He desired to see a sitting of the House of Lords, but clambered up the leads and peeped in at a

small window that he might not be seen. Therefore also would he not go to St. Paul's, but he visited Archbishop Tillotson at Lambeth, and admired much the library, having never seen so many books afore. It is said that at Amsterdam, when the ambassadors came to pay him their respects, they were forced to climb up the rigging of a man-of-war, where they found him enthroned on the cross-trees.

February 14th, St. Valentine's Day.—I repent me for having thought unkindly of Master Fenwick. He came to-day, bringing me some violets plucked from our dear fields at home. They brought the tears into my eyes, yet I could have wished not to cry. Master Fenwick looked at me in a strange way, and said I had much grown. He looketh ill, and hath been sick many weeks, with severe pain, from being put into a damp bed when the house was full of company. Wherefore he was laid up, and could not travel to town with my lord at Christmas. He telleth me Master Kirke, the curate of Widcombe, is ill, and like to die, but sayeth not who will be appointed in his place. After so long absence I feel shy, and like not to ask questions.

April 21st.—The Czar hath returned to Muscovy. Mr. Evelyn liketh not the state in which his house is left.

Whitsuntide, June, Widcombe, near Bath.—My last entry, like my first, from my own house; for this is the last space I have left in these precious sheets. Yes, I am at home again. It is the same, and yet not the same. The same dear old house, with its bright garden and old trees and cawing rooks. The same rooms and much of the same furniture, but one face less is here, and one more. I miss daily my dear father's face, but I have that of my husband, and he is Master Fenwick, now curate of Widcombe; but for that the parsonage is small, and I could not bear to see strangers in my old house, we have settled to live here. I have not space to write how it all came to pass, even if I had words to tell how foolish I was and childish and afraid. But this was how it came.

One day I was sitting reading in the bay-window of my aunt's best parlour. It was out of Milton's book of 'Paradise Lost,' which Master Fenwick then—now my husband—had given me; I was crying, and could not look up, when some one came into the room and stood by me. I thought it was Anthony, and I would not for all the world he should see me cry; so I moved not till some one said, "Dorothy."

Then I started and looked up, forgetting my tears, for I knew the voice, but I shut up the book and laid it behind me. In his hand he held a letter, which he gave me to read: it was from my Lord Feversham, offering him the living of Widcombe, in room of Master Kirke. I read it and reached it back to him; no words would come, neither durst I look at him again. He did pause a minute, and then said, in a troubled voice, "Dorothy, I promised your father to watch over you, and to care for you all my life—will you give me the right to do so?" Then was I still more afraid to answer, for fear I should mistake, and did wish in myself that as he had said so much, he would say a little more. Perhaps he guessed my thoughts, for my face doth ever tell more than I wish, and he did say very gently, but quite clearly, "Dorothy, wilt thou be my wife?" I suppose I said "Yes," anyways he took it so, and I know I said not "*Nay*."

Of all that was said and done thereafter I know not clearly. I seemed in a maze. My dear aunt was much pleased and embraced me warmly, for that she always liked Master Fenwick, that is my husband. But I felt glad and sorry both—glad because I love my husband—sorry because I also love my aunt and uncle and cousins, and even the City, which gave me a home when I was in need. But they have promised all to come to Bath this year in lieu of going to Tunbridge Wells, and will visit me in my new home. I hear my husband's voice in the garden, where he is trimming up the borders of thrift, and promising Bridget large store of lavender for the linen. The scent of lilacs comes in through the open window, the wind rustles amongst the fringed branches of laburnum and the singing of the nightingale, the pipe of the blackbird and the coo of the wood-pigeon filleth the air with music such as I love. I must needs go out and join them, and breathe the sweet breath of spring. But first let me tie up these sheets with this new cherry-coloured ribbon, and lay them carefully by in my desk. I have come to the very last line, and with it closeth one portion of my life. My new life must go into a new book.





GARDEN-LORE.

TVERY child who has gardening tools,
Should learn by heart these garden-
ing rules.

He who owns a gardening spade,
Should be able to dig the depth of
its blade.

He who owns a gardening rake,
Should know what to leave and what
to take.

He who owns a gardening hoe,
Must be sure how he means his
strokes to go.

But he who owns a gardening fork,
May make it do all the other tools'
work.

Though to shift, or to pot, or annex what you can,
A trowel's the tool for child, woman, or man.

'Twas the bird that sits in the medlar-tree,
Who sang these gardening-saws to me.

THE LITTLE GARDENER'S ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

Autumn-sown annuals flower soonest and strongest.
What you sow in spring, sow often and thin.

Bulbs bought early are best chosen.

If you wish your tulips to wake up gay, —
They must all be in bed by Lord Mayor's Day.

"Cut my leaves this year, and you won't cut my flowers next year," said the Daffodil to Tabitha Tidy.

Cut a rose for your neighbour, and it will tell two buds to blossom for you.

Don't let me forget to pray for travellers when I thank Heaven I'm content to stay in my own garden. It is furnished from the ends of the earth.

Enough comes out of anybody's old garden in autumn, to stock a new one for somebody else. But you want sympathy on one side, and sense on the other, and they are rarer than most perennials.

Flowers are like gentle-men—"Best everywhere." *

Give Mother Earth plenty of food, and she'll give you plenty of flowers.

He who can keep what he gets, and multiply what he has got, should always buy the best kinds; and he who can do neither should buy none.

If nothing else accounts for it, ten to one there's a worm in the pot.

Jobbing gardeners are sometimes neat, and if they leave their rubbish behind them, the hepaticas may turn up again.

Known sorts before new sorts, if your list has limits.

Leave a bit behind you—for conscience's sake—if it's only *Polypodium Vulgaris*.

* "Clowns are best in their own company, but gentlemen are best everywhere."—*Old Proverb*.

Mischief shows in the leaves, but lies at the root.

North borders are warmest in winter.

Old women's window-plants have guardian angels.

Pussy cats have nine lives and some pot-plants have more; but both do die of neglect.

Quaint, gay, sweet, and good for nosegays, is good enough for my garden.

Rubbish is rubbish when it lies about—compost when it's all of a heap—and food for flowers when it's dug in.

Sow thick, and you'll have to thin; but sow peas as thick as you please.

Tree-leaves in the garden, and tea-leaves in the parlour, are good for mulching.

"Useful if ugly," as the toad said to the lily when he ate the grubs.

Very little will keep Jack Frost out—*before he gets in.*

Water your rose with the slop-pail when it's in bud, and you'll be asked the name of it when it's in flower.

Xeranthemum, Rodanthe, Helichrysum, white, yellow, purple, and red,
Grow us, cut us, tie us, and hang us with drooping head.
Good Christians all, find a nook for us, for we bloom for the Church
and the Dead.

You may find more heart's-ease in your garden than grows in the pansy-bed.

Zinnia elegans flore-pleno is a showy annual, and there's a coloured picture in the catalogue; but—like many other portraits—it's a favourable likeness.

J. H. E.



THE DOG IN HISTORY.

“**W**HAT a dog-hole!” we exclaim on seeing some miserable dwelling; “dog-cheap” we call an article which has been sold for little money; “dog-tired” signifies intense fatigue; a “dogged” look is one of sullen obstinacy; a “currish” disposition, a mean, cowardly nature; poor verse is “doggeral;” bad Latin, “dog-Latin;” scentless violets, “dog-violets;” to treat a person “like a dog,” implies the greatest ill-usage; and, finally, if a man is ruining himself we can express it no more forcibly than by saying he is “going to the dogs.”

Would not the inhabitant of some planet where dogs are unknown conceive a poor opinion of their race if he heard these and kindred expressions of dislike and contempt? And, supposing our visitor from Mars or Jupiter afterwards to become acquainted with some of the dear dogs we know, would he not then change his mind and conceive a poor opinion of man who can thus ungratefully stigmatize his faithful friend and servant, “that creature which,” as Cuvier says, “has become the completest, the most singular, and the most useful conquest ever made by our race.”

The dog was domesticated before any other animal, in, what is known, as the Middle Stone Age, that is, at a period long, long before historical record, when savage man used flint knives and other implements, not having discovered the use of metal, and when the very climate and configuration of Europe were different to what they are now. The men of those days, who lived in caves and hunted the reindeer, that inhabitant of cold countries in what is now the hot and sunny south of France, discovered the intelligence and tameableness of the dog, and the use that could be made of him in the chase, by which they lived.

At a more recent epoch, known as the Later Stone Age, vast heaps of bones of animals used for food, and of the shells of oysters and other shell-fish, mixed with fragments of pottery and instruments of stone and bone, were raised along the shores of the Baltic. These mounds are called the “kitchen-middens,” and in them may be found not only the bones of the dog, but indirect evidence that the

dog shared his master's feasts, in the fact that all the small bones, such as a dog can eat entirely, have disappeared.

After the Stone Age came the Age of Bronze, when a larger breed of dogs appears to have existed, and a still larger and stronger dog belongs to the Iron Age, or the time when man first learnt to make use of iron.

Coming to the times of history, we find the ancient Egyptians, the nation whose records extend the furthest into hoar antiquity, looked on the dog as a sacred animal. The god Anubis, the genius of the River Nile, had a dog's head, and was called by Roman poets, "The Barker," the reason being that the yearly rise of the Nile corresponded with the appearance of Sirius, the *Dog-star*. The city of Cynopolis was built in honour of Anubis, and there dogs were sacrificed to him, and their bodies afterwards embalmed.

The very name of the *Dog-star* shows the appreciation this ancient people had of the dog. No sooner did this intensely-bright star appear above the horizon, than shepherds knew it was time to lead their flocks to the higher pastures before the lowlands should be flooded by the river; and this constant warning reminding them of warnings of other dangers given by the dogs which guarded their sheep, they called the star after those faithful watchers.

As far back as five thousand years before Christ, the Egyptians had various breeds of dogs used for hunting, for watch-dogs, or for pets; greyhounds, foxhounds, and short-legged, long-bodied turnspits, remarkable then, as now, for exceeding ugliness, occur in the paintings on very ancient monuments, giving us some idea of how long the nation must even then have existed to have developed such very different breeds from the parent stock.

When a dog died in an Egyptian household, the whole family shaved as a token of mourning, and it is probable that the Egyptian reverence for the dog inspired some of the hatred with which the Israelites regarded him.

In that grand poem of unknown date and authorship, the book of Job, mention is made of the "dogs of the flock," and Isaiah also refers to the use of the dog as a watcher; but, as we said before, the old Jews, like the modern Orientals, looked on the dog as an unclean animal, and used his name as the vilest term of reproach. "Am I a *dog's head*?" asked Abner in anger of Ish-bosheth. "Why should this *dead*

dog curse my lord the king?" cried Abishai, when Shimei cast stones and imprecations at the fugitive David; and many are the allusions to the dog devouring dead bodies, and licking up the blood of the slain.

In Eastern cities at the present day, the streets are inhabited by troops of half-wild dogs which belong to no one, and live on such offal as they can pick up, the orthodox Mahometan considering himself defiled if these impure animals even touch his garments. These unfortunate pariahs appear to band themselves into a commonwealth with laws of their own, for they keep to their respective quarters of the town, and, should a dog venture into a street to which he does not belong, he is immediately assailed by all its proper inhabitants. The Rev. Charles Williams, however, states, on the authority of a gentleman living at Pera, that if the intruder makes a good resistance, a champion is appointed for him to fight with, and, should the new comer be successful, he is not only made free of the street, but is allotted the best quarters, *i.e.*, the place nearest to a butcher's shop.

In opposition to this dishonourable treatment of the dog in the East, we must mention that an ancient tribe in Ethiopia actually had a dog for their king, his canine majesty's wishes being interpreted by the priests, while, seated on a throne with a crown on his head, he showed his displeasure by growls, and his royal approval by licking the hands of his favourites.

On the Assyrian bas-reliefs are delineated huge and fierce-looking dogs (much resembling the largest and surliest of our mastiffs), with short but pendulous ears, large heads, deep muzzles, and vigorous limbs. They are represented as led by an attendant with a leash secured to a strong collar, and are thus ready to be slipped when required, and are also portrayed as chasing the wild ass, so that they must have been extraordinarily swift, and as facing the lion, which shows them to have also been possessed of great boldness and strength. Such were the dogs of which Herodotus says that, during the Persian occupation of Babylon, the number of these animals kept in the province was so great, that four cities were exempted from taxation for providing them with food.

The Greeks had several breeds of dogs which were highly prized. One kind was used in war, and armed with spiked collars or light armour, so that Shakespeare is true to literal fact when he says :

"Let loose the dogs of war!"

Corinth is said to have been saved from a night attack by fifty of these dogs, which fought so bravely that all were killed except one. The survivor of this gallant band succeeded in awakening the garrison, and the enemy was put to flight.

In the days of Homer, princes allowed their dogs to lie beneath the table and eat any morsels flung to them, while the guests were in the habit of carrying home to their dogs fragments of the feast, such as the soft parts of the bread on which greasy fingers were wiped after the meal was over.

To come down to much later times, that brilliant young fop, Alcibiades, had a dog of which the reputation is historical, but of which we know nothing, except that he was of great size and beauty, and that his master gave seventy minæ for him, after which he cut off his tail, which was his principal ornament. The reason for this extraordinary conduct shows how well Alcibiades knew his Athenians. "They must have *something* to talk about," he said; "and if they are talking about my dog's tail they will have the less time to criticise my more serious actions." How well we can picture the haughty, beautiful young man, with his dress of the latest fashion, a tame quail in his bosom, an apple in his hand, and followed by his tail-less dog, lounging down to the portico where Soocrates taught, while the people of Athens, ever eager for "something new," rushed to look at him and his mutilated attendant, little guessing at the astute and unscrupulous brain those perfumed love-locks covered.

An account is given in 'Notes and Queries' of the finding at Rome in the last century of a dog's statue, which, being of the best style of Greek art and *without a tail*, was supposed to be that of Alcibiades' dog. The gentleman who found it, a Mr. Jennings, famous as an art-collector, was ever after known as "Dog Jennings." He bought it for 400 souidi, and afterwards refused 1400 guineas for it. It is now at Duncombe Park, in Yorkshire.* At a meeting of the Literary Club in 1778, there was rather an amusing discussion about this statue. Said someone: "I have been to see this famous marble dog of Mr. Jennings's, valued at 1000 guineas, said to be Alcibiades' dog."

* [Since this paper was written, Alcibiades' dog has had a narrow escape from destruction. On the 11th of January, 1879, a disastrous fire took place during the night at Duncombe Park, and the greater part of the house was entirely burnt out; but thanks to the intelligent efforts of some of Lord Feversham's friends, the dog, together with another valuable antique statue, was carried out into the garden, and so rescued from the flames.—Ed.]

"His tail, then, must be docked," said Dr. Johnson. "That was the mark of Alcibiades' dog."

"A thousand guineas!" exclaimed Edmund Burke. "At this rate, a dead dog would indeed be better than a living lion!"

"Sir," replied the pompous old Doctor, "it is not the worth of the thing, but the skill in forming it, which is so highly estimated," &c.

How profoundly irritating Johnson's remarks must have been to most people, especially to those with some idea of a joke!

To return to Greek dogs. We hear of one belonging to a certain Phileros of Athens, who fell out of a window and killed himself. His dog broke his leg in leaping after his master, and finally died of grief upon his grave—a very touching instance of a dog's love.

The bas-reliefs on the friezes of the Grecian temples give us an idea what that greyhound was like which Xenophon describes so lovingly: "I have myself bred up a swift, hard-working, courageous, sound-footed dog. He is most gentle and kindly-affectioned; and never before had I such a dog. When he is not actually engaged in coursing he is never away from me. On his return he runs before me, often looking back to see if I am there, and as soon as he sees me, showing great joy and trotting away again before me. If a short time has passed since he has seen me or my friend, he jumps up repeatedly by way of salutation and barks with joy. He has also many different sorts of speech. I am not ashamed to chronicle the name of this dog, nor to let posterity know that Xenophon the Athenian had a greyhound called "Hormé," possessed of the greatest speed, intelligence, and fidelity." Truly posterity is grateful for this little sketch, which seems to bring us nearer to the ancient Greek than can whole tomes of history.

The favourite pet of the Roman ladies was the small silky-haired Maltese lap-dog. "Learned dogs" were also known to the Romans, for we hear of a performance which took place in the theatre of Marcellus before the Emperor Vespasian, when a dog danced every species of dance, and finally feigned illness and death, much to the delight of the spectators. The old Roman also thought as we do,—

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

For on a mosaic pavement discovered at Pompeii is represented a

chained mastiff with a spiked collar, while beneath his feet is written, "*Cave canem*"—"Beware of the dog."

At the sister city which perished in the same terrible eruption of Vesuvius, a very touching discovery was made. While excavating at Herculaneum, there was found the skeleton of a dog stretched over that of a boy of about twelve years old. From the position of dog and child it was evident that the faithful creature had been trying to save his young master, and that when they were caught by the stifling showers of ashes and the rivers of liquid mud, the noble animal had still striven to protect the child by covering him with his body. On the dog's collar was an inscription, saying that his name was "Delta," that he belonged to one Severinus, and had three times saved his master's life, first by dragging him out of the sea when nearly drowned, then by driving off four robbers who attacked him unawares, and lastly by destroying a she-wolf whose cubs he had taken. The inscription also said that Delta was particularly attached to the only son of Severinus, and would take no food but from the child's hand. Truly brave Delta was as "faithful unto death" as that Roman sentry who perished at his post at the gate of the doomed city of Pompeii.

It was in the Middle Ages, when, next to war, hunting was the great passion of life, that the dog played the most important part. In the rush-strewn feudal hall, which would have been so unpleasant a place to anyone possessed of our modern prejudice in favour of cleanliness, the favourite hound had his post beside his master's chair, where he was fed with fragments from the meal, while the other dogs gnawed the bones flung to 'hem beneath the table. We all remember the savage retort of poor Dante, when eating the bread of bitterness at Can Grande's Court at Verona. Some malicious fool, hidden beneath the table, amused himself and the company by piling up all the bones which had been thrown there in a heap by Dante's chair, to make it appear as if all of them were the remains of the poet's dinner. In the midst of the coarse, witless laughter produced by this jest, the stern old Florentine bitterly said: "*Messere, voi non vedreste tant' ossa se cane io fossi.*" ("Sir, you would not see so many bones were I a dog.") The point of the reproach lying in the title of *Can Grande*, the "Great Dog," given to Verona's lord.

Even in death the knight or baron of old days showed his affection

for his hound, for at the feet of many an armour-clad monumental figure lies, carved in stone, the effigy of a dog. Curiously enough, too, the bones of a dog have been found in the tombs of two Knights Templars, and also buried at the feet of two of the early Bishops of Sodor and Man.

It has been suggested that dogs were buried with bishops as emblems of fidelity, or because, they being *Shepherds*, the dog was the natural companion of the *Pastor*; but it is quite possible that a dog was placed at the feet of holy men to show that they had trodden under that "power of the dog" of which the Psalmist speaks. There is no doubt that, spite of the dog's affectionateness and sagacity, and spite of his value in the chase, a taint of something impure clung to his reputation in mediæval times. We have elsewhere spoken of those wild legends in which the dog appears in more or less of a fiendish character, and equally uncomplimentary to doggish nature was the practice of hanging a dog by the side of a malefactor, an insult in particular favour when a wretched Jew happened to be the victim. There was also a curious penance inflicted in those days known as the *cunephoria*, in which the condemned person walked for an appointed distance, bareheaded, and barefooted, carrying a dog across his shoulders as a sign of degradation.

And yet the dog ought to have held a different character, for he was valued by Church dignitary no less than by layman, and some of the beneficed clergy even had the privilege of assisting at Mass with hawk on wrist, and hound on leash.

Chaucer tells us of his Monk, that

"Greihoundes he hadde as swift as fowl of flight,"

and that

"Of prickynge and of hunting for the hare

Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare;"

while the Bishop of Durham was obliged by statute to keep a pack of hounds.

When Thomas A'Becket travelled, his train consisted not only of two hundred men on horseback, of eight waggons laden with baggage, one more fitted up as a kitchen, and another as a chapel, besides twelve sumpter horses, but of an immense number of hawks and hounds with their proper attendants, so that the chancellor might indulge in his favourite sports when it so pleased him.

Many a lordly abbot prided himself on the breed of dogs peculiar to his monastery, the most celebrated being the

“Dogs of black St. Hubert’s breed,”

from the Abbey of St. Hubert in the Ardennes : three couples of these hounds, together with half-a-dozen falcons from the eyries on the Meuse, were annually sent by the abbot to the King of France.

They were also much prized by the Dukes of Burgundy, whose hunting establishments were unrivalled in size and splendour. Of that of Duke Philip the Good (1419-1467) we hear that he kept one *grand veneur* (or great huntsman), with twenty-four attendant huntsmen, a clerk and twenty-four valets, one hundred and twenty livery-men, six pages of the hounds, six pages of the greyhounds, twelve under-pages of the hounds, six superintendents of the kennels, six valets of greyhounds, twelve of running hands, six of spaniels, six of mastiffs, six of Artois dogs, twelve bakers of dogs’ bread, a great wolf-hunter, and four under-wolf-hunters. Truly the list is enough to take one’s breath away, and gives an appalling idea of the number of the dogs which required all these attendants!

In the days when wolves infested every part of Europe, no dogs were more highly esteemed than the great Irish wolf-hounds, so famous in old poems and romances. These dogs were a species of greyhounds, but much taller, stronger, and stouter, and with rough wiry hair. They were also used for hunting the wild boar, and were often defended from its tusks by a sort of doublet laced on and studded with metallic points. Greyhounds in this armour may be seen on the old tapestry at Haddon Hall.

In modern times, Mdme. Sand tells that, when living near a great forest in Central France, she had a wolf-hound who was so passionately fond of hunting this fierce game, that he would go out alone at night on his own account and kill many a wolf. He was generally defended by a spiked collar, but unfortunately one night it was forgotten, and the wolves killed him.

But to return to the Middle Ages. The greyhound was then supposed to have the power of recognizing persons of royal or noble blood under any disguise, and on the other hand only those of gentle birth were allowed to keep this breed of dog, so highly prized that in the old English laws the killing of a greyhound was felony,

and punishable with death. These dogs were often called "gaze-hounds," from their habit of hunting by sight and not by scent, relying on their speed and endurance in running down their game. A treatise by Wynkyne de Worde in 1496 gives a description of a greyhound which still holds good :

"A Greihounde sholde be headed lyke a snake,
Footed lyke a catte,
Tayled lyke a ratte,
Syded lyke a teme,
And chymed lyke a breame."

On one occasion Queen Elizabeth witnessed the pulling down of sixteen bucks in Windsor Park by greyhounds. These must have been powerful dogs, but there was a daintier kind often represented in old illuminations as wearing collars of gold, and such as Chaucer's Prioress fed with

"Rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede."

White greyhounds are celebrated in old romances and poetry. A certain breed of these dogs had the privilege of always appearing with their masters in the presence of the Emperor Charlemagne, and in sign of this distinction had the right paw closely shaven—a more comfortable mark of honour than the long cloaks and housings of blue, or scarlet, embroidered with lions or fleur-de-lys, in which greyhounds often appear in mediæval illuminations.

As an instance of the value attached to these dogs we may mention that the Irish chieftain, Roderick O'Connor, was obliged to furnish them to our Henry II., and that a fine paid to King John consisted not only of 500 marks and ten horses, but of ten leashes of greyhounds.

In later times a special gift of Henry VIII. to a Spanish grandee consisted of four Irish greyhounds and two falcons, and in 1605 Sir Thomas Roe obtained favour with the great Mogul by a present of two Irish greyhounds.

The names of some individual dogs of this breed are famous in history. That piratical saint, King Olaf Tryggveson, of Norway, in one of his forays (at about the end of the tenth century), swooped down on the coast of Ireland. He was driving off a large herd of cattle, when a peasant so piteously entreated to have his cows restored that the king said he might have them if he could tell at once which they were, but the march must not be delayed. The peasant said

his dog knew them, and the sagacious animal going into the midst of the herd, picked out the number his master had stated to be his, all of them bearing the same mark. King Olaf was so pleased with the dog's intelligence that he wished to buy him, but the man thereupon begged to make the king a present of him, and was given in return a gold ring, while Olaf ever after valued "Vigr" as the "best of dogs."

We have related, in 'The Dogs of Legend and Romance,' the story of Vigr's death as told by the Saga; another Saga tells how once, the rudder held by Olaf between his paws,—he had the honour of steering home the famous war-ship, the 'Long Serpent,' after Olaf had destroyed the great statue of Thor at Drontheim.

It was an Irish greyhound of which Giraldus speaks, which belonged to the Welsh chieftain, Owen ap Caradoc, and received seven severe wounds from lances and arrows while attempting to defend his master. This faithful creature afterwards came into the possession of our Henry II., and should do something to redeem the discredit brought on his race some two hundred years later by "Mauthe," the greyhound of Richard II., which, as Froissart tells us, deserted his master in order to follow Bolingbroke. Possibly it was in allusion to this instance of devotion to the rising sun that Shakespeare makes his Richard speak bitterly of the traitor-earls as

"Dogs easily won to fawn on any man."

Nearly three hundred years later, another unfortunate English king was comforted in his captivity by the affection of a more faithful greyhound. Charles the First's "Gypsey" has had her name preserved to us by Sir Philip Warwick, who was in attendance on the king at Newport, and who tells us that the "Martyr Monarch" loved a greyhound better than a spaniel, for, said he, "They equally love their masters, yet do not flatter them so much."

"Greyhounds are the lords, spaniels the gentlemen, and houndes the yeomen of dogges," said Sir Philip Sidney; yet surely the old English hound of those days, so beautifully described by Shakespeare, merits a higher standing.

"So flew'd,* so sanded,† and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;

* Deep-mouthed.

† Marked with spots.

Crook-kneed and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to nor cheered with horn."

The hound was the cognizance of the house of Shrewsbury.

Another dog highly prized by our forefathers was the bloodhound, or sleuth-hound, whose great courage and strength, exquisite delicacy of scent, and unwearied pertinacity in pursuit, made him invaluable in tracking felons and fugitives. Once laid on the scent, this dog will never stop till he has brought down his prey, and many a hunted man has felt his heart grow sick and his blood turn chill, on hearing in the far distance that deep bell-like note which told that the pursuers of death were on his path.

These hounds were kept on the Border by both Scots and English, to track marauders of the opposite country, a pursuit called the "hot-trod." If a dog could trace the scent, Border-law allowed him to follow it into the other kingdom, a custom which gave rise to much bloodshed.

Scott's William of Deloraine, when lamenting over his dead enemy, says:

"In all the northern countries here,
Whose word is snaffle, spur, and spear,
Thou wert the best to follow gear!
'Twas pleasure, as we look'd behind,
To see how thou the chase couldst wind,
Cheer the dark bloodhound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray!"

while the "stark, moss-trooping Soot" himself,

"By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds."

Not only border-riders but Scottish kings and heroes have been hunted with these dogs. Robert the Bruce several times narrowly escaped being taken in this way; on one occasion baffling the pursuit by wading some distance up a stream, and then swinging himself into a tree by an overhanging branch.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the fineness of the scent, and a prisoner was some-

times sacrificed for this purpose. Once, when escaping with only a few followers, William Wallace was tracked by the English with a sleuth-hound. A certain Irishman named Fawdon, a dark, savage-looking man, had joined the Scottish hero's little band, and when the pursuit was hottest, affected to be tired and would go no further. After arguing with him in vain, Wallace, suspicious of treachery, struck him dead and continued his flight. When the English came up, the hound stayed upon the dead body:

"The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, still she stood,
Nor further would, fra time she fund the blood."

The Earl of Essex, in suppressing the Irish rebellion in Elizabeth's time, had six hundred of these animals with his army for finding fugitives. In later times, bloodhounds were the terror of deer-stealers and sheep-stealers, and were kept for this purpose as late as the eighteenth century.

But the most terrible use was made of these creatures by the merciless conquerors of the New World, and many a wretched Indian was tracked by them through the dense forests of the West. With what savage cruelties the bloodhound was associated in Spanish America, let those tell who have written of that great tragedy, that awful cry of human agony which went up thence to God. It is unfair to blame the animal for the ruthless ferocity of those who used its instincts for their own dark ends, and yet we cannot repress a shudder when we read the names of "Bezerillo," "*muy excelente perro*," and of "Leonçico" (the little lion), "admirable dogs," belonging to Vasco Nuñez, the discoverer of the Pacific. These creatures not only received rations like the soldiers, but regularly drew their share of gold and of slaves; and so great was their intelligence that they always knew the difference between an "*Indio de guerra*" and an "*Indio de paz*," a distinction often forgotten by their masters.

"*Il gran Roldano*," whose tomb is to be seen in the gardens of the Doria palace at Genoa, was a Spanish bloodhound given by Charles V. as a token of friendship to the great Genoese admiral, Andrea Doria.

Often in Spanish portraits the gloved hand of king or cavalier rests on the head of one of these dogs. "Noble brown beasts," says Mr. Ruskin, "many of which Velasquez has made as grand as his surly kings."

The Venetian artists also painted the bloodhound, though not so often as the mastiff, which seemed to be their favourite dog. It is impossible to refrain from quoting here Mr. Ruskin's beautiful description of Veronese's 'Supper at Emmaus':

"Veronese's two little daughters are playing on the hither side of the table with a great wolf-hound, larger than either of them. One, with her head down, nearly touching his nose, is talking to him—asking questions, it seems, nearly pushing him over at the same time; the other, raising her eyes, half-archly, half-dreamily—some far-away thought coming over her,—leans against him on the other side, propping him with her little hand laid slightly on his neck. He, all passive, and glad at heart, yielding himself to the pushing or sustaining hand, looks earnestly into the face of the child close to his; would answer her with the gravity of a senator, if so it might be,—can only look at her and love her."

The dogs painted by Veronese, in what Mr. Ruskin calls a heroic poem,—“Mighty brindled mastiffs, strong thowed and sinewed,” “their heads coal-black, with drooping ears and fierce eyes, bloodshot a little,” “wildest of beasts by nature,” were “*Anglici canes*”—English mastiffs. To this breed belonged the famous dogs of the Knights of Rhodes, which knew a Turk from a Christian by the smell, and treated him accordingly. These dogs were said to be descended from the two with which Dieu-Donné, the young knight, killed the great dragon of Rhodes, a story which is the subject of one of Schiller's most beautiful ballads.

In her 'Book of Golden Deeds' Miss Yonge has given us an account of this strange fight, under the name of 'What is better than slaying a Dragon?' and as that charming volume is doubtless known to all our readers, it is unnecessary to repeat here how the Grand Master impressed the lesson that “Obedience is better than sacrifice.”

Very different to the grand and threatening bloodhounds and mastiffs of the old masters are those “Venetian fringy-paws,” the tiny lap-dogs which Veronese so often painted as symbols of human vices and conceit, and which were so carefully bred for sale in Italian monasteries. To this class of dog belonged the small pets carried in baskets by Henri III. and his “Mignons,” a fashion followed in later days by our King Charles II. The lovely little spaniels called by his name were especial favourites with the “Merry Monarch,” and he

loved to play with them as he fed the ducks in St. James's Park and exchanged witty jests with his courtiers, while the Dutch guns thundered in the Medway, and the old cavaliers at home in their ancestral halls—much battered now by the Puritan cannon,—where the old oaks had been cut down, and the old plate melted to raise money for the king, had plenty of leisure to think of their first-born fallen in the last charge at Worcester, and to lay to heart the maxim which bade them to "Put not their trust in princes!"

It was a pug-dog which saved the life of that great man whose descendant was to bring Nemesis on the faithless house of Stuart. When William the Silent of Orange, the founder of the Dutch Republic, was in camp near Mons, a night attack was made upon the Netherlanders by Julian Romero, one of Alva's captains. The surprise was likely to be entirely successful, for the place of arms before the prince's tent had been reached, and two of his secretaries killed without the alarm having been raised, when, just as the Spanish arquebusiers were on the point of entering the great captain's tent, his little dog awoke him by whining, barking, and scratching at his master's face. The Prince had but just time to mount a horse which was kept ready saddled for him, and to make his escape through the darkness and confusion; his servants and guards were all killed. Ever after he kept a dog of the same race in his bed-chamber, and on his marble tomb at Delft lies sculptured this faithful little friend sleeping at his master's feet.

It was doubtless in memory of this service, that when pugs were brought to England by his great-grandson, that Dutch king whom we "all try so hard to like and can only frigidly respect," it was the fashion to decorate them with an *orange-coloured* rosette.

A service was rendered in a different way to Frederick the Great by a little Italian greyhound which seemed to have studied the favourite saying of his master's biographer that "Speech is silver, but silence is golden!" During the Seven Years War the King of Prussia was once pursued by a party of Austrian dragoons and took shelter under the dry arch of a bridge. He had under his cloak a little greyhound which he was accustomed to carry about with him, and great was his fear lest a yelp or a bark should betray his hiding-place. But, as if aware of her master's danger, the small creature clung to him in trembling silence and the Austrians passed by. This

little dog was called "Pompadour," and, said the king, did not cost him half so much as that other Pompadour did his brother of France. When it died it was buried in the palace gardens at Berlin, and a monument raised over its grave.

But, as we write, there come to our mind the stories of many dogs who have more truly and actively saved human life. Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, ancestor of the late Earls of Lichfield, had a mastiff as a watchdog which, being a surly brute, was no favourite with his master or with any of the household. One night this dog was so pertinacious in his attempt to remain under his master's bed that, after having several times turned him out of the room, Sir Henry allowed him to come back and take up his post there. In the middle of the night the chamber-door opened, and at the same moment the dog sprang from his hiding-place and pinned some intruder to the ground. Sir Henry, awakened by the noise, struck a light, and found his Italian valet held on the floor by the mastiff and roaring loudly for help. The man attempted to apologise and to explain his appearance, but his manner and the conduct of the dog excited so much suspicion in Sir Henry's mind, that he ordered the Italian to be taken before a magistrate. Entirely losing his nerve, the valet then confessed that his intention had been to rob and murder his master, had he not been frustrated by the sagacity of the dog. A portrait of Sir Henry with the mastiff by his side is preserved among the family pictures; it bears the motto: "More faithful than favoured."

Another dog whose affection and courage saved his master from assassination is commemorated in Vandyke's picture of the Duke of Richmond with this faithful follower by his side, while innumerable are the dogs who have rescued human beings from death by snow, water, or fire.

To the first class belong those gallant dogs of St. Bernard kept by the monks of the Alpine Hospice to seek for travellers buried in the snow. During the winter, when snow-storms and avalanches are frequent, these good creatures are sent out in pairs with blankets strapped upon their backs and spirit-flasks slung round their necks for the use of the half-frozen sufferers they may find in the snow-drifts. So keen is their scent, that they will discover a person below several feet of snow, which they dig away with their paws while howling loudly to call the monks to their assistance.

One of these dogs found a child whose mother had perished in an avalanche, lying near the Bridge of Dronaz, and carried it from thence to the Hospice. This brave animal's stuffed body is preserved in the Museum of Berne with the phial he always carried.

Another dog rescued both a woman and her child from a snowdrift. He had a medal commemorating his having saved no fewer than twenty-two lives, but at last he was himself destroyed by an avalanche.

In the church of St. Oswald at Zug is a monument of the Chevalier Gaspard de Brandenburg with his dog. The Chevalier was once overwhelmed by an avalanche when crossing the St. Gothard, and must have died had not his dog brought some of the inmates of the neighbouring Hospice to his aid.

The good collies of Scotland have also saved, not only innumerable sheep from the snow, but more valuable lives, such as those of the two little children of which Miss Yonge tells us, who were found by the sagacity of their father's dog, deep under a snow-drift, the younger wrapped in all the warmer garments of the elder. It is tempting to linger on the stories of those sheep-dogs whose faithful love has prompted one of the most pathetic pictures ever painted—that of 'The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner,' by Landseer; but we must pass on to the canine rescuers from fire.

Lord Forbes, of Castle Forbes in Ireland, was dragged half-suffocated but yet alive from his burning bedroom by his dog; and in our own day, "Bob," the Fireman's dog, saved many a life from that most awful of all ends:

"Stop me not, but let me jog,
For I am Bob, the fireman's dog;"

was the inscription on this brave creature's collar. He belonged to the whole London fire-brigade, and would run up ladders into burning houses, force his way through windows, and drag out any inmate better than the firemen themselves. On one occasion he saved a child who was nearly suffocated, and on another was seen to dash into the flames, and bring out a cat in his mouth. He was at last run over by a fire-engine in the year 1860.

As to the dogs who have saved drowning people, their name is legion. Landseer's portrait of 'The Distinguished Member of the Humane Society' immortalises a grand Newfoundland who swam ashore from the ship 'Hindoo,' destroyed by fire off Hormby. This dog's

courage and generous disposition has been of great value in saving life from shipwrecks along the coast. Another Newfoundland belonging to a gentleman at Lydd, on the coast of Kent, swam out through the furious surf to a vessel driven ashore on the beach, and carried a rope from thence to the shore, thus establishing a communication with those on board, all of whom were saved.

Wordsworth and Scott both commemorate a touching instance of canine fidelity in the dog of Mr. Charles Gough, who fell down a ravine and was killed, while crossing one of the passes in the Lake country. His dog was found by the side of his master's body three months afterwards. How he had lived during that time, no one could tell—

“How nourish'd here through such long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate.”

Mr. Williams tells a story of a spaniel which belonged to one of the accused in the Reign of Terror in France. This dog made his way into the prison, and on the day of trial even pushed past the guards in the hall of Judgment, where he lay crouched at his condemned master's feet. On the day of execution, he was beside the guillotine, and that night was found stretched over the grave of his unfortunate master, whence nothing could lure him till death came to end the misery of his poor broken heart.

But if we repeated all the instances of canine devotion, the list would indeed be a long one, and we will conclude our account of ‘The Dog in History,’ by some mention of those dogs who have become historical by their connection with famous men. Lord Byron's epitaph on his Newfoundland dog “Boatswain” is well known. The last four lines of it are somewhat strongly expressed, but possibly on the part of “poor proud Byron” were not exaggerated.

“Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn;
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one—and here he lies.”

A far more simple and happier nature—that of Lord Collingwood—found a congenial companion in a Newfoundland called “Bounce.”

While off Cadiz, in 1805, during a time of wearing anxiety, this brave English sailor wrote thus to his wife :

"Bounce is my only pet now, and he is indeed a good fellow. He sleeps by the side of my cot whenever I lie in one, until near the time of tacking, and then marches off to be out of hearing of the guns, for he is not reconciled to them yet."

An equally gentle and manly heart—that of Sir Walter Scott—dearly loved his dogs, and the names of some of them will go down to posterity in kindly connection with his own. Chief amongst them were the great deer-hound "*Maida*," who now "sleeps soundly at his master's door," and "*Camp*" the bull-terrier, "who was," said Sir Walter, "the wisest dog I ever knew," and whose death he lamented as that of a dear old friend. Scott was once delighted by finding in the street at Berlin a snuff-box on which was the portrait of "*Maida, der lieblich Hund von Walter Scott*."

Washington Irving tells us that, when staying at Abbotsford, as he and Sir Walter sallied forth for a walk, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend them. There was the noble old staghound "*Maida*," "*Hamlet*" the black greyhound, "*Finette*" a beautiful setter, the parlour-pet, and lastly, wagging his tail, appeared from the kitchen a superannuated greyhound whom Scott greeted as an old friend and comrade.

As all things must come to an end, and certainly a Magazine article, we cannot do better than bring our paper to a conclusion with the words of the good master of Abbotsford himself: "The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe—remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword—a witness to take life by false accusation ;—but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity."



A LADIES' PET.

By A BOY.



WAS given a dog the other day,
 An Italian greyhound, Prin,
 A wilful, delicate aristocrat,
 Of satin almost his skin.

He is not vulgar by any means,

He comes of a race of kings,
 One might almost think, but it's rather a shame,
 He won't do common things.

I said to my dog the other day,
 "You really must learn to swim;"

So down we went to the lake with Dan,
 And I tied Prin's collar to him.

Dan is the black retriever,

And of course he went straight in,
 And began to lap, but the splash he made
 Quite frightened poor little Prin.

Oh, how he shuddered! his ears laid back,
Such a look of fright in his eyes!
Crouching and pushing against the bank,
To pull Dan back he tries.
And he squeaked and whined and looked so sad,
I was forced to separate Dan,
Then he licked his paw which had just got wet,
And straight off home he ran.
I've tried to teach him to catch the rats,
That run about under the ricks,
But the silly young thing's afraid of them;
He won't learn any nice tricks,
And lies all day long on a sofa or chair;
He seems to be fond of that,
And he's not afraid of the drawing-room rug,
As he is of the lake or a rat.
I think I'll give him to Mary,
He'll do as a ladies' pet;
But where has he learnt these queer ideas,
To be frightened of getting wet?
And all the rest of his delicate ways?
For though he's not very big,
I really can't teach him a single thing,
He's as obstinate as a pig.
Reason belongs to man alone,
They say, but with what pretence?
Just look at my dog—he's a will of his own,
If he has not much common sense.
Dogs have their own opinions,
At least, so I've come to think—
You may take your dog to the water,
But you cannot make him drink.
But Mary tells me that I was wrong,
And I do believe she's right:
"You should not have tried to force poor Prin;
Of course he was in a fright."
So now I will try persuasion,
He may be a good dog yet;
If not, he shall go to Mary,
He'll do as a ladies' pet.

COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

QUESTIONS ON GEOLOGY.—MARCH.

1. HAT are igneous rocks?

2. Mention the two great groups into which igneous rocks are divided, and explain the origin and characteristics of each group.

3. Account for the formation of the rocks composing the Giant's Causeway, describing their peculiar features. Mention any similar examples.

4. How comes granite to be found in veins? What is granite?

5. Are fossils ever found in rocks formed of volcanic dust? If so, how did they come there?

6. What is the temperature of the interior of the earth? Upon what evidence is the calculation generally based.

"H. M. B." Information may be acquired by reading the books referred to, but the answers ought to be written in your own words.

"K. M. C." and "E. B. C." may make their answers considerably fuller than those sent by them, if they please.

The replies for each month must be signed with INITIALS only (the SAME being given every time), and sent to the EDITOR, ECCLESFIELD, SHEFFIELD, by the 20th of March. Each set must be accompanied by a SEPARATE paper, giving full name and address, and stating whether the competitor is over or under 14 years of age. It is also requested that care shall be taken to pay the full amount of postage, and that the replies if written on more than one sheet, shall be fastened together.

Competitors are urged to adhere strictly to these rules, as much needless trouble is caused by breaking them.

The marks for March replies will be published in May.

Those for January will appear in April (together with the February ones), as, owing to the delay caused by learning the ages of competitors, it is impossible to have the papers classified by March.

SNOWFLAKE AND AVALANCHE.

A PARABLE.



NE winter morning, blank and cold,
 A seed is buried in the mould;
 And now from out the heart of earth
 A slender emerald shoot hath birth.
 It sucks the sun, it drinks the dew,

It ripens to the russet hue;
 Then comes the reaper, blithe and fain,
 And gathers in the blessed grain.

Then sow, my lads, aye, sow, my lads;
 The gentle thought will grow, my lads;

Small at first and little worth,
 Sunned by heaven, and fed by earth,
 Downward root, and upward shoot,
 Lo! it ripens into fruit!

Sow the seed, and let it lie—
 Not a single grain shall die;

Fair and yellow, full and mellow,
 Waves the harvest by and by!

Behold, on some chill Alpine height,
 A little snowflake, soft and white,
 Slides downward in its silent course,
 And, sliding, ever gathers force;
 It gathers force, it takes a form,
 And now, a voice of wreck and storm,
 It rushes, crushes, thunders down
 In earthquake on the doomed town.

E'en so, my lads, e'en so, my lads,

The little fault will grow, my lads;

Slight at first and soft and white,
 Lo! it gathers day and night,
 Gathers, hardens, shapes and grows;
 Solid ice, not pliant snows,
 Massy, dread, beyond control,

With mountain-weight and thunder-roll,
 Shaking, quaking, bursting, breaking,
 It crushes down the hapless soul.

FREDERICK LANGELEDGE.

BOOK NOTICES.

WHITE Lilies, and other Tales,' 1s. 6d., by L. T. Meade, are stories about little children living in the heart of London. They teach useful lessons of self-denial and thankfulness.

'Your Brother and Mine,' 2s. 6d., by the same author, gives a vivid picture of the career and sufferings of a London "Arab," with the intention of arresting the attention of those who are disposed to pass their suffering brethren by, and to rouse them into active benevolence; but the authoress somewhat mars the good object she has in view by her extremely one-sided treatment of it. In a book of this kind, which will chiefly circulate amongst the lower classes, it is—to say the least—unadvisable to lay the sorrows of the poor solely at the door of the selfish rich, and ignore how almost invariably the sins of the former, or of their parents, are the true cause of the evil. Sin is the sting of life as well as of death, and whilst that abounds, no amount of philanthropy will make the suffering poor to cease from off the earth.

'The Young Armour-bearer, or Chosen to be a Soldier,' 1s. 6d. (John Shaw, 48, Paternoster Row, London), is a well-intentioned story on the duty of fighting under Christ's banner; but the writer evidently does not hold the truth that all Christians are enlisted in His service at their baptism, and she ascribes her hero's enrolment, warfare and victory to the good influence of a pious Dissenter.

Those who love historical tales will find a fund of pleasure in reading 'Winifred, an English Maiden of the Seventeenth Century,' 3s. 6d., by L. E. Guernsey.

The scene is laid just after the accession of James II., whilst some of Monmouth's dispersed followers are still hiding about the country. One of these is the hero of the tale. It is very brightly and pleasantly told, full of exciting incidents, and ends very happily.

'Lady Betty's Governess; or, The Corbet Chronicles,' price 5s., by the same author. This novelette is one of a large section (we had almost said *sect.*) of works for young people. It is a love-tale (a very pretty one), and it also belongs to the historical and religious kind of fiction. The historical element is quite secondary to the domestic, much to the advantage of the tale. Obsolete forms of speech are sparsely scattered, and the date is little more than an excuse for some graceful quaintness in the local colouring. 'Lady Betty's Governess' is above the average of similar stories, and conspicuous in this respect, that the various characters are unusually distinctive, and drawn with some delicacy as well as force. Two characters (a man and a woman) have ill-temper as their besetting sin, and the two varieties of their misery-making defect are discriminated and painted with unusual nicety. We sincerely wish a writer of so much intelligence as the author of this tale, would believe that "strong views" on religious or political subjects are as vainly as they are easily fulminated in story-books. By the ignorant they are skipped, to the instructed they are offensive. But we despair of the writers of "good" books ever learning to believe the harm they too often do! 'Lady Betty's Governess' is not, however, at all a flagrant example, but the writer has powers above the average of polemical

tale-tellers. The story is very interesting indeed—(we read it “all through”),—and we will not spoil the pleasure of other readers by telling the plot.

‘Pinafore Days,’ by Ismay Thorn, and ‘Pickles,’ by Yotty Osborn, are suitable for very young children. The former contains the adventures of a little brother and sister, ‘Fred and Dolly,’ by Wood and Wave; the latter is the history of a “funny little couple,” twin brothers. Both volumes are profusely illustrated by J. W. Pym, with outline sketches, which are highly effective, though not always accurate in drawing. The price of each is 2s. 6d.

All the foregoing books are published by John Shaw, 48, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

In ‘Every Inch a King,’ 1s. 6d., by Mrs. J. Worthington Bliss (Griffith & Farran, St. Paul’s Churchyard, London), we have the adventures of a retriever dog and his friends, told by himself. The book is sure to amuse dog-loving children, especially as its illustrations are by Mr. Harrison Weir.

‘Half-Hours with my Girls,’ by Lady Baker, are a set of short and useful addresses to members of the Girls’ Friendly Society. They profess to be “talks upon anything,” and touch on a variety of subjects, such as ‘Truth,’ ‘Sweethearts,’ and ‘Self-respect’; they are written in clear and forcible language,

and the book is a good present for girls going out to service.

In ‘Claudius,’ by Mrs. R. Knight Caus-ton, we have an historical story of a different class from those by L. E. Guernsey. It is for grown-up readers, the scene is laid in the days of old Rome, at the conclusion of the Emperor Domitian’s reign, and the writer has taken great pains to make the surroundings and conversations historically correct. We doubt the probability of her picture of the Prætor Martellus, but the greater part of the characters are well and vividly drawn. The plot abounds in political and love intrigues, the persecution of Christians, and scenes in the arena; but it ends in a fairly happy way, despite Iola’s self-sacrifice, which seems rather a needless tragedy.

‘What the Swallows told Me,’ by L. F. Mohun Harris, is a pretty story for children, but we are sorry that Milly, the heroine, dies. She is the granddaughter of a Cornish squire, with whom she lives near the sea-coast; the descriptions of scenery are very fresh and graceful. Milly’s powers of casuistry when dealing with a morose old man, are far beyond the capacities of most children of her age, but she is intended to be an exceptional specimen of humanity, one of those “whom the gods love” and who “die young.”

The last three books are published by Messrs. Hatchard, Piccadilly, London.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

“OTHER Carey’s Chickens” think that “M. M.” would like the ‘Magasin Pittoresque,’ which contains tales, biographies, articles on science and natural history, and is very well

illustrated. Price 6d. monthly. It can be obtained from Messrs. Hachette, *King William Street, Strand, London.*

“G. W.” and “Crab” can obtain the rules of an *Easy Essay Society*, in which there are a few vacancies, by applying to *Editor, S. B., 6, Belgrave Villas, Lee,*

Lewisham, S. E.; or of another, for girls above 15, by applying to *Iris, Heydon House, Royston, Herts.* "Iris" has room for several more members.

"AUNT JUDY" has had pleasure in forwarding "Miss B.'s" order to "Q. V.," who is still glad to supply original artistic designs (coloured or in outline) for panel painting, crewels, or other decorative work. Purchasers can select their own flowers. Orders to be sent to the *Editor's* care.

"M. E. W." very kindly offers her services to help two or three pupils gratuitously, who are anxious to learn French and German, or the rudiments of Latin. She only desires to do this for such as cannot afford to pay for instruction from regularly trained teachers. She has passed one university examination, but being now obliged by circumstances to lead a quiet life, with an unusually large share of leisure, she very generously designs to devote this to help in the education of others. Lessons to be carried on by correspondence. Further particulars can be had on application to *Miss M. E. W., Elm Hall, Wandstead, London, E.*

"AUNT JUDY" begs to remind her readers of the opening for instruction in German offered last month by a German Correspondence Class recommended by the author of 'Mademoiselle Mori.' Many applications have been made for admission, but there is still room for more pupils. Address, for particulars, with stamped envelope, *Miss Thongar, 2, Ingatestone Place, Torquay.*

"AUNT JUDY" also wishes to remind her readers of the petition for votes for Earlswood Asylum, made by "Zoë" last month. The case is a very deserving one. Letters to be sent to care of the *Editor, Ecclesfield, Sheffield.*

"Evelyn" cannot do better than buy

'The Manual of Zoology,' by Professor Alfred Newton (S. P. C. K. 77, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London), price 1s. She will not find a cheap work treating of one organ separately from the rest.

"Hem and Gem" are recommended by "Mrs. Cresswell" to study Dr. Lansborough's 'Popular History of British Seaweeds' (Reeve and Co.), 10s. 6d. in price, with 20 coloured plates. The book is both handy and inexpensive, but perhaps scarcely as advanced in scientific accuracy as "Hem and Gem" desire. During the nearly 30 years that have elapsed since Dr. Lansborough wrote his work many new discoveries have been made, and alterations in names of algæ have taken place. One of the reasons that made "AUNT JUDY" recommend Mrs. Gatty's 'British Seaweeds' was that it contains an appendix describing the new species discovered since the publication of Dr. Harvey's 'Phycologia Britannica,' up to the year 1872; and the altered names of old species are also given in it.

"AUNT JUDY" thanks "Mrs. Cresswell" very gratefully for her kind note, and would be glad if all readers of the Magazine were equally active in their recommendation of it.

"M. L." has 15 pieces of music (in good condition) for sale at moderate prices for the benefit of the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. A list will be sent on application. *Clarendon House, Marine Parade, Worthing.*

"Y." offers for sale a crest album (Stanley, Gibbons, and Co.), with coloured frontispiece; containing more than 300 crests and monograms, including royal, ecclesiastical, collegiate, ducal, regimental and naval ones. Price 7s. 6d. Address, *Y., 2, Wood Hill Place, Bathwick Hill, Bath.*

"Iris" will be glad to receive orders for Lawn Tennis aprons, at 4s. 6d. each. The proceeds for a charity. Address, *Heydon House, Royston, Herts.*

"Mother Carey's Chickens" offer packets containing 100 crests and monograms in exchange for coloured scraps for a screen. Christmas cards not accepted. *M. E. A., Nassau House, Barnes, Surrey.*

"A White Rose-bud" offers to sell the following books for sixteen pence, carriage paid: 'The Wood Carvers;' 'Our Junior Mathematical Master;' and 'The Children's Band.' She will also be glad to exchange old postage stamps to make a snake, for farthings, of which she has a collection. 6, *Minto Street, Newington, Edinburgh.*

"A Utopian" wishes to hear of a "Music Practising Society" for instrumental music only, in which not more than half-an-hour's practice is required daily. Address, *F. M. W., 22, Imperial Square, Charlton.*

"A. J. B." will be glad if our readers can supply the solution of the following enigma; it was published in a magazine and no reply given:

"What is it men and women all despise,
Yet one and all of whom do highly prize.
Which never was for sale, yet any day,
The poorest beggar can the best display.
Which kings possess not, tho' full sure am I,
For that great luxury they often sigh.
Which never bride did own, yet woe the day,
When without one a bride should go away.
Which we can never buy and seldom meet,
Which oftentimes we toast, but never eat.
Which every man should have for growing corn,
Which tired husbandmen delight to own.
The very thing to take in a sick room,
Its coming silent as spring's early bloom:
A little thing, oft wet with mother's tears,
A great, soft, yielding thing that no one fears;
A thing so prized that it we often wear
Carefully hidden from the world's rude stare."

"N. P." is requested to send her address to the *Editor*, who will be glad to communicate further on the work topic.

A few additional members are wanted for a Musical Practising Society. Rules can be obtained from the Honorary Secre-

tary. Address, *Miss M. A. Pitman, 28, Gordon Square, London.* Perhaps this notice will supply "A Utopian's" wants.

"W. S." offers 60 scrap-book pictures in exchange for foreign stamps. Address, *W. Stewart, The Rowans, Parsonage Road, Withington, Manchester.*

"C. A. M. E." asks for the names of some "good, healthy, and instructive books," suitable for girls to read who have lately left the schoolroom. They must be interesting, not dull.

"Kitty J." The quotation is from some Latin writer, "Lympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit;" it was translated thus by Richard Crashaw: "The conscious water saw its God and blushed." Twenty years later, when the poet Dryden was an idle boy at school, he was told to write a verse on the miracle of Cana, and, to the surprise of his masters, produced an unusually good one:

"The conscious water owned the power divine,
Confessed its God, and blushed itself to wine."

We fear there is small doubt that the embryo poet's lines were a plagiarism on Crashaw's previous translation.

"Tilly Slowboy" is very grateful for "A Little Traveller's" gift of coloured pictures for the Hospital scrap-book.

"Safrano" will find directions for painting on silk and wood in a little book by E. M. C., 'Work,' Series I. (Hatchards, Piccadilly, London), price 1s. in paper cover, 1s. 6d. in cloth.

"An Old Reader." "Purring when you're Pleased" was originally published in the Third Series of Mrs. Alfred Gatty's 'Parables from Nature,' price 2s. The story has since appeared in other editions of the book. The latest one consists of two pocket volumes, 2s. 6d. each, in which the whole of the five series of 'Parables' are included. A volume of 'Select Parables from Nature,' for the use of

schools, price 1s., has been published amongst Messrs. Bell's Reading-books, but 'Purring' is not in this volume.

"F. G. C." wishes to hear of a drawing or etching (query,—pen-and-ink sketching?) club, the members of which are under twenty years of age, and the amount of work required not very great. 3, *Springfield Place, Bath*.

"May and Violet" ask for coloured scraps towards making a book for sick children. *Miss M. Mynors, Ashley Rectory, Tetbury, Gloucestershire*.

"A. M." had better apply for the book to *A. Iredale, Fleet Street, Torquay*, who supplies foreign books at foreign prices.

"AUNT JUDY" believes the riddle sent by "J. S." has no solution, and is simply an imposition.

The three wonders of the world that "A Circle of Friends" have forgotten are: the Gold and Ivory Statue of Jupiter Olympius; the Tomb of Mausolus; and the Pharos of Alexandria. There is an account of the whole seven in Mr. Timbs' 'Curiosities of History.'

"A. S." will be glad to sell crests, monograms, and coloured cards for scrap-books, or to exchange them for foreign stamps. *Dormer House, Dormer Place, Leamington*.

Report of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Cots at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street, London. February 10th, 1879.

The "AUNT JUDY" Girl is at present Edith J—, a child of seven, who is suffering from some complaint of the lungs, but is now convalescent.

The "AUNT JUDY" Boy is George V—, aged five, a not very remarkable patient. It could be wished that the cot had another George (in the next bed) as its occupant, for he happens to be an extremely interesting little fellow. He is more than eleven years old: but his spinal disease has terribly distorted

and shrivelled up his frame, so that he is very small, and looks much younger than he is. He lies in strange uncomfortable-looking attitudes, and pain and weariness are often written on his white expressive face, but never discontent and ill-temper. He was lately brought into the Hospital very ill from bronchitis, and some time ago he was a patient in the Louise Ward, and had then another complaint of a most dangerous kind, so that the poor boy is old indeed in suffering; and well does he seem to have learnt some of the best lessons suffering has to teach. His father is a chimney-sweeper, but whether he came to the ward with a sooty face or a clean one, Georgie would be equally delighted to see him, for he dearly loves his parents, and is constantly talking of them. The other day he became suddenly blind, from his brain being in some way affected, and on his being reminded that he would not be able to see his father when he came, he said simply, "But I could kiss him." The child's great anxiety to have both his father and mother with him (they came as soon as it was possible for them to do so) seemed then like a wish to bid them a last good-bye. However, he is now a little better again.

Many inquiries have been made for Johnny, the boy who swallowed the piece of ivory, but there is not very much to tell about him. He went home a few weeks ago, everything that could be thought of having been tried for his relief and cure, but without complete success, as the offending substance is still unremoved. However, he is much stronger than when he was first brought to Ormond Street; and when he came the other day to visit his Hospital friends, he remarked that he did not feel "so sluggardiah" as he used to do. While in the Victoria Ward he won everyone's respect and affection by his obedience, patience, intelligence, and amiability. Stories grow with wonderful rapidity. Someone spoke of the bit of ivory as "the top of an umbrella-handle," and, in consequence of this, Johnny was lately inquired after with much tenderness, as "the boy who swallowed the umbrella." If any further news reaches us about him, the "AUNT JUDY" readers shall be sure to have the benefit of it.

Christmas-time cannot last too long

to please children, so that the kind offer of a member of the Committee to give a second Hospital Treat was, of course, gladly accepted, and it is to take place on the 14th. A magic lantern and "Punch and Judy" will form the leading features of the entertainment.

It is pleasant to tell the news that four more cots have been lately endowed. They are to be known by the names of "Guy's Cot," "Lily's Cot," "Georgie's Cot," and "Little Ted's Cot." All are, we understand, Memorial Cots. The label of "Guy's Cot" is already hung up, and the design is as pretty as it is new and fantastic. There is a graceful arrangement of bits of brilliantly-coloured seaweed, about which are to be seen most lively-looking little fish, in various droll and playful attitudes; and yet there is, of course, nothing in the least comic about the drawing.

The Hospital Anniversary Festival is to be held at Willis's Rooms on Thursday, February 20th. The Bishop of Winchester has consented to act as chairman on the occasion, and the names of many influential friends are to be noticed in the long list of stewards. We shall hope to give an account of the Festival in our next Report, and trust we may be able to tell of able speeches, and (what we want still more) large subscriptions.

Contributions to the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Account in Aid of the Building Fund, received to February 13, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. C. M. Griffith (annual)	0	10	0
Kilburn Vicarage, Easingwold (annual)	0	12	0
Miss Gertrude Atkinson, 18, Woodhouse Square, Leeds (annual)	1	1	0
Four little Geese	0	1	0
Hester (monthly)	0	1	0
Nellie (monthly)	0	1	0
Mary and Florence (monthly)	0	0	6
Tabby Cat (quarterly)	0	3	0
Black Bettrini (quarterly)	0	1	0
Mildred (half-yearly)	0	10	0
Two Yorkshire Dumplings (monthly)	0	0	4

	£	s.	d.
Sandy Cat (monthly)	0	1	0
Abracadabra (monthly)	0	0	6
Five Young Bees (monthly)	0	1	0
E. M. D. (monthly)	0	2	0
M. D. (monthly)	0	1	0
A Pink and a White Daisy	0	2	0
Maidenhair	0	1	0
"A Christmas Pudding"	0	7	6
Alec, Edwin, Isabel, Laura and Hew	0	5	0
Mrs. M. 2s. 6d., Clara 2s. 6d., Florie 2s. 6d., Edith 2s. 6d., also some cards	0	10	0
Toby 1s., Herself 1., Kavock 2s., Tip 1s.	0	5	0
Four little Ripples, Redclyffe, Newton-le-Willows	0	2	0
A. V. P.	0	3	0
Eleanor, Florence, and Beatrice	0	1	6
Alfred Peel	0	1	0
Mrs. Golding	0	2	6
Walter and Hugh	0	1	6
Tiney	0	2	0
Young Flick 2d., Joe 1d.	0	0	3
An odd Fish	0	0	3
Two Scones, with twelve pairs muffatees, three pairs mittens, five balls and a scrap-book	0	5	0
In loving memory of dear Alice	1	1	0
A. and M.	0	1	6
M. A. F., for Samaritan Fund	0	3	0
Three Children (collected)	0	5	4½
Charlotte Stewart, Mickleham, Dorking, a scrap-book.			
Johnny, Canny and Grussy, three scrap-books.			
Miss Blunt, some warm clothing.			
Mrs. Mather, eight knitted garments and three scrap-books.			
E. F. D. and T. G. D., a box of doll's-house furniture and some books.			
Little Buzz, a knitted shawl and some books.			
Miss Margaret I. Hodges, some knitted cuffs and socks.			
Woodcote House School Boys, twelve flannel jackets.			
"Little Kitty," some dolls and scrap-books.			
"A little girl," some old books.			



"I WAS WAKENED BY A TOUCH ON MY HEAD, AND A VOICE JUST ABOVE ME—"

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WE AND THE WORLD.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."—*Old Proverb.*



HAVE often thought that the biggest bit of good luck (and I was lucky), which befell me on my outset into the world, was that the man I sat next to in the railway-carriage was not a rogue. I travelled third class to Liverpool for more than one reason—it was the cheapest way, besides which I did not wish to meet any family friends—and the man I speak of was a third-class passenger, and he went to Liverpool too.

At the time I was puzzled to think how he came to guess that I was running away, that I had money with me, and that I had never been to Liverpool before; but I can well imagine now how my ignorance and anxiety must have betrayed themselves at every station I mistook for the end of my journey, and with every question which I put, as I flattered myself, in the careless tones of common conversation. I really wonder I had not thought beforehand about my clothes, which fitted very badly on the character I assumed, and the company I chose; but it was not perhaps to be expected that I should know then, as I know now, how conspicuous all over me must have been the absence of those outward signs of hardship and poverty, which they who know poverty and hardship know so well.

I wish I had known them, because then I should have given the man some of my money when we parted, instead of feeling too delicate to do so. I can remember his face too well not to know now how much he must have needed it, and how heroic a virtue honesty must have been in him.

It did not seem to strike him as at all strange or unnatural that a lad of my age should be seeking his own fortune, but I feel sure that he thought it was misconduct on my part which had made me run away from home. I had no grievance to describe which he could recognise as grievous enough to drive me out into the world. How-

ever, I felt very glad that he saw no impossibility in my earning my own livelihood, or even anything very unusual in my situation.

"I suppose lots of young fellows run away from home and go to sea from a place like this?" said I, when we had reached Liverpool.

"And there's plenty more goes that has no homes to run from," replied he sententiously.

Prefacing each fresh counsel with the formula, "You'll excuse me," he gave me some excellent advice as we threaded the greasy streets, and jostled the disreputable-looking population of the lower part of the town. General counsels as to my conduct, and the desirableness of turning over a new leaf for "young chaps" who had been wild and got into scrapes at home. And particular counsels which were invaluable to me, as to changing my dress, how to hide my money, what to turn my hand to with the quickest chance of bread-winning in strange places, and how to keep my own affairs to myself among strange people.

It was in the greasiest street, and among the most disreputable-looking people, that we found the "slop-shop" where, by my friend's orders, I was to "rig out" in clothes befitting my new line of life. He went in first, so he did not see the qualm that seized me on the doorstep. A revulsion so violent that it nearly made me sick then and there; and if someone had seized me by the nape of my neck, and landed me straightway on my desk in Uncle Henry's office, would, I believe, have left me tamed for life. For if this unutterable vile-ness of sights and sounds and smells which hung around the dark entry of the slop-shop were indeed the world, I felt a sudden and most vehement conviction that I would willingly renounce the world for ever. As it happened, I had not at that moment the choice. My friend had gone in, and I dared not stay among the people outside. I groped my way into the shop, which was so dark as well as dingy that they had lighted a small oil-lamp just above the head of the man who served out the slops. Even so the light that fell on him was dim and fitful, and was the means of giving me another start in which I gasped out—"Moses Benson!"

The man turned and smiled (he had the Jew clerk's exact smile), and said softly:

"Cohen, my dear, not Benson."

And as he bent at another angle to the oil-lamp I saw that he was

older than the clerk, and dirtier; and though his coat was quite curiously like the one I had so often cleaned, he had evidently either never met with the invaluable "scouring drops," or did not feel it worth while to make use of them in such a dingy hole.

One shock helped to cure the other. Come what might, I could not sneak back now to the civil congratulations of that other Moses, and the scorn of his eye. But I was so nervous that my fellow-traveller transacted my business for me, and when the oil-lamp flared and I caught Moses Cohen looking at me, I jumped as if Snuffy had come behind me. And when we got out (and it was no easy matter to escape from the various benevolent offers of the owner of the slop-shop), my friend said:

"You'll excuse me telling you—but whatever you do, don't go near that there Jew again. He's no friend for a young chap like you."

"I should have got your slops cheaper," he added, "if I could have taken your clothes in without you."

My "slops" were a very loose suit of clothes made of much coarser material than my own, and I suppose they were called "slops" because they fitted in such a peculiarly sloppy manner. The whole "rig out" (it included a strong clasp-knife, and a little leathern bag to keep my money in, which I was instructed to tie round my neck) was provided by Mr. Cohen in exchange for the clothes I had been wearing before, with the addition of ten shillings in cash. I dipped again into the leathern bag to provide a meal for myself and my friend; then, by his advice, I put a shilling and some coppers into my pocket, that I might not have to bring out my purse in public, and with a few parting words of counsel he wrung my hand, and we parted—he towards some place of business where he hoped to get employment, and I in the direction of the docks, where the ships come and go.

"I hope you *will* get work," were my last words.

"The same to you, my lad," was his reply, and it seemed to acknowledge me as one of that big brotherhood of toilers who, when they want "something to do," want it not to pass time but to earn daily bread.

CHAPTER II.

“Deark d'on Dearka.” (*“Beg of a Beggar.”*)—*Irish Proverb.*

“..... From her way of speaking they also saw immediately that she too was an Eirisher..... They must be a bonny family when they are all at home!”—*The Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith.*

“Dock” (so ran the 536th of the ‘Penny Numbers’) is “a place artificially formed for the reception of ships, the entrance of which is generally closed by gates. There are two kinds of docks, dry-docks and wet-docks. The former are used for receiving ships in order to their being inspected and repaired. For this purpose the dock must be so contrived that the water may be admitted or excluded at pleasure, so that a vessel can be floated in when the tide is high, and that the water may run out with the fall of the tide, or be pumped out, the closing of the gates preventing its return. Wet-docks are formed for the purpose of keeping vessels always afloat. . . One of the chief uses of a dock is to keep a uniform level of water, so that the business of loading and unloading ships can be carried on without any interruption. . . The first wet-dock for commercial purposes made in this kingdom was formed in the year 1708 at Liverpool, then a place of no importance.”

The business of loading and unloading ships can be carried on without any interruption. If everything that the ‘Penny Numbers’ told of were as true to the life as that, the world’s wonders (at least those of them which begin with the first four letters of the alphabet) must be all that I had hoped; and perhaps that bee-hive about which Master Isaac and I had had our jokes, did really yield a “considerable income” to the fortunate French bee-master!

Loading and unloading, coming and going, lifting and lowering, shouting and replying, swearing and retorting, creaking and jangling, shrieking and bumping, cursing and chaffing, the noise and restlessness of men and things were utterly bewildering. I had often heard of a Babel of sounds, but I had never before heard anything so like what one might fancy it must have been when that great crowd of workmen broke up, and left building their tower, in a confounding of language and misunderstanding of speech. For the men who went to and fro in these docks, each his own way, jostling and yelling to

each other, were men of all nations, and the confusion was of tongues as well as of work. At one minute I found myself standing next to a live Chinaman in a pigtail who was staring as hard as I at some swarthy supple-bodied sailors with eager faces, and scant clothing wrapped tightly round them, chatting to each other in a language as strange to the Chinaman as to me, their large lustrous eyes returning our curiosity with interest, and contrasting strangely with the tea-caddy countenance of my elbow neighbour. Then a turbaned Turk went by, and then two grinning negroes, and there were lots of men who looked more like Englishmen, but who spoke with other tongues, and amongst those who loaded and unloaded in this busy place, which was once of no importance, Irish brogue seemed the commonest language of all.

One thing made me hopeful—there were plenty of boys no bigger than myself who were busy working, and therefore earning wages, and as I saw several lads who were dressed in suits the very counterpart of my own, I felt sure that my travelling companion had done me a good turn when he rigged me out in slops. An incident that occurred in the afternoon made me a little more doubtful about this.

I really had found much to counterbalance the anxieties of my position in the delightful novelty and variety of life around me, and not a little to raise my hopes; for I had watched keenly for several hours as much as I could see from the wharf of what was going on in this ship and that, and I began to feel less confused. I perceived plainly that a great deal of every-day sort of work went on in ships as well as in houses, with the chief difference, in dock at any rate, of being done in public. In the most frank and pic-nicking fashion, to the untiring entertainment of crowds of idlers besides myself, the men and boys on vessel after vessel lying alongside, washed out their shirts and socks, and hung them up to dry, cooked their food, cleaned out their pots and pans, tidied their holes and corners, swept and brushed, and fetched and carried, and did scores of things which I knew I could do perfectly, for want of something better to do.

"It's clear there's plenty of dirty work to go along with till one learns seamanship," I thought; and the thought was an honest satisfaction to me.

I had always swept Uncle Henry's office, and that had been light work after cleaning the schoolroom at Snuffy's. My hands were never

likely to be more chapped at sea than they had been with dirt and snow and want of things to dry yourself with at school ; and as to coal-carrying—

Talking of coals, on board the big ship, out of which great white bales, strapped with bars of iron, were being pulled up by machinery, and caught and flung about by the "unloaders," there was a man whose business seemed to be to look after the fires, and who seemed also to have taken a roll in the coal-hole for pleasure ; and I saw him find a tin basin and a square of soap, and a decent rough towel to wash his face and hands, such as would have been reckoned luxurious in dormitories at Snuffy's. Altogether, when a heavy hand was laid suddenly on my shoulder, and a gruff voice said :

"Well, my young star-gazing greenhorn, and what do you want?"

I replied with alacrity, as well as with more respect than the stranger's appearance was calculated to inspire, "Please, sir, I want to go to sea, and I should like to ship for America."

He was not a nice-looking man by any means—far too suggestive of Snuffy, when Snuffy was partly drunk. But after a pause, he said :

"All right. Where are your papers? What was your ship, and why did ye run?"

"I have not served in a ship yet, sir," said I, "but I'm sure——"

He did not allow me to go on. With a sudden fierce look that made him more horribly like Snuffy than before, he caught me by my sleeve and a bit of my arm, and shoved me back from the edge of the dock till we stood alone. "Then where did ye steal your slops?" he hissed at me, with oaths. "Look here, ye young gallows-bird, if ye don't stand me a liquor, I'll run ye in as a run-away apprentice. So cash up, and look sharp."

"I was startled, but I was not quite such a fool as I looked, mind or body. I had once had a hardish struggle with Snuffy himself when he was savage, and I was strong and agile beyond my seeming. I dived deeply into my trousers-pocket, as if feeling for the price of a "liquor," and the man having involuntarily allowed me a little swing for this, I suddenly put up my shoulders, and ran at him as if my head were a battering-ram, and his moleskin waistcoat the wall of a beleaguered city, and then wrenching myself from his grasp, and dodging the leg he had put out to trip me, I fled blindly down the quay.

No one can take orange-peel into account, however. I slipped on a large piece and came headlong, with the aggravation of hearing my enemy breathing hoarsely close above me. As regards him, I suppose it was lucky that my fall jerked the shilling and the penny out of my pocket, for as the shilling rolled away he went after it, and I saw him no more. What I did see when I sat up, was the last of my penny (which had rolled in another direction), as it gave one final turn and fell into the dock.

I could have cried with vexation, and partly with fatigue, for it was getting late, and I was getting tired. I had fallen soft enough, as it happened, for I found myself on a heap of seeds, some kind of small bean, and the yielding mass made a pleasant resting-place. There was no one very near, and I moved round to the back of the heap to be still more out of sight, and sat down to try and think what it was best to do. If my slops were really a sort of uniform to which I was not entitled, they would do me more harm than good. But whom could I ask? If there were an honest, friendly soul in all this crowd, and I could come across him, I felt that (without telling too much of my affairs) I could explain that I had exchanged some good shore clothes of my own for what I had been told were more suitable to the work I was looking out for, and say further that though I had never yet been at sea, I was hardy, and willing to make myself useful in any way. But how could I tell whom to trust? I might speak fair to some likely-looking man, and he might take me somewhere and strip me of my slops, and find my leather money-bag, and steal that too. When I thought how easily my fellow-traveller might have treated me thus, I felt a thrill of gratitude towards him, and then I wondered how he had prospered in his search for work. As for me, it was pretty clear that if I hoped to work my way in this wicked world, I must suspect a scoundrel in every man I met, and forestall mischief by suspicion. As I sat and thought, I sifted the beans through my fingers, and saw that there were lots of strange seeds mixed with them, some of very fantastic shapes; and I wondered what countries they came from, and with what shape and scent and colour the plants blossomed, and thought how Charlie would like some of them to sow in pots and watch. As I drove my hands deeper into the heap, I felt that it was quite warm inside, and then I put my head down to smell if there was any fragrance in the seeds, and I did not lift it up again, for I fell fast asleep.

I was wakened by a touch on my head, and a voice just above me, saying: "He's alive annyhow, thank God!" and sitting up among the beans I found that it was dark and foggy, but a lamp at some distance gave me a pretty good view of an old woman who was bending over me.

She was dressed, apparently, in several skirts of unequal lengths, each one dingier and more useless-looking than the one beneath it. She had a man's coat, with a short pipe in the breast-pocket; and whether bonnet was like one could not tell, for it was comfortably tied down by a crimson handkerchief with big white spots, which covered it completely. Her face was as crumpled and as dirty as her clothes, but she had as fine eyes and as kind eyes as mine have ever met. And every idea of needful wariness and of the wickedness of the world went quite naturally out of my head, and I said, "Did you think I was dead, mother?"

"I did not; though how would I know what would be the matter wid ye, lying there those three hours on your face, and not a stir out o' ye?"

"You're very kind," I said, dusting the bean-dust off my trousers, and I suppose I looked a little puzzled, for the old woman (helping me by flicking at my sleeve) went on: "I'll not deceive ye, my dear. It was my own Micky that was on my mind: though now you've lifted your face, barring the colour of his hair, there's no likeness betwixt ye, and I'm the disappointed woman again, God help me!"

"Is Micky your son?" I asked.

"He is, and a better child woman never had, till he tired of everything I would do for him, being always the boy for change, and went for a stow-away from this very port."

"Sit down, mother; stow-aways are lads that hide on board ship, and get taken to sea for nothing, aren't they?"

"They are, darlin'; but it's not for nothing they get kept at sea, ye may take your oath. And many's the one that leaves this in the highest of expictations, and is glad enough to get back to it in a tattered shirt and a whole skin, and with an increase of contintment under the ways of home upon his mind."

"And you hope Micky'll come back, I suppose?"

"Why wouldn't I, acushla? Sure it was by reason o' that I got bothered with the washin' after me poor boy left me, from my mind being continually in the docks, instead of with the clothes. And

there I would be at the end of the week, with the captain's jerseys gone to old Miss Harding, and his washing no corrier than hers, though he'd more good-nature in him over the accidents, and iron-moulds on the table-cloths, and pocket-handkerchers missin', and me ruined intirely with making them good, and no thanks for it, till a good-natured soul of a foreigner that kept a pie-shop learned me to make the coffee, and lint me the money to buy a barra, and he says: 'Go as convanient to the ships as ye can, mother; it'll ease your mind. My own heart,' says he, laying his hand to it, 'knows what it is to have my body here, and the whole soul of me far away.'

"Did you pay him back?" I asked. I spoke without thinking, and still less did I mean to be rude; but it had suddenly struck me that I was young and hearty, and that it would be almost a duty to share the contents of my leather bag with this poor old woman, if there were no chance of her being able to repay the generous foreigner.

"Did I pay him back?" she screamed. "Would I be the black-hearted thief to him that was kind to me? Sorra bit nor sup but dry bread and water passed me lips till he had his own again, and the heart's blessings of old Biddy Macartney along with it."

I made my peace with old Biddy as well as I could, and turned the conversation back to her son.

"So you live in the docks with your coffee-barrow, mother, that you may be sure not to miss Micky when he comes ashore?"

"I do, darlin'. Fourteen years all but three days. He'll be gone fifteen if we all live till Wednesday-week."

"Fifteen? But, mother, if he were like me when he went, he can't be very like me now. He must be a middle-aged man. Do you think you'd know him?"

This question was more unfortunate than the other, and produced such howling and weeping, and beating of Biddy's knees as she rocked herself among the beans, that I should have thought every soul in the docks would have crowded round us. But no one took any notice, and by degrees I calmed her, chiefly by the assertion—"He'll know you, mother, anyhow."

"He will so, God bless him!" said she. "And haven't I gone over it all in me own mind, often and often, when I'd see the vessels feelin' their way home through the darkness, and the coffee steaming enough to cheer your heart wid the smell of it, and the laste taste in

life of something better in the stone bottle under me petticoats. And then the big ship would be coming in with her lights at the head of her, and myself sitting alone with me patience, God helping me, and one and another strange face going by. And then he comes along, cold maybe, and smells the coffee. 'Bedad, but that's a fine smell with it,' says he, for Micky was mighty particular in his eatin' and drinkin'. 'I'll take a dhrop of that,' says he, not noticing me particular, and if ever I'd the secret of a good cup he gets it, me concealing me face. 'What will it be?' says he, setting down the mug. 'What would it be, Micky, from your mother?' says I, and I lifts me head. Arrah, but then there's the heart's delight between us. 'Mother!' says he. 'Micky!' says I. And he lifts his foot and kicks over the barra, and dances me round in his arms. 'Ochone!' says the spiotators; 'there's the fine coffee that's running into the dock.' 'Let it run,' says I, in the joy of me heart, 'and you after it, and the barra on the top of ye, now Micky me son's come home!'"

"Wonderfully jolly!" said I. "And it must be pleasant even to think of it."

But Biddy's effort of imagination seemed to have exhausted her, and she relapsed into the lowest possible spirits, from which she suddenly roused herself to return to her neglected coffee-stall.

"Bad manners to me, for an old fool! sitting here whineging and lamenting, when there's folks, maybe, waiting for their coffee, and yourself would have been the better of some this half-hour. Come along wid ye."

And giving a tighter knot to the red kerchief, which had been disordered by her lamentations, the old woman went down the dock, I following her.

We had not to go far. Biddy's coffee-barrow was placed just as the pieman had advised. It was as near the ships as possible. In fact it was actually under the shadow of a big black-looking vessel which loomed large through the fog, and to and from which men were coming and going as usual. With several of these the old woman interchanged some good-humoured chaff as she settled herself in her place, and bade me sit beside her.

"Tuck your legs under ye, agra! on that bit of an ould sack. 'Tis what I wrap round me shoulders when the nights do be wet, as it isn't this evening, thank God! And there's the coffee for ye."

"Mother," said I, "do you think you could sit so as to hide me for a few minutes? All the money I have is in a bag round my neck, and I don't want strangers to see it."

"Ye'll just keep it there, then," replied Biddy, irately, "and don't go an' insult me wid the show of it."

And she turned her back on me, whilst I drank my coffee, and ate some excellent cakes, which formed part of her stock-in-trade. One of these she insisted on my putting into my pocket "against the hungry hour." I thanked her warmly for the gift, whereupon she became mollified, and said I was kindly welcome; and whilst she was serving some customers, I turned round and looked at the ship. Late as it was, people seemed very busy about her, more so than about any I had seen, almost. As I sat I was just opposite to a yawning hole in the ship's side, made by the opening of two wide doors, into which men were noisily running great bales and boxes, which other men on board were lowering into the depths of the vessel with very noisy machinery and with much shouting in a sort of uncouth rhythm, to which the grating and bumping of the crane and its chains was a trifle. I was so absorbed by looking, and it was so impossible to hear anything else unless one were attending, that I never discovered that Biddy and I were alone again, till the touch of her hand on my head made me jump.

"I beg your pardon, mother," I said; "I couldn't think what it was."

"I ax yours, dear. It's just the curls, and I'm the foolish woman to look at 'em. Barrin' the hair, ye don't favour each other the laste."

I had really heard a good deal about Micky, and was getting tired of him, and inclined to revert to my own affairs.

"Mother, do you know where this ship comes from?"

"I do not. But she sails with the morning for Halifax, I'm told. And that's America way, and I insensed the cook—that was him that axed me where I bought my coffee—to have an eye out for Micky, in case he might come across him anywhere."

America way! To-morrow morning! A storm of thoughts rushed through my head, and in my passionate longing for help I knelt up by the old Irishwoman and laid my hand upon hers.

"Mother dear, do help me! You are so kind, and you've a boy of your own at sea. I want to go to America, and I've no papers or anything. Couldn't I stow away as Micky did? Couldn't I stow away on this one? I can work well enough when they find me out,

if I could only hide so as to get off, and you know the ships and the docks so well, you could tell me how if only you would."

I am always ashamed to remember the feeble way in which I finished off by breaking down; though I do not know that I could have used any argument that would have gone so far with Biddy. If it had been a man that had been befriending me, I'm sure I shouldn't, but it was a woman, so I felt doubly helpless in having to depend on her, and she felt doubly kind, and in short, I put my face in my hands and sobbed.

I am sure that for quite four hours after this I was puzzled to death by smelling stale bad tobacco about myself; then I discovered that by some extraordinary jerk in the vehemence of the embrace which was Biddy's first response to my appeal, the little black pipe had got out of her coat-pocket and tumbled down the breast of my slops.

I hope my breakdown was partly due to the infectious nature of emotion, of which Biddy was so lavish that my prospects were discussed in a sadly unbusiness-like fashion. My conscience is really quite clear of having led her to hope that I would look out for Micky on the other side of the Atlantic, but I fear that she had made up her mind that we should meet, and that this went far towards converting her to my views for stowing away on the vessel lying alongside of us. However, that important point once reached, the old woman threw herself into the enterprise with a practical knowledge of the realities of the undertaking and a zest for the romance of it which were alike invaluable to me.

"The botheration of it is," said Biddy, after some talk, tangling her bonnet and handkerchief over her face till I felt inclined to beg her to let me put her straight. "The botheration of it is, that it's near to closing-time, and when the bell rings ivery soul'll be cleared out, labourers and idlers, and myself among 'em. Ye'll have to hide, me darlin', but there'll be no mighty difficulty in that, for I see a fine bit of tarpaulin yonder that'd consale a dozen of the likes of you. But there's that fool of a watchman that'll come parading and meandering up and down wid all the airs of a sentry on him and none of the good looks, and wid a sneaking bull's-eye of a lantern in his hand. He's at the end of the wharf now, purshuin to him! Maybe I'll get him to taste a dhrop of me coffee before the bell rings. Many's the cup I gave to the old watchman before him, peace to his sowl, the kindly craythur! that

never did a more ill-natured thing on his beat than sleep like a child. Hide now, darlin', and keep the tail of your eye at a corner where ye'll see the ship. Maybe he'll take a nap yet, for all his airs, and then there's the chance for ye! And mind now, keep snug till the pilot's gone as I warned ye, and then it's the bold heart and the civil tongue, and just the good-nature of your ways, that'll be your best friend. The cook tells me the captain's as decent a man as iver he served with, so you might aisy do worse, and are not likely to do better. Are ye hid now? Whisht! Whisht!"

I heard most of this through a lifted corner of the tarpaulin, under which I had the good luck to secrete myself without observation and without difficulty. In the same manner, I became witness to the admirable air of indifference with which Biddy was mixing herself a cup of coffee as the watchman approached. I say *mixing* advisedly, for as he came up she was conspicuously pouring some of the contents of the stone bottle into her cup. Whether this drew the watchman's attention in an unusual degree, of course I do not know, but he stopped to say, "Good evening, Biddy."

"Good evening to ye, me dear, and a nasty damp evening it is."

"You're taking something to keep the damp out, I see, missus."

"I am, dear; but it's not for a foine milithrary-looking man like yourself to be having the laugh at a poor old craythur with nothin' but the wind and weather in her bones."

"The wind and weather get into my bones, I can tell you," said the watchman; "and I begin my work in the fog just when you're getting out of it."

"And that's thrue, worse luck. Take a dhrop of coffee, allanna, before I lave ye."

"No, thank ye, missus; I've just had my supper."

"And would that privint ye from takin' the cup I'd be offering ye, wid a taste of somethin' in it against the damp, barrin' the bottle was empty?"

"Well, I'm not particular—as you are so pressing. Thank ye, mum; here's your good health."

I heard the watchman say this, though at the moment I dared not peep, and then I heard him cough.

"My sakes, Biddy, you make your—coffee—strong."

"Strong, darlin'? It's pure, ye mane. It's the rale craythur, that, and bedad! there's a dhrop or two left that's not worth the

removing, and we'll share it annyhow. Here's to them that's far—away."

"Thank you, thank you, woman."

"Thim that's *near*, and thim that's far away!" said Biddy, improving upon her toast.

There was a pause. I could hear the old woman packing up her traps, and then the man (upon whom the coffee and whisky seemed to produce a roughening rather than a soothing effect) said coarsely, "You're a rum lot, you Irish!"

"We are, dear," replied Biddy blandly; "and that's why we'd be comin' all the way to Lancashire for the improvement of our manners." And she threw the sacking round her neck, and lifted the handles of her barrow.

"Good-night, me darlin'!" said she, raising her voice as she moved off. "*We'll meet again*, God willing!"

"Safe enough, unless you tumble into the dock," replied the watchman. "Go steady, missus. I hope you'll get safe home with that barra of yours."

"God send all safe home that's away from it," shouted Biddy, in tones that rose above the rumbling of the wheel and the shuffling of her shoes.

"Haw! haw!" laughed the watchman, and with increased brutality in his voice he reiterated, "You're a rum lot, Biddy! and free of most things, blessings and all."

I was not surprised that the sound of the wheel and the shoes ceased suddenly. Biddy had set down her barrow to retort. But it was with deep gratitude that I found her postpone her own wrath to my safety, and content herself with making her enemy "a prisint of the contimpt of a rogue."

"And what would I be doing but blessing ye?" she cried, in a voice of such dramatic variety as only quick wits and warm feelings can give, it was so full at once of suppressed rage, humorous triumph, contemptuous irony, and infinite tenderness. And I need hardly say that it was raised to a ringing pitch that would have reached my ears had they been buried under twenty tarpaulins. "God bless ye for ivermore! Good luck to ye! fine weather to ye! health and strength to ye! May the knaves that would harm ye be made fools for your benefit, and may niver worse luck light on one hair of your head than the best blessings of Biddy Macartney!"

Something peculiar in the sound of Biddy's retreating movements made me risk another glance from an angle of the tarpaulin.

And upon my honour it is strictly true that I saw the old Irish-woman drive her barrow down the dock till she passed out of sight, and that she went neither walking nor running, but *dancing*; and a good high-stepping dance too, that showed her stockings, and shook the handkerchief on her head. And when she reached the end of the wharf she snapped her fingers in the air.

Then I drew my head back, and I could hear the watchman guffaw as if he would have split his sides. And even after he began to tramp up and down I could hear him still chuckling as he paced by.

And if I did not hear Biddy chuckle, it was perhaps because the joke on her side lay deeper down.

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM COWPER.

"O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood, solaced me.
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'"



WHAT person is there who, in reading these lines of exquisite tenderness, which William Cowper addressed to his mother's picture, has not been inspired with a true admiration of the gentle, pure-minded writer?

How vividly we can sympathise with the shy, delicate boy; in his mother's lifetime the object of all her care and tenderness, now at her early death left all forlorn in the cold world to fight his life's battle without her loving heart to lean upon.

William Cowper was born at Berkhamstead on the 26th of November 1731, and from his earliest infancy exhibited symptoms of such delicacy that grave doubts assailed both parents as to the probability of their rearing him; this doubt was all the keener pain to them since Death had already robbed them of several of their little ones. No care then was too great, no caress too much to be bestowed on him, his mother's chief joy as well as fearful love was centred in

him, and great indeed must have been the anguish of his childish heart at her loss. How well one can picture the mournful pale face, with its wistful tearful eyes, that looking from the nursery window saw all that remained of his tender, loving angel, borne away from him into the dim distance; where, he knew not, felt not,—it was all over, her gentle voice would encourage his happiness and soothe his pain no more; so he turned away, back to the dreary room, dark without the sunshine of her presence.

A few weeks later he was sent to a school in Hertfordshire under Dr. Pitman, and thence again removed shortly after, on account of an inflammation in his eyes, which forced him into comparative idleness for nearly two years, at the end of which time Westminster School was chosen as the scene of his struggles from childhood into boyhood.

Here he remained until 1749, by his own account tyrannised over by his schoolfellows, who, with unthinking cruelty, laughed at the shrinking timidity of Cowper's nature: one schoolmate above the others practised all kinds of arrogance and cruelty towards the unhappy boy, but at last his behaviour was discovered, and, to Cowper's intense satisfaction, he was expelled. Shortly after this his victim was removed from Westminster and articled to a lawyer, with whom he stayed three years, leaving his office at the end of that time for chambers in the Temple, where he tried to pursue his studies for the law, but this occupation was probably distasteful, as it appears from various essays in prose and verse inserted in some contemporary publications, to have left him sufficient time for these more fascinating avocations. In 1762 his friends exerted their influence in getting him appointed to the post of Reading Clerk and Clerk of the Private Committees of the House of Lords, but when Cowper found that a portion of his new duties consisted in reading in public, his timidity recoiled, and he, much to the annoyance of those who had taken some trouble to procure him this situation, sent in his resignation.

Though somewhat discouraged by Cowper's summary way of ridding himself of the effects of their good offices, his friends determined to find something more congenial to his inclinations, and they now procured him the place of Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords. To entitle himself publicly to the office it was necessary that Cowper should appear at the bar of the House; at this prospect his horror of making a 'public exhibition' of himself rose to such a pitch

that when the important day arrived, even those who had been most earnest in urging upon him the necessity of his appearance, were fain to acquiesce in his abandoning all claim to a situation that would necessitate what was so insurmountable a terror to his sensitive nature.

It is scarcely credible that the fear of this public appearance should have such an effect upon him as to threaten his intellect, but it is most certain that such was the case, and that his faculties were so overwhelmed that his brother John Cowper and his cousin Martin Madan considered it absolutely necessary that he should have change of scene, and consequently he was removed to St. Alban's, where they placed him under the care of an able physician. Here he had to stay for some months subject to the most harassing fits of despondency, and when at length he was able to leave Dr. Cotton's house, he determined to retire to some quiet country town far away from the din and stir of London. He now (1765) settled himself at Huntingdon, and here he made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Unwin; this friendship was destined to hold a large place in Cowper's existence, and to it he owed much of the happiness of the latter part of his life. Mrs. Unwin was so deeply interested in what she heard of Cowper's life and the gentle goodness with which it was filled, that on her removal to Olney in 1767, after her husband's death, she offered him a home in her house, which he, only too glad of this genial friendship, accepted with great delight. From this point in Cowper's existence, the picture changes, and instead of the lonely sensitive man, we find him the cherished guest of the Unwins. In this quiet retreat Cowper's life was ennobled by many touching acts of benevolence, and not only did his small private income afford him the means of helping his poorer neighbours, but one or two persons, notably a rich London merchant, gave large sums into his hands to be used as his judgment should direct for the benefit of his protégés. His presence was looked for with delight in many a cottage, and his sympathy cheered many a sad heart.

John Cowper died in 1770, and this loss caused a great grief to the poet, who mentions him lovingly in the 'Task':

"I had a brother once,
Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters, and of manners too!
Of manners sweet as Virtue always wears,

When gay good-nature dresses her in smiles,
 He graced a college* in which order yet
 Was sacred, and was honour'd, loved, and wept,
 By more than one, themselves conspicuous there!"

At intervals the fits of religious depression of which we have before spoken, would come upon him, and during these sad times he had full opportunity of appreciating the untiring maternal devotion of his friend Mrs. Unwin, who was well seconded in all her efforts to rally Cowper out of his melancholy by the Rev. John Newton, the curate of Olney. During his periods of convalescence Cowper amused himself with literary pursuits, wrote short poems, some of those letters which hold so high a place as compositions in the estimation of competent judges, and cultivated the talent of landscape-drawing, of the possession of which he had been quite ignorant until lately, and in which he afterwards found much enjoyment. In 1782 Mrs. Unwin, whose name seems inseparably connected with Cowper's, persuaded him to publish his first volume of Poems: which unfortunately did not meet with a very favourable reception, though in time their real merit was discerned, and allowances made for the tinge of moroseness which ran through some of them. A new friend was about this time added to Cowper's little circle in the person of Lady Austen, for whose conversation he evinced so marked a preference, that Mrs. Unwin, jealous of his regard, began to fancy herself slighted; and Cowper, who could of course have no hesitation between the acquaintance of Lady Austen, agreeable though it might be, and the tried and true affection of his "second mother," saw himself most reluctantly compelled to give up the pleasure of Lady Austen's society. He therefore with many apologies and regrets, and the most delicate possible touch on the cause of his letter, wrote to Lady Austen putting an end to the friendship.

Before this termination of their companionship we must not forget to say that at her suggestion Cowper wrote several short poems, notably the ever-amusing 'John Gilpin,' and Lady Austen it was who first proposed his undertaking the 'Task,' his principal and most lovely work. He was most minute in the care he bestowed on this his masterpiece, and it was not until after much thoughtful revision that he launched it upon the stormy sea of criticism in November 1784. Cowper now set about his translation of Homer, writing,

* Benet (now called Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge.

transcribing and revising forty lines a day, terminating his work only in 1790. In the following year it made its appearance in two volumes, the 'Iliad' being inscribed to Lord Cowper, and the 'Odyssey' to the Dowager Lady Spencer. On this translation he had been occupied five years, and during this period he seems to have experienced a more general state of mental tranquillity than in preceding times. On the whole he was dissatisfied with his Homer, and began almost immediately re-writing parts of it, and adding numerous notes; he also undertook to translate Italian and Latin poems, and to bring out a magnificent edition of Milton's works; but this last occupation Cowper seems to have abandoned, and still he continued to work hard at his Homer.

Mrs. Unwin had now become very infirm, and Cowper seems to have been most deeply affected at the prospect of losing the companionship of this tender, cheerful friend; his own always feeble health declined, and the deplorable melancholia came upon him with greater violence than ever. Change of air and scene were tried for both the invalids with no happy effect; the bracing air of Mundsley, a fishing village on the Norfolk coast, gave no benefit, Mrs. Unwin grew worse, and died in December 1796. When he saw her about an hour after her death Cowper started away with an expression of passionate grief. This great shock seems to have brought back a glimmer of the departing reason, and in his short intervals of mental convalescence, Cowper still worked on at his new translation of Homer, and wrote a few verses, of which the 'Castaway' were the last. In January 1800 Cowper's strength began to diminish rapidly, and on the 25th of April he died suddenly, and a few days later was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel in Dereham Church.

All remarks on his poems are superfluous; no one can have read them without appreciating the gentle religious nature of their writer, and experiencing the power he so peculiarly possessed of using language that appeals to every good feeling of the heart. Simplicity of grace and style, and melodious harmonies mark all his works, and in reading his poems we can still feel the force of the words he wrote at the end of his verses to his mother's picture:

"Time has but half succeeded in his theft;
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left."

L. M. C. LAMB.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.



LOVE to see the lighthouse as it stands
 So straight and white against the clear blue sky;
 While, down below, the tossing surges beat,
 Like restless spirits round an angel's feet,
 Fretting all vainly and then rushing by
 To spend themselves upon the shifting sands.

But most I love to see, when—in the night—
 Wild winds awake and mighty waves arise,
 How, to the storm-toss'd sailor from afar,
 It shines amid the gloom a beacon star;
 Showing so welcome to his weary eyes,
 Cheering him homeward with its gentle light.

And wonderful it is to ponder how
The lighthouse stands so stately and secure;
How load on load of rough dull stones was cast
And swallow'd in the sea, until at last
On a foundation stedfast to endure,
It rose like some fair queen, with star-crown'd brow.

I love to see some simple saintly life
Tow'ring from time into eternity;
And—like the waves against the lighthouse hurl'd—
So do the frets and troubles of the world
Beat vainly round that soul serene and high
Rising so calm and still amid the strife.

But most I love to see when dark days come
And many hearts are rack'd with pain and fear,
How in the dark that holy soul will shine,
Guiding frail sinners with her light divine,
A beacon light of hope and comfort dear
To cheer and point the shipwreck'd wand'rer home.

And wonderful it is to count the years,
Long years of patient toil, unseen, unknown,
Seeming so fruitless sometimes and so lost,
Off'rings so small and common, but that cost
So much in weariness—whereon has grown
The saintly life that to the world appears.

N. F.

MOTHER MOLLY.

By the Author of 'The Rose Garden,' 'Through Rough Waters,' &c.

IX.

THE COPLESTONE FAMILY.



It has always been difficult to me to recall what happened afterwards on that night. Molly has told me since that it was near eleven o'clock before we got home, but to me it is like a confused mist. I was bitterly disappointed that the letter should have been read, and greatly exhausted for want of food, and aching with fatigue and wet. Molly's own terrors and her self-reproach that she had let me go, were, I suspect, worse than anything we had suffered. Dick was both angry and frightened, and had

been searching for us for an hour or two : indeed, we met him before we got quite home. I think Harry's account, for I was almost too much spent for speech, startled him, and that in his heart he was as thankful as Mother Molly to see his letter in her hands ; but he would not acknowledge it, and persisted 'twas all right. I know that in the middle of the night I started up, crying out that the water was black and full of drowning men, and that Molly's arms were round me, and she whispering comfort in my ear. But I do not recollect anything very clearly.

The next day I was well again. The maids were most curious ; but Harry was never the boy to let out anything, and I had felt this gravely enough to be careful, and to keep my counsel. And there came such disquieting news about the nearness of the French fleet, that it took off a little of their attention. The mayor and the magistrates were consulting together for hours, so 'twas said, and five hundred volunteers finally chosen out of fifteen hundred who applied, and messengers were sent round to the beacons to see if they were in order, and Mr. Boscawen came to ask if arrangements had been made for our escape, or whether he could do anything.

Molly was persuaded that this approach of the French had something to do with M. de Lantenac's evening expedition. She stood at the window of our room, straining her eyes towards that bit of water which we could see. 'Twas still ruffled and uneasy after the squalls of the past night, but the wind had gone down and was changed to the east. As for me, I did not know what to think.

"He could not have put to sea in that little boat," I said.

"The little boat could have taken him to a fishing-sloop, and the fishing-sloop might have carried him out. Don't you remember that night when we were on the *Hoe, Nan* ? It crossed my mind then that he had some communication of the kind."

It was horrible. And yet I could not say, as I had said before, that he deserved to be shot. The tears gathered in my eyes, and Molly stooped quickly and kissed me.

"Do not you cry, Nan," she said with eagerness. "Father would be proud of his girl, if he knew what she had done."

"But I did not do it," said I. "He read the letter. Oh, I hope Dick will be more careful now."

"I think he will. I think even he suspects something. At any

rate, he cannot go to the house to-day, for the volunteers are kept on close duty, and he will have no time to himself. And Nan——”

“Yes?”

“Mrs. Coplestone has sent to know if we will go over there this afternoon. Grandfather is pretty well, and——”

She broke off again and looked wistfully at me. ‘Twas easy to see she wanted not to refuse, and yet doubted how far my feelings might lead me about Mrs. Coplestone. But I think, without thought of George, after what had happened, I felt a clinging to any one who had been father’s or mother’s friend, and a sort of safety with them; so ‘twas settled.

That morning came one of the panics. Loveday rushed in shrieking, to say that a gun had fired, and the French fleet was coming in full sail, at least a hundred, and the volunteers were drawn up, and she had seen Mr. Bedford driving away as fast as his horses could draw the coach, and that she should get her cousin, who kept a cart, to come at once and take her things and herself to a place of safety; for there was her poor mother, not to speak of a widowed sister with three helpless children, and if anything happened to her, what was to become of them?

This was a question beyond the powers of any of us to answer, and indeed Molly was occupied in trying to keep grandfather from taking fright. He bore it more calmly than she expected, and we fancied ‘twas from his having got accustomed to the cry of the parrot. Harry was at school, so Betty and I ran out to learn what news we could, and she was to go to Andrews, and see about the waggon, if it turned out true. But though, for anything I know, a gun may have fired, there was no sign of the French ships, nor anything different in the Sound from other days; only a number of people with spy-glasses were out looking, and there was a general air of expectation abroad. ‘Twas hard to suppose an enemy could be near, and yet ‘twas a tempting prey for any enemy, and as I looked at the Mount Edgcombe woods, feathering down to the water, in noble sweep, I thought of the captain of the great Armada, who Father told me had fixed on Mount Edgcombe as his own share of the spoil, and felt comforted to remember that he had been baffled, and so might others.

Betty said it most mazed her to think of Loveday’s selfish plans, and her vuliahness, though I fancy she found it easier to bear than if

it had been the other way; and when she had borrowed a spy-glass from a man standing by, and got over the difficulty of shutting one eye by clapping her hand tight over it, and then looked straight up towards the sky, she declared herself very well satisfied, and ready to testify to all the parish that there was no sign of the French fleet.

When we got home, we found that Loveday was actually going. Molly thought it better for her own peace of mind, and ours, and we saw her off in the cart. I believe she really thought she was acting like a heroine, though Betty did her best to undeceive her by a running fire of comments.

"What a've a gone through, nobody knowth," Loveday said, clasping her hands at the door. "A'm sure 'twas no longer ago than yesterday, the wind took'd my ombrella and flittered it, and a saith, 'Oh, my dear, what a world this be!'"

"If your mother is ill, she will be very glad to have you," said Molly, smiling.

"Mother's complaint is a chronic, and when my brother Tom went away, her saith to me, 'I vully expects you or mother'll be gone 'vore I comes back, and don't 'ee be backward in telling me of it.' But her niver thought o' this. Oh, my dear!"

"Oh, my dear!" repeated the parrot solemnly.

No one could help laughing, to Loveday's great indignation.

Molly and I spent the rest of the morning in packing what we should have to take with us. She had already laid by what was most necessary, but it had come to the point now of having everything ready. And as we could not take all, 'twas very hard to decide on what should be left behind; for this was Mother's—and that Father's—and Dick could not bear to part with one, and I had a fancy for another, and there were old worthless things which were sure to be somebody's treasures. However, we did the best we could, and were obliged to think most of the boys because they were not there to speak for themselves; and Madge found so much amusement in trotting backwards and forwards with her arms full of wonderful things, that she took off some of the pain of it.

After we had dined, Molly and I started for Mrs. Coplestone's, leaving Madge with Betty to take care of grandfather. And Mr. Bedford had promised to look in, and bring him a fine specimen of a humming-bird moth which he had caught in his garden. The

Coplestones' was a large house, close on the road, with a square piece of ground beyond it, and myrtles and lemon-verbenas growing up some twelve feet high. Admiral Coplestone was dead, but it was one of the houses where there was always plenty of stir and bustle going on; Sir John Parker, a brother of Mrs. Coplestone's, lived there; there was Ella, a girl older than Molly, and two younger who fitted nearer me, and a governess; and, as I have said, 'twas a busy, active house.

In the passage were boxes, showing the same preparations going forward as with us; and Mrs. Coplestone, Mary, and the governess, were in the sitting-room packing some china vases. Mrs. Coplestone kissed us and pointed to her work.

"They're not worth so much, but I am resolved the French shall not be the better for anything they find here. Nan, my dear, hold up your head, and do not poke. Have you got everything ready, Molly? Depend upon it, there's no time to be lost. Where do you mean to go?"

"Our servant, Betty Coombes, has a brother living on Dartmoor, near Bickleigh, and he is ready to take us in," said Molly.

"You'll be having the children lost in a bog. Well, perhaps 'tis not so bad a place, if Mr. Ridley can bear it. I almost wish I were going there too, to look after you."

"Oh, I wish you were!" cried Molly, more eagerly than I thought there was any need.

"But 'tis all settled that we drive over Haldon to Exeter. Sir John has a house in Paul Street, and everything is got ready for us there. I hope we shall pass Haldon by day," went on Mrs. Coplestone, who had an absolute horror of robbers. "Now, Mary, you and Elizabeth can take Nan into the garden for an hour."

The two girls and I were glad enough to get together, for, owing to one thing and another, we had not seen each other for three weeks and more. We climbed up an acacia-tree, which was always our favourite spot, and sitting on its boughs we could see up the river, and the shipping, and the woods. Of course we could talk of nothing but the French, and I found they were wild for them to come.

"'Twould be dreadful not to go to Exeter," said Mary.

"But I am afraid mother will be in a hurry," said Elizabeth. "She gets so soon frightened. I should like to see the fighting first."

"And perhaps our fleet may beat them off. Suppose we should see the Invincible!"

They said "Yes!" and looked at me with a respect which I found very pleasant; for when the Invincible was mentioned, we all knew that Father was the captain, while George was only lieutenant.

"Oh, I wish we could hear that they were coming in this minute!" said Mary with a sigh. I should have said the same but for one thing, the thought that perhaps Dick had helped them on their way. And I knew it was this which kept Mother Molly so grave when she spoke of them, for she was not naturally more timid than any of the rest of us.

'Twas very agreeable up in the great acacia. I don't know that there was any tree in which I liked better to sit, for the boughs were thick and pleasant, with forked resting-places, and the leaves were light and shaded, without keeping out the sun; and though 'people speak against girls climbing trees, I could never be the one to forbid it, when I remember what happy hours I passed in the cool leafage myself.

Mary was very well pleased to go to Exeter, where they had some cousins; but Elizabeth would have liked Dartmoor better, for I always faithfully retailed Betty's stories to them, and they knew as well as I did about the grey man, and the pixies, and the witoches, to say nothing of the pixie-house which we might be able to see for ourselves if we went near Sheepstor. So we promised to keep our journals closely, that we might read them together when we met again, and then we should see which had the most wonderful adventures to relate. And I think this promise set our hearts burning, and was partly the cause of what I shall have to tell you by-and-by; for there was always a sort of foolish emulation between us three, as to which should do this and that and the other, only since Mrs. Harty's words I had pretty well managed to keep it out of my head. They had caught something of Mrs. Coplestone's way of thinking, that all was best which came from them or their house, and I was inclined to fall into just the same groove for ourselves. It had led me into trouble once in this very tree in which we were sitting, at a time when I was no bigger than Harry, and Father was at home and in the house; for it was who should go up highest, and when we had all gone as high as 'twas safe, I must needs go higher, and this ended in a branch breaking, and in a dreadful downfall of mine. Luckily, the branches caught me, and

let me down pretty gently, but I twisted my ankle terribly, and Father carried me all the way home on his shoulder, though Mrs. Coplestone wanted to have out the chariot.

By-and-by we were called into the house to help empty the great china jars of the pot pourri. There was one always standing on the staircase, into which we used to dig our hands as we ran upstairs; and Mrs. Coplestone was so determined the French should find no luxuries in her house, that she made us turn out all the rose-leaves into an old sheet and sew it up. And then the coachman carried it up to the tallitt.

She was of a most liberal nature, and the poor round about thrive very well upon this flitting. And, indeed, there was such distress all over Devonshire, that charity was stirred on all sides. Our woollen and serge trade had suffered most sadly through the long-continued wars, and bread was very high, to say nothing of taxes, and the loss of labour; and the Poor's Portion House was overcrowded, so that 'twas pleasant to see the faces of those who got fine helpings out of her stores, and here and there a blanket. Sir John Parker, being a justice of the peace, was holding council with the mayor and other gentlemen; and Ella had carried off Molly to her own room, where I felt sure they were talking of George, and we worked very briskly, so that Mrs. Coplestone praised us, and told me if I gave up stooping she should have good hopes of me.

We had supper earlier than usual, Molly being in haste to return; and a pleasant meal it was, though most of the silver had been packed away, and the old family pictures taken down from the walls. But the sun shone in very warm and bright, and the smell of the myrtle and the hum of bees made it seem cheerful. The bees were to be left, of course, and I think Mrs. Coplestone had good hopes that if they were meddled with, they would do their part against the invaders, for she always held that they knew more than was supposed, and could distinguish.

When we had finished off our supper with bread and cream, they came out to see us off, and made us go round to the yard, and there were three great waggons standing laden with boxes, and ready to be driven off whenever the horses were put in. I am certain there was no family in all Plymouth so ready with their preparations, and when Molly said so, Mrs. Coplestone was greatly pleased.

"Take Time by the forelock, my dear ; that has been my motto all my life. If you wait till he's past, there's nothing but running, and hurrying, and getting out of breath with hanging on behind."

"But, mother," said Ella, who had a twinkle in her eye like George, "what will you do if they don't come?"

"Set you all to unpack them, and be thankful," said her mother, good-humouredly. "But they *will* come, and then you will see the use of being ready. 'Twould not surprise me in the least if we were all turned out of our beds to-night with the news. Molly, my dear, I don't like to think of you with no one to take heed for you."

And, to my surprise, she was kissing her with tears in her eyes, while Molly clung to her.

"We have Dick," she said, looking up at George's mother.

"Dick!" repeated Mrs. Coplestone with a little scorn; "and the Frenchman too, I suppose. There, now, I didn't mean it, but 'tis you will have to look after Dick. Well! it can't be helped, I suppose. Good-bye, my Moll, and God bless you."

She kissed me, too, told me to hold up my head, and be a good girl; and they let us out at the yard-gates, waving their hands so long as they could see us. There was so much of a farewell in it, that it made us feel very strongly what might be at hand, and almost indeed as if it were come, and to Mother Molly I am sure 'twas like another parting from George. So we walked quickly along without speaking, only keeping close.

At last I said—I could not help it—

"Molly, what would Mrs. Coplestone have said if she had heard where Harry and I were last night?"

"She would have said I was not fit to have the charge of you."

"Shall you ever tell her?"

"I don't know. But some day——"

"Yes?"

"Some day I shall tell George."

It was something so new to her to talk freely of him to me, that she never mentioned his name without a little shade of hesitation.

We had nearly reached home when we met Mr. Newman, and he stopped.

"Excuse me, Miss Bligh," he said, "but I have been to your house to ask a question, and was disappointed to find no one. I am aware that your brother has seen a good deal of the French gentleman that

has been lodging with me, and I understand that two of your family were at my house last night inquiring for him. Can you tell me whether Mr. Richard has any tidings of him to-day?"

Molly's face changed as he spoke.

"My brother is out with the volunteers," she faltered. "He has been on duty all day, and 'tis not likely he has seen anything of M. de Lantenac. Is he not returned?"

"No. 'Tis very strange," said Mr. Newman, uneasily. "For one of his nation, and at such a time—though I would stake my fortune upon his honesty. My wife and I have been absent two days, and I find, on coming back, he did not sleep at home last night. Can you tell me what was discovered of his movements last night?"

Molly hesitated, and I got very red.

"He had a paper of my brother's that we wished to reclaim," she said, in a low voice. "Hearing something about the landing-place from your servant, my sister and Harry went there and saw him. They saw him, too, go off in a boat. That is all I can tell you, sir, and I do beseech of you to consider it as private, unless the contrary is absolutely necessary."

"Not a soul shall know of it," he said, in a tone of such hearty certainty as lifted a weight off my mind. But 'twould have been hard to have refused Molly, with the colour coming and going in her cheeks, and her lips resting apart. Then he asked, "Did you get possession of the paper? That's well. If your brother has news of him, I should be glad to hear it; if none comes, we must hope for some to-morrow. But 'tis strange, certainly strange."

He went away with an evident oppression of anxiety on his mind. And Mother Molly and I looked at each other; and I said, for the twentieth time,—

"But, oh, he read it, he read it!"

X.

PANIC.

Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

—*Macaulay's Armada.*

Dick came in late that night, very tired and very uneasy. He had heard the report of M. de Lantenac's absence, and 'twas evident it had made a great impression upon him, and that his mind was much dis-

tressed. If I had been Molly, I don't think I could have helped shewing him 'twas no more than I expected, but she was never the one to say, "I told you so," and only was the more tender with him. And he had another trouble on his mind, the volunteers, under Mr. Bastard of Kitley's command, having to convey the prisoners of war the next day from Plymouth to Exeter. It pained him grievously to think that he must leave his grandfather and sisters without any to see after them, and for the moment it staggered Mother Molly. But she was not long in finding out the best side of it; for, after all, if the French came, Dick could not have left his duties to see to us, and now she would have the comfort of thinking him safe. So she got him his supper, and did what she could to cheer him.

He was to start very early in the morning, and she kept waking through the night. There were many others in the same way we heard afterwards, and people running out to look towards Maker Tower, from whence a close watch was kept on the Channel. Still nothing came to cause increased uneasiness, and indeed in the morning a privateer got safely in with her prize, to the great delight of the townspeople.

Dick started, looking very pale and disheartened in spite of all that Molly could do. We went out to see them pass across the fields from Millbay barracks, feeling almost sorry for the poor prisoners, who were being snatched away, as it must have seemed to them, just when they had cause to hope. And before we came in, we saw the man with the mail-bags riding as fast as he could into the town, for 'twas a time when they did not spare their cattle in the carrying of news.

The last two days Molly had kept me at home instead of letting me go as usual to Mrs. Deeble's. 'Twas a time indeed in which, with we knew not what hanging over us, we could not settle to anything except what we were forced to, such as the reading to grandfather. People went from one to another asking what they had heard, and the difficulty was great of meeting with any trustworthy tidings. Mr. Bedford used to lament the old days of the Plymouth Weekly Journal; for now, when 'twas so much craved for, we had no newspaper at all.

Molly and I slipped out on the Hoe so soon as we were able to see what we could for ourselves. We noticed a number of people under

the Hoe Gate, but they were standing about very freely, and to see one knot more than another gave us no surprise. However, we saw a King's ship beating down Channel, and making but little way, and it was surmised by those who were authorities where there was doubt about most things, that she was the *Ardent*. This caused great excitement, for 'twas wondered what took her there, and whether 'twas possible that Sir Charles Hardy's fleet might be nearer than was thought, and meaning to fight. And I could not turn away my eyes from watching, and begged and prayed Mother Molly to stay a little longer.

Just when she could do no more for me in that way, Mr. Boscawen came up to us, walking very fast. He was a little old gentleman, and 'twas plain that something had disturbed him, for his three-cornered hat and periwig were pushed on one side, and his silk stockings splashed with mud, and he was swinging his cane excitedly.

"Heard the news, Mrs. Molly?" he called out before he reached us.

"No more than usual, sir," she said, wondering.

"Then you make the round dozen of those I have told. And the sweetest of all," he added, sweeping his hat to the ground, at which she laughed. "I would let you guess, but that my sister Haryet knows nothing of it yet, and 'twill so amaze her! Ah, those Frenchmen—the best of them—are not to be trusted."

Molly's hand trembled in mine.

"Is it M. de Lantenac?" she asked faintly.

"Picked up off Drake's Island this morning by a fishing-boat. 'Twas that squally night, no doubt."

"Dead!"

"Dead?—yes, drowned, of course. What would you have him be, my dear Mrs. Molly, when he had been in the water all that time?" asked Mr. Boscawen, a little testily. "The question is, what was he doing out there? I am afraid he's been making fools of some of us."

He was moving off in a hurry to retail his news, when Molly with an effort stopped him.

"Are you certain it is true, sir?"

"True? As true as that you and I are talking to each other. Seen the ship? Looks as if she were walking into the enemy's

mouth, don't it? I'll drop in by and by, and bring you some more particulars."

When he had gone away, I looked at Molly. She had her hand pressed tight on her eyes.

"Come," she said in a strange voice; "don't talk to me now, I can't bear it."

We went home quite silently, with a sort of fear and horror upon us. So lately had I seen him, so much had he been in our minds, that 'twas scarce possible to conceive that he was dead. And other thoughts kept rising up, whether we would or no.

About one o'clock, after grandfather had had his dinner, Mr. Newman came with a very grave face. He saw at once that we knew some of his tidings, though not all.

"Perhaps I ought to rejoice," he said, "after what has come out; but my wife and I, we liked him so much and had so high an opinion of him, that I would give my biggest ship to know 'twas not true. And yet, of course, 'tis, in one sense, a mercy."

"Is it known then that he was a spy?" asked Molly, in a low voice.

"Beyond a question," Mr. Newman said, sadly. "In the pocket-book which was found on him, were papers giving close information as to the number of men in the citadel, with a plan of the batteries, and an account how short we run of ammunition. Sure, Miss Bligh, you have great cause for thankfulness that Mr. Richard's note was not among them!"

Sure indeed! Our hearts had been dwelling on this before he spoke. Molly made a little sign with her hand, she could not say anything.

"I do not blame your brother," he went on more quickly. "I have been too much his dupe myself, though I thank Heaven I never told him much. But 'twas natural Mr. Richard should be taken in. The pleasantest companion!—the most kindly listener!—Well, well, he's gone, and Plymouth folk should be thankful. But I should like to ask Miss Anne what she saw that night."

I told him, very closely, everything. When I had finished, he said one of the men had been drowned, but the other had clung to the overturned boat and been picked up. All that he knew was that they had been paid a good sum to take M. de Lantenac out to a fish-

ing-sloop which lay off the island. The sloop was no longer there, and 'twas most likely had made her way out. Mr. Newman, who took a very kindly interest in us from the respect he bore to my father, assured us there was no need for it to be known that Harry and I had that interview. No one was likely to have noticed us except the man at the Hoe Gate, and he was the most silent and surly fellow in Plymouth.

"And you are persuaded, sir," said Molly, anxiously, "that there was nothing of Dick's among his papers?"

"Nothing."

"Nor in those at your house?"

"Most happily, nothing whatever. I was coming to tell you of these. They have all been delivered to Mr. Freeman, the Mayor, and are of the same character. But there is a paper which concerns you."

"Of what kind, sir?"

"'Tis a request to the French commander that he would respect the houses of one or two families who have shown the writer much kindness. Mine is one, but the first on the list is yours."

"I would he had left it out," cried Molly, with such haughtiness that I stared. But she recovered herself in a moment. "God forgive me!" she exclaimed, "the poor man being dead!"

Mr. Newman went away, and I longed for Harry to come home and hear about it, Molly not seeming able to speak. I have thought since that there were many things pulling her different ways when she thought of M. de Lantenac, more than she could bear, but at the time I was chiefly taken up with Dick's escape, and wondered what he would say when he came to know about it. It seemed a week at least since he went away that morning.

Nor was the day ended yet, nor Mr. Boscawen's news. He came in quite out of breath, just as Harry returned. And this time what had been so often reported was really true. A fleet was in sight, and there was no doubt it was the French, and the Ardent was in the greatest danger. And hearing this and no more, Harry and I never waited an instant, but took to our heels and ran with a'l our might up to the Hoe.

(To be continued.)

DONKEY-RIDES AROUND CAIRO.

By Greville J. Chester, B.A., Author of 'Transatlantic Sketches,' &c.

IV.—THE PYRAMIDS OF GEEZEH.



THE Pyramids of Geezeh, *the Pyramids par excellence*, lie some eight or nine miles south-west of Cairo; and abjuring on the present occasion the more luxurious but less amusing carriage, we will be off betimes in the morning upon our active little donkeys, not forgetting to take with us a plentiful lunch for ourselves, our donkey-boys, and our attendant Arabs, and a good supply of candles and magnesium wire.

After crossing the Nile at Kasr-el-Nil by a fine iron bridge which a few years since superseded a bridge of boats which had previously superseded a ferry, a spot is reached where the Khedive's tax-gatherers are levying tribute upon all the grass, clover, and other agricultural produce which the fellaheen are bringing in from the villages on the backs of camels and asses. We then enter a shady road overarched by a beautiful species of acacia bearing enormous semi-transparent seed-pods, and we then find ourselves alongside of a hideous wall which the Khedive is erecting to enclose a palace for some of his household. A few years since he erected a splendid palace on the same spot and surrounded it with gardens containing fountains and rock-work constructed at vast expense, but becoming dissatisfied, he destroyed all and dug over the very site, in order to erect a new palace within an enclosure ten times the size of the former one. A little further on two more new palaces are passed, which are intended for two of the Viceroy's sons. We next find ourselves on the wide alluvial plain, across which the unrivalled group of the Pyramids of Geezeh is seen standing on their rocky terrace. A nearly straight road leads across the flat. The cultivation on either side is like that of a garden. The eye ranges up and down over a vast expanse of green corn and clover and beans, and the smell of the latter borne on the fresh breeze is almost intoxicating in its delicious sweetness. One feels that that rich valley is verily in scriptural language "The Garden of the Lord."

In some of the canals and backwaters, if it be early in the season,

numbers of geese, ducks, widgeon, teal and other water-fowl are seen from the road, and flocks of pelicans, cranes, geese, and wild ducks may, according to the time of year, be seen soaring at a vast height, and passing in long, mazy lines either towards the North or South. Small Arab boys in white burnouses are seen sitting in the midst of the springing corn or tending a few sheep and goats by the way-side, and little tawny, black-eyed *bints* (girls) beg your lordship for a few paras as you pass. As you near the edge of the *gebel*, tall stalwart lads and young men in white raiment rise from the side of the road, offering you antiquities for sale, and begging you to engage them as guides in your ascent of the Great Pyramid. They recognise me at once, and give me a cheerful and hearty greeting. The Arabs of the Pyramids are a much-maligned community. There may be black sheep among them, but in the main they are good people, and there are some noble fellows in the tribe. If treated with courtesy and firmness, no one need find fault with their behaviour. All Arabs will, when excited, naturally shout and vociferate, and this is often mistaken for violence. It is possible that on some occasions a timid "personally-conducted tourist" of Mr. Cook and Son, or a very stout old gentleman, may be somewhat alarmingly dunned near the summit of the Great Pyramid; but such conduct, if reported to the sheyk, would meet with immediate punishment. On the other hand, I myself heard a Scotchman boasting (!) that he had been conducted by three Arabs to the top and centre of the Pyramid, and had gone away without giving them a farthing! On arriving at the edge of the plain it is at once seen how sharp and sudden is the line of demarcation between the cultivated land and the desert—between life and death. It is but a step. The line of vegetation is the limit of irrigation at the time of high Nile; all beyond that is sand and rock. The rocky platform which sustains the Pyramids is about a hundred feet high, and is composed of nummulitic limestone covered in places with drifts of sand. Its eastern face is perforated by tombs, many of which are occupied as dwellings by the Arabs whose village in the plain was washed away a few years since by the inundation. The remains of two vast inclined planes or causeways connect the plateau with the plain. Ascending a steep and sandy path, and surrounded by an ever-increasing crowd of Arabs, we reach the summit of the platform and speedily find ourselves at the foot of the Great Pyramid.

Before we commence to ascend its giant side, or to penetrate its

deep and dark recesses, it may be well to say a few words as to the original intention of these enormous monuments of the past. A few enthusiasts, with more of arithmetic than of science or archæology in their muddled brains, have sought to show that the Pyramids were observatories and standards of measure. All these crude notions, with the fanatical ideas to which they have given rise, may be at once dismissed as false and futile. Every Egyptologist pronounces against them, and Mariette-Bey thus authoritatively sums up what is known upon the question: "As for the especial purpose for which the Pyramids were intended, it is doing violence to all that we know of Egypt, to all that archæology has taught us on the subject of the monumental habits of this country, to imagine for a moment that they could ever have been intended for aught else but tombs. The Pyramids are tombs, massive, entire, everywhere hermetically sealed, even in their most carefully-constructed passages; without windows, without doors, without external opening of any kind. They are the gigantic and ever-impenetrable sepulchre of a mummy, and even had one of them exhibited in its interior an accessible passage from whence, as from the bottom of a well, astronomical observations could have been made, that Pyramid would not have been in accordance with its purpose. In vain shall it be said that the four sides turned to the different points of the compass denote an astronomical intention; the four sides are thus set because they are dedicated for mythological reasons to the four cardinal points, and in a monument so carefully constructed as a Pyramid, a side dedicated to the North, for example, could not by any possibility be turned to any other point but the North. The Pyramids, then, are nothing but tombs, and their enormous bulk could not be held as an argument against this theory, since there are some which are scarce eighteen feet high. Moreover, there does not exist in Egypt a single Pyramid that is not the centre of a necropolis, a fact which confirms in the most striking manner the character of these monuments." *

The three great Pyramids, then, of Geezeh are tombs—the tombs of Khufu or Cheops, Shafra or Chefren, and Menkaura or Mycerinus; the smaller ones of members of the families of those kings of the fourth Memphite dynasty, while around in still smaller sepulchres repose the remains of many distinguished inhabitants of Memphis, of the

* 'The Monuments of Egypt.' By A. Mariette-Bey. (Trübner & Co, 1877.) An admirable work.

necropolis of which vast city the site opposite the riparian village of Geezeh formed a part.

The present height of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, at whose base we are standing, is about 453 feet, its original height having been 479, and its area is more than eleven acres. As we gaze upwards, it appears to be constructed in a series of vast steps, and such is indeed the fact at the present time. Originally, however, it, like its colossal neighbours, was covered with a smooth casing of stone, and ended in a point. The steps are simply the result of the Pyramid having been peeled by the Arab sultans in the Middle Ages, who carried off the casing blocks wherewith to erect their new city of Cairo. The huge limestones, quarried in the first instance in the quarries of Toorah and Masarah in the range of Gebel Mokattam, thus found their way back again to the eastern side of the Nile. The Second Pyramid, that, namely, of Shafra or Chefren, still retains a portion of its original casing. It is supposed that the Pyramids were in the first instance coloured and painted with designs in brilliant colours. The remark may be added here, that the Pyramids were all constructed in the lifetime of the monarch whose mummy they were destined to hold.

Hadji Mohammed, an excellent Arab, known in his tribe as *El Hakim*, or the "Doctor," having now arrived with several of his friends, we will commence the ascent. The young and very active and strong-headed, will, indeed, need no assistance, but the aid of a lusty Arab on either side to push or pull is by no means to be despised, especially as some of the steps are four feet high. The ascent is, as may be well imagined, a pretty considerable "pull," but the trouble is well repaid by the magnificence of the view from the summit. Westwards lies the mysterious, wonderful desert, broken by ravines, and by hills resembling truncated cones, and traversed at rare intervals by caravans of asses and camels carrying men and produce to or from the distant Fyoom, and looking from that height and distance scarcely bigger than ants. Northwards, southwards and in front lies the rich valley of the Nile, dotted with villages and groves of palms, and illumined here and there by a gleaming reach of the Nile. To the right, on the same plateau, are seen the broken-down Pyramids of Abousir, the staged Pyramid of Sakkâra, already ancient when King Khufu laid the foundation of that on which we are sitting, and the more distant piles of Dashoor. Beyond the Nile is the chain of eastern mountains scarred and perforated by quarries, and to the left the citadel, mosks, and

minarets of Cairo. At our feet below is a whitewashed structure erected by the Khedive; but although this is a large building, it looks no bigger beside its giant neighbour than a camel's-hair tent of a wandering Bedawy would look if pitched under the peaks of Serbal. Less surprising, perhaps, than the first view of Damascus from the wely which overhangs it on the Anti-Lebanon; less beautiful than the prospect from the ancient Theatre of Taomina, the view on which we are feasting our eyes may rightly be estimated as one of the finest in the world. In its historical interest, moreover, few prospects can vie with this. Egyptians, Ethiopians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs have come and built up their empires, and have passed away so far as regards their power and pride. Now the Arab bows beneath the heavy yoke of the Turk. Egypt, as in the time when the cries of the Hebrew captives went up before the LORD, is still in veriest truth a "house of bondage." Yonder, beyond Cairo, at Heliopolis, the Patriarch Joseph espoused the tawny daughter of the priest of On; and if tradition may be believed, an ancient sycamore fig which swells the greenery in the same neighbourhood, gave shelter to the Blessed Virgin Mother, to St. Joseph, and to the Incarnate Son of God, the Infant JESUS. Egypt, as Dean Stanley has well pointed out, meets us at the very beginning of Gospel History, for it was "out of Egypt" that "God called His Son."

The descent is to most people a more fatiguing and disagreeable process than the ascent; but when it has been accomplished you will probably wish to explore the interior, and to visit the deep sepulchral chamber which once contained the mummy of Cheops.

Time would fail me were I to attempt to explain the elaborate artifices and contrivances which the constructors of the Pyramid devised to prevent the violation of the royal sepulchre. Suffice it to say that an opening was forcibly made, A.D. 820, by the Arab Caliph El Mamoon, while attempting to discover a supposed hidden treasure, and then the real entrance was accidentally discovered through the falling in of a huge stone which masked the passage. The chief room, which to this day contains the rifled sarcophagus of red granite, is placed nearly but not quite in the centre of the Pyramid, at the distance of 138 feet from the base. It is constructed throughout of blocks of polished granite fitted together with the very utmost nicety. Above it are some other much smaller chambers, intended apparently to lighten the weight above the granite roof of the chamber of the

mummied king. The ascent is throughout extremely slippery, and it is best to go up without shoes. With the Arabs in attendance, however, there is no danger.

Escaping from the dark and the suffocating atmosphere of the interior, we will desire the donkey-boys to bring our provisions, and establishing ourselves at the base of one of the little Pyramids on the eastern side of that of Cheops, we will proceed to lunch *al fresco*. The bright-eyed, white-toothed *wellet*, Omar, brings us a porous *gulleh* or water-jar of Nile-water, and then joins his comrades, who sit below us with the donkey-boys until we have finished. It is to be hoped we have sufficient to divide with our boys and attendants, for it is the height of bad manners not to offer to share a meal, and the poorest Arab would offer you a portion of his poor rusk should you pass while he is partaking of his frugal repast. After lunch the Arabs will ask permission to display their stock of antiquities. There are some forged scarabai, you may be sure, made from the designs of a well-known Yankee up at Luxor, but the majority of the objects are genuine, if not of great importance. Amongst the genuine scarabs bearing royal names in ovals or cartouches, those of Thothmes III. are the most numerous. In addition there are many sacred amulets, especially the Symbolic Eye and the *Tat* or so-called Nilometer, the emblem of stability; small figures of the Genii of the Dead, and sepulchral figures of deceased Egyptians in blue or green pottery, armed with the mattock and basket, in allusion to the intermediate state of labour of the dead person. Amongst the coins there will probably be a few Ptolemies and a quantity of Roman copper of the Lower Empire. The best objects are only shown by the Arabs to those whom they know and can trust.

Some 500 feet from that of Cheops stands the Second Pyramid, that, namely, of King Shafra or Chefren. Standing on slightly higher ground, the Second Pyramid, although of somewhat smaller dimensions, looks nearly as big as the First. The rock behind rises to a considerable height, but it has been cut away on the northern and western sides so as to form a level area for the base of the Pyramid. In the scarped face of the rock to the north are a number of tombs, some bearing inscriptions in hieroglyphics, and one of them has its roof cut in imitative palm-beams, resembling that of a modern Arab house. The East may well be called "Unchangeable!"

Still further to the west and north stands the Third Pyramid—that

of Menkaura or Mycerinus. It is of much smaller size than the two first, being only 203 feet in height, with an area of between two and three acres, but it is distinguished by having originally been cased with red granite, many of whose bevelled blocks still remain *in situ*. Still further on, a little behind on the edge of a ravine, are three more



THE SPHYNX.

small Pyramids built in stages. From a spot near one of these, but a little to the south, one of the very finest views of the whole group is obtained, all of the Pyramids being in sight at once. It is when walking from one to another and seeing them from different points and in different combinations, that one begins to appreciate the real vastness of

these colossal monuments, and to perceive that, spite of their simple form, they are not without a true, if weird, beauty of their own. In the morning and when day declines, the play of light and shade is particularly striking.

But it is time and more than time to return, leaving the Sphinx, the Temples, and the Tombs for future exploration. What you have already seen in your first Donkey-ride to the Pyramids will probably render the day the most memorable in your lives.

(To be continued.)

ZACHUR WITH THE SACK.

: *Translated from the German of Wilhelm Fischer, by E. M. C.*
(An Allegorical Tale.)



STATELY-LOOKING man, wearing suspended on his left side, by a strong strap, a simple grey sack, while a well-filled leather purse hung on his right, was one day slowly wandering through the crowded bazaar of Bagdad. He remained standing before one of the stalls, and then, after a little reflection, proceeded to purchase the largest and softest carpet there, one of those in which the foot seems gently to sink down, and the sound of each step is completely hushed.

The merchant was greatly surprised to see the richly-dressed stranger without retinue, and said politely, "Sir, as your slaves are not at hand, I will send one of my young men with you to carry the carpet."

"It is not necessary," said the purchaser, as he paid the price in shining gold pieces; "I can manage it myself."

He quickly took up the immense roll of carpet, and pushed it slowly, but surely, into his sack. Then, without heeding the amazement and shaking of the head of the dealer, he passed on.

His desire of purchasing seemed now to be thoroughly roused. Twelve flasks of otto of roses, from Schiraz, found their way into his sack; ten pounds of the finest Turkey tobacco followed them; then came, quite appropriately, a magnificent nargileh, with a long tube and a yellow, amber mouth-piece, on the top of which he carelessly threw a heavy ebony box, inlaid with copper.

Notwithstanding the crowd, he attracted continual notice, and a dignified-looking man had long been following him attentively, without, however, addressing him. But when he had reached the middle of the bazaar, where the best and most costly wares are exposed for sale, and when, as though intoxicated by the sight, he seized the most incongruous things, and untiringly pushed them into his sack—pearls from Ormuz and blades from Damascus, tons of Mocha coffee and bales of silk, fishes and rings, bracelets and dates, watches, saddles, and diamonds,—then the Caliph, for it was no less a personage who was following him, could contain himself no longer, and said:

"I have seen many wonders, O stranger, and by the beard of the Prophet, thou art not the least. Have, then, thy purse and thy sack no end? Why does thy sack not burst? How canst thou carry it? How canst thou find but one of the thousand things which thou art unceasingly cramming into it? And tell me—how will those poor tender pearls, which were too dear for me to buy for Zuleika, fare among tons and crates?"

Zachur—such was the name of the stranger—crossed his arms on his breast and bowed low.

"Ruler of the Faithful!" he said, "for it is in vain that thou hidest thy noble figure under a homely dress; thy portrait, painted by a Giaour and offered to me in Frankestan, is also in my sack, and I recognise thee at once. Allah is great, and His gifts are wonderful. Thou carest for the lovely daughters of the shell? Look here!"

He quickly put his right hand into the sack, and brought forth unhurt, from the very midst of sabres and boxes, the double row of large milk-white pearls, which he respectfully presented to the Caliph.

"What belongs to thy servant belongs to thee. Do me the favour to accept this string; let thy most beautiful slave wear it. I shall not be the poorer," he added in a low voice.

The Caliph was astonished at Zachur's riches and dexterity, rejoiced at his present and the accompanying speech, and was curious to learn more.

"Then we will sit down there, on the broad stone steps at the foot of the murmuring fountain," said Zachur; and in a minute he had spread out his soft carpet, and lighted two nargilehs filled with the costly aromatic herb.

They sat down, with their legs crossed under them, peacefully sent little blue clouds into the air, and the stranger began his tale:

"I am the son of a poor man, O sire, and seemed doomed to poverty. But there stood a good fairy by my cradle, and laid on it this bag and this purse, saying:

"'Grow up, Zachur, and look around thee in the world. Buy what pleases thee. Pay for it out of this purse, which will not become empty, and preserve it in this sack, which will not become full; but especially pack in all that is valuable—the weight of it will not weary thee.'

"It has held more than she promised. All that I have ever possessed or loved is contained, imperishable, safe for ever, and always at hand in this sack. Wilt thou see the first sword that my father taught me to wield? Look here"—(he took it quickly from the depths of the sack);—"it is simple and unadorned, but the curved blade shines as it did the first day, and rejoices my old heart. Wilt thou see the 'Koran' in which the pious Sheik Abdallah instructed me? Look—how fresh the dainty purple letters and the green and gold arabesques still shine! Wilt thou hear the song that my wife sang to me as a bride? But hush! we are in the bazaar, and 'Odi profanum volgus et arceo,'* they say in the West!"

A soft melody rose wonderfully from the depths, as though from a great distance, and died only too quickly away. Both men remained silent, overcome with emotion.

"I fancy I smell the perfumes of roses," said the Caliph, after a while; "perhaps one of those flasks is broken, which thou just now didst put so hastily into that insatiable abyss, friend?"

"Pardon, O sire," answered Zachur, and his voice trembled; "the flasks are unbroken, and yet thy keen sense of smell does not mislead thee. Odours are intrusive companions; whenever I hear the old song, the scent of flowers invariably accompanies it—look, that is the bouquet that Fatima gave me, and the roses do not wither."

He handed to the Caliph a lovely bright bunch of flowers, and then dropped it again into the depths of his sack.

"Wonderful, highly singular, and wonderful!" said the Caliph; "but tell me more, friend!"

"Details would take too long to relate, but the whole is soon said," answered Zachur. "Thou wast surprised to-day! at my rapidity in purchasing—thou shouldst have seen me in my young days! When the world still looked sunny and bright to my childish gaze, when thousands of objects attracted me, my hand was rarely out of my purse and my sack. I took long journeys over sea and desert, through lonely villages and large cities, and whatever pleased me I bought, and joyfully put into my capacious sack. Indeed, it filled itself, without aid from me; shining green birds and brilliant snow-white blossoms flew into it.

"The first impetuous joy was, however, soon stilled. Sometimes a

* "I hate and keep off the vulgar throng."

feeling of indifference came over me, and I passed unmoved by the most beautiful things, because I already possessed so much that was lovely. 'Another opportunity will occur,' I thought, 'if I should ever wish for it.' But it never came, just as no moment of time ever returns; and now I mourn over many a neglected chance.

Once I might have bought the Kohinoor, the mountain of light, in comparison of which all my other diamonds are but vile pebbles. Now it is beyond my reach.

I might have had the blue magic flower, nature's masterpiece. It was floating gracefully on a limpid lake, the stalk like a diamond, the stamens of gold, the corona of sapphire, the calyx of topaz, and the leaves of emerald: it was sweeter than all the perfumes of Arabia, and when moved by the breeze, it rustled and gave forth the most lovely music. Now it has long since fallen to pieces, and the dust of it lies on the sandy floor of the sea.

I might have gained a whole kingdom far away in Hindoostan, beyond the snowy mountains, with palaces and gardens, lands and people, horses and riders, meadows and cities; and twice I turned back and tried again. But now an avalanche has covered the passes, and I cannot find the way, which causes me sorrow in many a sleepless night.

Then again, I comfort myself with the thought of how many things I possess, and take old and new out of my sack, according to my inclination—a quilted silk counterpane from Japan, in which to envelop myself, or the Egyptian phoenix to lull me to sleep.

Besides, the world is still large, and Zachur is not old yet. I have still time to buy; and sometimes the old longing is very strong within me. Thus to-day, O sire, when I entered thy city, I gave praise to Allah that He had enabled man to form, out of the dirty wool of the sheep, the brilliant carpet on which we are sitting, and caused the fragile amber, now between our lips, to rise up from the sand of the sea—that He brought the gold from the bowels of the earth, and the pearls from the depths of the sea! And eagerly I seized the things, O sire, until the eye of thy favour rested on me, and the blessed breath of thy mouth reached me, and gave me what cannot be purchased with gold and silver—the honour and delight of thy presence!"

"Well spoken," said the Caliph, delighted, as he blew a thick cloud

before him; "it is easy to see that thou hast travelled, and been in courts too, friend Zachur. But one thing, before I again forget it in my amazement. The Prophet, praised be his name, has forbidden to make a likeness or picture of man, the image of Allah. But as thou possessest mine, done by some unbelieving dog—I cannot conceive how he found time and opportunity to do it——"



"They paint rapidly," interrupted Zachur; "and are quick in all evil arts."

"True, very true!" said the Caliph, as he thoughtfully stroked his beard; "but what I wanted to say, thou hast travelled far, and hast much experience—I should like to look at the thing. The people need know nothing about it—couldst thou not take it out for me to have just one glimpse of it?"

"Thy wish is a command to me," answered Zachur, who was already fumbling in the sack, but for some time in vain.

"Well," called the Caliph, getting angry, "art thou sorry that thou hast promised? Or——"

"Here it is, O sire," said Zachur, breathing freely; and the anger of the ruler disappeared as he gazed, with curiosity, on a small silver medal.

"It is I, and yet it is not," he said, shaking his head. "It is my fez, with the ruby clasp, and the embroidery on my state dress; but I do not really look so stiff. Where are the brown cheeks—the brightness of the eyes—the colouring, friend? And—what do I see?—the thing is broken; look here! there is a crack across it that separates the feet of my horse from his body. Therefore, thou canst not keep all thy things unhurt in that sack—thou canst not find them all in a minute; confess thou hast also lost some entirely."

"I am the son of a poor man," answered Zachur, blushing, "but I learnt two things when only a boy: to use a sword, and to speak the truth. Pardon me, O sire, if I have thoughtlessly offended thee. Yes, I have lost many a thing; and when I was boasting just now that I had everything in my sack, I was guilty of exaggeration, as men of limited capacity are, in the use of the two words, *everything* and *nothing*. I should have said *most things*. But the loss was in a great measure my own fault. Sometimes, in my youth, I packed things away as quickly and eagerly as a glutton, that greedily swallows more than it can digest at once. Then, while I was pushing in some new object, the badly-placed previous purchase would rise to the top and slip out; or it was crushed, and I had only scanty remains in my hand. Very likely something else is far down in the folds, but in my over-hastiness I have lost all trace of it, and cannot find it when I will. But if I should accidentally come across it I should rejoice, and put it in the right place for the future, thou mayest be sure. I experienced my greatest loss and vexation in Frankestan. Thou must know, O sire, that the merchants and dealers there are not so calm and dignified as they are here, sitting quietly on their carpets and smoking, leaving their wares to speak for themselves, and only opening their lips to utter the fixed price in a monosyllable, without bargaining and higgling; and preserving an indifferent expression, even when the customer goes away, after long reflection, without making a purchase.

No, there many praise their goods in a shameful way ; and the worse they are, the more they shout and puff them up. Their announcements are in every paper ; you cannot cross the road without having a large printed paper full of advertisements put into your hand ; if you stop to look at a fountain, a statue, or a building, somebody pushes a bright-coloured notice before your eyes ; indeed, in some markets and in certain streets, they accost a stranger, and hold him fast. In this manner I have let myself be talked over to buy many a useless thing for large sums, and done it willingly too, to get rid of importunate dealers ; but I slipped most of these things between my caftan and my sack, so that the least movement on my part should cause them to fall into the dust, their proper place, and I did not care to stoop for them. If only something else could fall into the deepest depths of the sea ! But I suppose I must carry it with me to the end of my life."

"Of what dost thou speak, friend Zachur, asked the Caliph in an excited tone. "Hast thou got ugly things in thy sack?"

"I have got the stone which I once threw after a poor dog," said Zachur sadly ; "and the creature was thin and weary, it fell down, looked at me, and died. Then, I have also a dagger, which is stained with the blood of my dearest friend, but it did not cause his death, praised be God!"

At this moment the crowd separated, two outriders on swift Arab steeds seemed to fly over the ground, and behind them came a gilt carriage, drawn by four Barbary horses. Zachur sprang up, his sadness all forgotten.

Without for a moment losing sight of the approaching procession, seeing the Caliph rise too, he quickly pushed his carpet and nargileh into his sack, and exclaimed, with sparkling eyes : "To whom does this magnificence belong ? Though, how can I ask ? for who but thou, O sire, could call such splendour his own ?

"How beautifully the Nubian in his purple contrasts with the grey horse, and the pale Christian slave in the blue silk, with the shining black steed ! If only thou wert a merchant with this equipage for sale !"

"Princes do not barter," said the Caliph, as he put a little silver whistle to his mouth, and blew a shrill blast, when horses and carriage suddenly stood still by the side of the fountain.

"But thou hast made me a handsome present, friend Zachur, and what is more, given me a pleasant hour; take what thou praisest so enthusiastically—be my guest to-day; and to-morrow, or when it pleases thee, drive away into the wide world in this carriage—it must be weary work dragging such a sack."

Zachur crossed his arms on his breast, bowed low, and answered: "Thy favour is like dew on a barren land, even for the richest, and if I had not promised a sick friend to be with him this evening, I would willingly enter within the shadow of thy halls. Therefore let me go in peace; but these beautifully-kept horses and carriage shall not go through the dust of the suburbs!"

Saying this, he quietly pushed the Nubian with his grey steed, the black horse and his rider, the carriage and horses into the sack, bowed down to the ground again, and then stepped lightly and erect towards the city gate.

The Caliph shook his head as he looked after him, went home, full of thought, and hung the double row of pearls round Zuleika's neck.

Then he sent for his private secretary and said:

"Take a swan-quill and a sheet of the finest parchment, and write down carefully what I shall dictate: the story of Zachur with the Sack."

* * * * *

Many of my young readers have, doubtless, long since seen the meaning of my tale shine forth through its thin veil. We should all be surprised at a Zachur, and yet, like him, we have each a faithful capacious sack, *memory*, into which, from our youth upwards, we have crammed what is noble and common, pearls and pebbles, and yet it does not become full, nor our purse, our power of comprehension, empty.

Also we can fetch in a moment, without knowing how, and from the midst of a thousand other objects, the very thing we want, out of our secret storehouse: the venerable countenance of our grandmother bent over our cot, and the joyful barking of our first playmate, a white Pomeranian dog—the portraits of kind friends and companions long since in their graves; the pious hymns which we learnt in our youth in order to refresh ourselves with them in old age; the multiplication-table which cost us many a gold piece, that is, many an anxious minute, and a thousand other things.

In gloomy rainy days we see, as by enchantment, the sunny

meadows and mountains which we visited in our travels. In sadness we think of some powerful poem, we drive sorrow away, and we heighten joy with some lively song. Nobody can take these treasures from us; and on our deathbed, a sentence we have learnt as children may perhaps come back to comfort us.

How is it, then, that this splendid gift, which gives us so many beautiful things for our own, and, as Zachur says, makes a king, and a companion of kings, out of a poor man's son, is often so lightly esteemed, and the exercise of it so hardly judged? How is it that some almost boast of their poor memory, and that La Rochefoucauld could write, in his witty way: "Everybody complains of his memory, but nobody complains of his understanding." But for your comfort, I repeat, the sack is large and strong, and the purse is inexhaustible.

But especially and emphatically I would repeat this to those of my young readers who have carelessly skimmed the tale, and now at the end are surprised to find a meaning like the solution of a riddle. You who are still in that happy age when the world, as Zachur says, lies so bright and sunny before your open eyes—do not be timid or anxious about an imaginary burden; go cheerfully to the attack, buy all that pleases you, all that good people recommend to you—you have money enough.

Your teachers will not be like the importunate dealers in Frankestan, and palm off brass upon you for gold. Follow Zachur in his zeal—avoid his faults.

Every truth, every word from the mouth of God is for you a Kohinoor; every noble thought, every true poem, is a blue magic flower; and every foreign language is a kingdom.

But beware of stones and daggers—they make one weary; and where Lethe, the river of forgetfulness, flows, into which you might cast them, not even your teachers know.



COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

All replies must be signed with initials, and sent to the EDITOR, ECCLES-FIELD, SHEFFIELD, by the 20th of April. Each set must be accompanied by a separate paper giving full name and address, and stating whether the competitor is over or under 14 years of age. The marks will be published in June. It is also requested that care shall be taken to pay the full amount of postage, and that the replies, if written on more than one sheet, shall be fastened together.

QUESTIONS ON GEOLOGY.—APRIL.

1.  HAT is meant by "faults" in strata, and how are they accounted for?
2. Explain the fact that old sea beaches are often found far above the present level of the sea.
3. Explain the terms "vertical," "inclined," and "contorted" strata, showing how the strata have come to be so.
4. Describe the origin of mountains.
5. Mention any traces of volcanic action remaining in the British Isles.
6. How do we tell the age of the different rocks?

The following are the marks obtained by the several competitors for answers to the questions set in January and February.

The full number of marks in each month and each class was 120.

January, Class I., above 14 years of age.

A. L. F., 59.
A. V. P., 107.
A. M. S., 100.
A. W. D., 85.
A. M. G., 91.
A. E. S., 72.
A. F. F., 95.
B. E. B., 114.
C. F. D., 74.
C. M. Y., 110.
C. D. H., 102.

D. E. D. P., 72.
E. L., 90.
E. M. N., 77.
E. C. E., 81.
E. M. S., 89.
E. E. S., 74.
E. E., 61.
E. B. C., 61.
E. J. G., 85.
E. T. M., 82.
E. M. P., 72.

E. B., 82.
E. H., 116.
E. E. A. S., 75.
E. & B. B., 40.
E. I. B. 56.
E. I. N., 70.
F. C. G., 97.
F. H. M., 70.
F. M. W., 81.
F. C. B., 93.
G. F., 78.

G. M., 78.
G. H., 90.
G. A. R. D., 81.
H. M. B., 64.
J. C., 80.
J. H. & E. W., 60.
K. M. B., 92.
K. M. W., 89.
K. M. C., 70.
K. L. M., 66.
K. A. W., 62.
*L. S. Y., 79.
L. B., 75.
L. L., 57.
L. S., 79.
L. F. H. B., 62.
M. A. E., 57.

M. H., 86.
M. A. P., 64.
M. C., 116.
M. M. S., 68.
†M. D., 106.
M. G., 61.
M. E. R., 76.
M. I. M., 62.
M. C. S. B., 77.
M. E., 63.
M. E. F., 70.
M. E. D., 60.
M. H. G., 100.
M. E. P., 53.
M. B. P. & K. P., 79.
M. F. G., 96.
M. P. F., 113.

M. M. D. S., 63.
M. H. J., 76.
M. A., 52.
*M. T., 55.
M. D., 95.
*M. E. G., 53.
M. L., 99.
M. R., 86.
P. L. B., 74.
P. S., 87.
R. W. L. P., 52.
R. B., 87.
S. H. W., 74.
S. L. H., 83.
T. A. A., 102.
V. A. F. S., 80.
W. G. S., 57.

Class II., under 14.

*A. H. & M. P., 106.
*A. L. W., 78.
B. A. M., 86.
C. K., 76.
C. V., 113.
C. M. A., 75.

*C. F. A. W., 93.
D. J. M., 89.
E. F., 87.
E. M. P. B., 72.
*E. J. P., 72.
G. P., 89.

G. H. S. B., 39.
H. J. A. W., 68.
M. E. M., 104.
*M. S. R., 89.
*M. M. W., 93.
W. G. J., 50.

February, Class I.

A. L. F., 54.
A. V. P., 95.
A. M. S., 115.
A. W. D., 64.
A. M. G., 91.
A. T. H., 53.
A. E. S., 80.
A. F. F., 90.
B. E. B., 120.
C. F. D., 84.
C. M. Y., 120.
C. D. H., 117.
C. L. G., 87.
D. E. D. P., 85.
E. L., 92.
E. C. E., 101.
E. M. S., 88.
E. E. S., 110.
E. E., 70.

E. B. C., 66.
E. J. G., 87.
E. T. M., 103.
E. M. P., 88.
E. B., 90.
E. H., 88.
E. E. A. S., 84.
E. & B. B., 81.
E. I. B., 56.
F. C. G., 91.
F. H. M., 97.
F. M. W., 90.
G. F., 86.
G. M., 83.
G. H., 114.
G. A. R. D., 91.
H. M. B., 95.
J. C., 82.
J. H. & E. W., 85.

K. M. B., 93.
K. M. W., 105.
K. M. C., 66.
K. L. M., 72.
K. A. W., 79.
L. B., 84.
L. L., 72.
L. S., 86.
M. A. E., 61.
M. H., 81.
M. A. P., 91.
M. C., 98.
M. M. S., 71.
†M. D., 108.
M. G., 85.
M. E. R., 85.
M. I. M., 65.
M. C. S. B., 112.
M. E., 55.

* These competitors are asked to send their ages to the Editor, as they have not yet done so.

† There being *two* M. D.'s, the examiner distinguishes by the above prefix the M. D. who apologised for her or his writing (not that any such apology was needed). If through any error the competitors have not been rightly classed as above, the error will be corrected on communication with the Editor.

M. E. F., 74.
 M. E. D., 77.
 M. H. G., 84.
 M. E. P., 79.
 M. B. P. & K. P., 85.
 M. F. G., 104.
 M. P. F., 112.

M. M. D. S., 96.
 M. H. J., 76.
 M. A., 56.
 P. L. B., 113.
 P. S., 83.
 R. W. L. P., 56.
 R. B., 73.

S. H. W., 86.
 S. L. H., 106.
 T. A. A., 114.
 V. E. C., 47.
 V. A. F. S., 66.
 W. G. S., 82.

Class II.

B. A. M., 90.
 C. K., 110.
 C. V., 112.
 C. M. A., 69.

D. J. M., 94.
 E. E. N., 97.
 E. F., 107.
 E. M. P. B., 117.

G. P., 88.
 G. H. S. B., 61.
 H. J. A. W., 78.
 M. E. M., 89.

HABITS AND ANECDOTES OF SOME DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

I. Dogs.



ANY anecdotes have been published respecting dogs, proving that, besides giving evidence of being endowed with certain moral qualities, they possess and exercise memory, reasoning powers, and forethought, they can communicate with each other, form plans, and act in concert. The subject, however, is by no means exhausted, and dog-stories almost always meet with a welcome reception, especially from juvenile readers. It is hoped that a few short anecdotes, which have not yet found their way into print, will prove interesting.

The first story I shall tell gives an instance, in the first place, of two dogs combining to perform a certain action; in the second place, it shows that one of these dogs evidently understood from the conversation of his master and another man the consequences likely to result from this action, and that he thereupon formed and carried out a plan to avoid them.

A farmer who resided in a town on the borders of Dartmoor was the owner of a valuable sheep-dog. So skilful was this dog in collecting and driving the sheep that he almost performed the part of a shepherd. If the farmer, on his return from market, wanted the sheep to be driven to the field, he had only to say, "Keeper, take the sheep to field," and the dog would collect the flock and drive them to the field without suffering a single one to stray. But the proverb, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," is as applicable to dogs as to men. Keeper got acquainted with another dog, which

proved to be of disreputable character, and, like other disreputable characters, had a habit of rambling about at night. When the farmer was smoking his evening pipe by the kitchen fire, and Keeper was stretched along the hearth apparently asleep, a low bark would be heard outside; Keeper would prick up his ears, and when the door was opened would make his escape and join his companion, then away would go both dogs on a ramble.

This game was carried on for some little time; Keeper's bad habits were not suspected at home, and he did his duty by his master's sheep as faithfully as ever. In the meantime it became known in the town that a few miles distant many sheep had been "worried" by dogs, but as yet the culprit or culprits had not been discovered. It may, perhaps, be as well to explain that by "worrying" sheep is meant that they have been attacked by dogs which seize the sheep by the throat, bite them and suck the blood, and then leave them to perish. In a single night one dog has been known to "worry" forty sheep. No wonder such animals are a terror to farmers. Besides, if a dog once takes to "worrying" sheep, he never leaves off the habit.

One evening as the farmer sat by his fire smoking and conversing with a neighbour, Keeper as usual basking by the fire, and waiting the expected call of his dog-companion, the conversation turned on the great number of sheep that had been lately "worried" and destroyed, and the loss that would ensue to the farmers.

"Well," said the neighbour, "we caught one on 'em, with his mouth and coat bloody, and we hanged him up on the spot. They do say thy dog Keeper was with 'un."

"It is too true, he was there," replied the farmer; then looking at the apparently sleeping dog, and shaking his head at him, he said, "Thee knows thee has been with 'un. Thy turn will come next. We'll hang thee up to-morrow."

Keeper lay still, pretending sleep, but with his ears open. He had heard his death-warrant, and was determined that it should not be carried into execution if he could prevent it. When the outer door was opened, he slunk off quietly, and was never seen again.

What became of him was never known.

Who will say after this that dogs do not understand the conversation of men, especially when it relates to "worrying" sheep and the punishment it entails on the guilty dogs?

The following is another instance of dogs acting in concert in the exercise of their hunting-propensities. The two dogs to which I now refer lived in the same house, and were considered rather as house-dogs which had the run of the parlour also, than as sporting-dogs. Both were white and smooth-haired. Pincher, the elder dog, had cropped ears and black spots; Tatler, the younger, had tan spots, and his ears were uncropped. Pincher was growing old; he could not run down rabbits as he used to do, but he was still good at finding a hare or rabbit, and as fond of the sport as ever. Few opportunities, however, occurred of his indulging in it in a legitimate way. Tatler, on the contrary, was very fleet of foot, but he knew nothing about finding the game. Pincher, therefore, undertook, privately of course, to be his instructor. The two dogs used to go away together, Pincher being the leader, and finding the game, which he was too old and too stiff to follow; while Tatler would run it down. The young dog, however, was not allowed to eat the hare or rabbit that he had caught; he held it till the old dog came up to him. Then Pincher would take the game in his mouth, carry it home, and lay it at the feet of his friend the cook.

Pincher's master felt rather ashamed of the conduct of his dogs, considering them as poachers. The dogs, however, seemed to think they had as good a right to hunt rabbits as their master, although they could not take out a licence to kill game, especially as they imitated their master in giving what they killed to the cook.

That dogs have a knowledge of the passing of time has often been asserted. At the school where I passed some years was an old dog, who also was called Pincher. He was very ugly and rather vulgar-looking, with short legs, a long body that seemed as if he ought to have had six legs instead of four to support it, a very broad back, and some black spots on his smooth white coat. He was thoroughly good-natured, and a great favourite among the girls. On Saturday an old woman was allowed to bring cakes, which were sold in the schoolroom. Pincher never missed being present on these occasions, and always got a good share of the cakes. Perhaps the scent of the cakes might have helped his recollection in this case. His conduct on Sundays must have been influenced by other motives. When we set out to go to Church, Pincher always accompanied us, and would seat himself on the landing half way up the stairs leading to the gallery where was

our pew. Here he would remain, behaving with the greatest decorum, until the service was over, when he followed us down and escorted us home. Pincher did not seem to be affected by the organ as many other dogs are by certain musical instruments; judging by their effects, the sounds must be to them excessively disagreeable. I knew a dog that invariably howled when his master played the keyed bugle. The singularity was that he did not run away when the notes were sounded, but seated himself by the side of his master and howled. Another dog, whose master played the clarionet, was differently affected by the sound of the instrument. At the first sound the dog howled dismally, at the second he bolted out of the window, which was on the second floor, and was never seen after.

But this is a digression. I must give another instance of a dog's being able to compute intervals of time. A market was held in a certain town every Tuesday. Many dogs, of course, frequented the market in the hope of getting scraps from the butchers. One butcher, who came from a distance early on Tuesday mornings, was kind to a dog who attended his stall very regularly. The dog was grateful, and always escorted the butcher on his return as far as the three-mile stone. There was nothing extraordinary in this; but there certainly was in the fact that after a little while the dog used to go regularly every Tuesday morning, and on no other, to the third milestone on the road he expected the butcher to take, and would sit there quietly till the butcher drove up, when he would trot back to the town with him. And this he did for several years. All the day he stayed by the butcher's stall; and when he left at night, escorted him to the third milestone, and then returned home.

Perhaps it may be said that in this case the dog saw and understood the preparations which were being made for the erection of the stalls in the street where the weekly market was held. If he did so, it must be admitted that this was an effort of intelligence and memory; he evidently knew what these preparations meant, and acted accordingly. With regard to going to meet the butcher every Tuesday on the particular road by which he came, the dog must have reasoned somewhat in this way: "If that road by which he returns at night leads to his home, he must come along the same road in the morning on his way to market. So I will go and meet him."

(To be continued.)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



INITIALS, finals, here opposing stand:

These, rude and noisy, those, while tearful, bland;
 This, like the god of war, the land dismays;
 That, like dame Venus, many a mood essays.
 With drum and trumpet, this, impetuous moves;
 That loves the warbling music of the groves.
 This oft, in speech, men join with Science, Thought;
 That, oft they greet with follies idly wrought.

1. Oh maiden brave, and e'en as fearless, wise!
 Who, calm midst fateful jars and murderous lies,
 With art untaught the deadly scheme didst foil,
 And still the treacherous foes, as waves with oil!
2. Three mutes, alike, a liquid and A one,
 Then add a PIE, arrange, and all is done:
 While in that pie, ah, should it meet thy sight,
 Beware! 'tis said there's poison in that light!
3. He comes! he comes! intent on death and slaughter:—
 Ah where, Destroyer, now, thy lovely daughter?
 (Ah hapless maid!* unknown thy woes, thy name,
 Save for the tuneful bard who sings thy fame!)
4. By "blues" beset—no friend to cheer—ah me!
 I sat, lone victim of the fiend "Ennui":
 When lo! from o'er the wave, the pictur'd sheet!—
 Now spleen avault! Now hail each quaint conceit!
5. The light is this that in my lady's eyes
 More brightly beams than stars in azure skies:
 A light, recalling many a ramble free,
 In sunny hours, "beneath the greenwood tree!"

H. S. E.

* Thus Horace,

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
 Multi; sed omnes illacrumabiles
 Urgentur ignotique longa
 Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.—L. iv. c. ix.

DRAMATIC ACROSTIC.



THE Initials of the persons from whose speeches the following quotations are taken give the name of the Author.

1. "My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my abilities."
2. "I am nothing if not critical."
3. "Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'"
4. "So quick bright things come to confusion."
5. "That parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words."
6. "I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in
fencing, dancing and bear-baiting."
7. "Any man that can write may answer a letter."
8. "Fast bind, fast find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind."
9. "Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts."
10. "Mischief, thou art afoot;
Take thou what course thou wilt."
11. "If I be waspish, best beware my sting."
12. "For this once my will shall stand for law."
13. "Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say."
14. "To sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong."
15. "Men must endure
Their going hence even as their coming hither."
16. "So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long."
17. "Do you not know that I am a woman?
When I think I must speak."
18. "An honest tale speeds best being plainly told."

EADGYTH.

FRENCH AND GERMAN BOOKS FOR SCHOOLROOMS.



NDER the title of 'Ein Lebensbuch für Mädchen,' we have two little volumes containing the journal of a young girl, god-child of a noble lady, who takes her from her country home to give her a good education. The first volume is intended for girls from twelve to fifteen years old, and the second for still older ones. They give unconsciously a curious picture of German life, and of the deep cleft between the middle class and the nobles. The Baroness never forgets that her god-daughter is a plebeian, even when a great and common grief brings them closest, and this *morgue* prevents an English reader from quite entering into the reverent affection of Elinor for her benefactress, but the book is wholesome reading.

It is strange that the beautiful stories of Robert Schweichel, 'Aus den Alpen,' and 'Im Gebirge,' are scarcely known in England. Girls of sixteen or seventeen, who can read German *easily*, would enjoy them, especially if they have been in Switzerland. Messrs. Williams and Norgate, Henrietta St., Covent Garden, furnish them at a reduced price. For quite young children the Märchen of F. Hoffmann are delightful reading, and the coloured illustrations add to their charm.

As a French story fitted for girls of twelve and upwards we can recommend Madame Colomb's 'Chloris et Jeanneton,' which tells the history of a little Bretonne peasant whose head is turned by her visits to the château, and by the doll dressed as a shepherdess given her by Mlle. Adelaide. As a shepherdess, but a shepherdess such as Adelaide has seen at the opera. The idea which the little Parisienne has formed of the country, her surprise that the sheep are not all snow-white, with blue ribbon collars, and guardians with costumes to match, is very amusingly described. She

comes to the conclusion that the country must be peopled by two races, viz., peasants, whom she sees, and shepherds and shepherdesses, whom she never succeeds in finding. The disastrous effect of all this upon Jeanneton, and how a cure is effected, is well given, and the scene where she sees Marie Antoinette and her ladies making butter at Le Petit Trianon is charming, but it leaves us sad to think how soon the storm was to break over those fair, stately heads! and what became of Adelaide and even Jeanneton a few years later?

For the eldest inhabitants of school-rooms, some book giving an interesting sketch of the best known French authors is often wanted, and for this purpose we should strongly recommend the 'Histoire des Principaux Écrivains Français,' by A. Roohe (Hetzel), which, starting from the literature of the sixteenth century, passes on to Corneille, devotes a chapter to Port Royal (which might be read in connection with the 'Mère Angélique,' of Miss Martin, or the yet more valuable work of Mrs. Schimmelpennick, should that deeply interesting subject be one to which special attention is devoted), and then passes on to Molière, Madame de Sévigné, and other great names, down to a brief sketch of literature in our own times. Each chapter might be supplemented by articles from the exhaustless treasure-house of Sainte-Beuve's 'Causeries,' matchless for style and models of criticism. The habit of studying at least two books on any subject in hand cannot be too early gained. An excellent work of the same kind, on German literature, is Barthel's 'Die deutsche National-Literatur der Neuzeit' (Leibrock, Braunschweig), which starts from the romantic school of Tieck and the Arnims, and deals chiefly with poetry. The two last books are not cheap, but are standard works, on which it is worth while to spend money. M. R.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



WE are glad to announce that an entertainment of amateur theatricals is to be held in St. George's Hall, Langham Place on May 17, for the benefit of the Children's Hospital, 49 Great Ormond Street. The pieces to be performed are a comedy called 'The Dream of the Future,' and a farce 'The Unfinished Gentleman.' Prices of admission: boxes £2 2s. and £1 1s.; reserved stalls 5s. and 3s. Henry E. Frith, Esq. (Secretary to the Amateur Society), will be glad to receive applications for tickets in good time, in order that he may be able to estimate the amount of support the movement is likely to obtain. Address, 7 Pembridge Villas, Bayswater, W.

"A. Z." asks if any of our readers living in the country will supply her with hampers of primroses at Easter for purposes of church decoration, and distribution to hospitals. She will pay the carriage from any place not far from London. Letters stating price of carriage to be addressed to care of the *Editor*, Ecclefield, Sheffield.

"E. M. W." asks for the rules of a French and German Reading Society. Address care of the *Editor*.

"A. Z." is much obliged for the orders received in answer to her advertisement in February. She offers a white wool "cloud," hand-knitted, for 5s., and will be glad to supply Tam o' Shanter crocheted caps at 2s. and 2s. 7d. each. Also Eis wool shawls; and vests and petticoats for children or babies, in either single German wool, or yarn. Prices according to size, but at a very reasonable rate. Address care of the *Editor*.

"B. J. P." returns thanks for pictures from Sedbergh and Bristol.

"C. E. H." The new postal regulation does not refer to MSS., but to *circulars* only. These in future must not be produced by any process save printing, engraving, or lithography, if they are sent for one-halfpenny. The regulation is directed against letters written by the papyrograph and other contrivances, which *look* like circulars, and so may get sent for one-halfpenny instead of one penny.

"M. A. B." having seen "M. E. W.'s" kind offer in March to give some instruction in French and German gratuitously, is emboldened to ask whether any one will be good enough to give help in a similar fashion to two girls who are anxious to learn *Italian*, but unable to pay for a teacher. The instruction to be carried on by correspondence, according to "M. E. W.'s" plan. Address, "M. A. B.," care of the *Editor*.

"E. M. W." kindly calls our attention to a mistake that appeared in our last number (page 308) in the article on 'The Dog in History.' It is there said that "Landseer's portrait of 'The Distinguished Member of the Humane Society' immortalizes a grand Newfoundland who swam ashore from the ship 'Hindoo,' destroyed by fire off Hornby. This dog's courage and generous disposition have been of great value in saving life from shipwrecks along the coast." For the accuracy of this statement Mrs. O'Malley relied upon the Rev. C. Williams, who gives it in his little book entitled 'Dogs and their Ways,' but she is glad to be put right by "E. M. W.," who evidently speaks with authority, having been well acquainted with the gentleman who owned the 'Distinguished Member.' His name was Newman Smith, Esq., and that of the dog "Paul." At the time that the picture

was being painted, Mr. Smith lived at Croydon, and Sir E. Landseer went there several times in order to take Paul's portrait. The name that the artist gave the picture has led to the supposition that Paul earned the title by some gallant act of rescue, but this was not the case—for he never was called upon to display the powers, which from his portrait, we cannot doubt that he possessed. Truth perhaps sounds less romantic than fiction, but it is very interesting to know the real history of Landseer's beautiful picture. It is still in the possession of Mr. Smith's family.

"A. G. B." offers to sell a copy of 'The Arabian Nights,' in good condition, for 2s.; and nine pianoforte pieces and thirteen songs, at 3d. each. List of names can be had if a stamped envelope is sent. *Miss A. G. Blayden, Newton Longueville Rectory, Bletchley Station.*

"C." will be glad to receive orders for crewel designs carefully drawn out on cedar, cream, or olive-green Panama and oatmeal cloths. Brackets, 4s. the pair; table-borders, 1s. 3d. a yard; chair-backs, 2s. 6d.; and smaller designs at lower prices. The proceeds will be given towards the restoration fund of a church in a very poor parish. "*C.*" *Hempstead Rectory, Statham, Norwich.*

"G. M. F. G." offers thirty foreign stamps in exchange for others, or to sell them for 6d. *North Hall, Preston, Candover, Basingstoke, Hants.*

"Alice Peel" offers thirteen Italian and a few English songs in exchange for the following, set for contralto voice: 'Lost Chord,' Sullivan; 'When the Tide comes in,' 'The Better Land,' Cowen; 'When the Heart is young,' Buck; 'Sweet Olden Days,' Blight; 'My Love has gone a sailing,' Molloy; 'Susan's Story,' Claribel. Duets: 'For a few Days,' and 'What Fairy-like Music.' 'Alice Peel' will send a list of her songs

on application. *Burghwallis Rectory, Doncaster.*

"A. Hurst" will be glad to receive large or small coloured pictures towards making scrap-books for sick children. Also pictures suitable for making into books for the use of infants at a Sunday school who are too young to go to church. *Miss A. Hurst, Copt Hewick Hall, Ripon.*

"C. B. B." offers ten rabbit-nets for sale, at 4d. each. *Newton Longueville Rectory, Bletchley Station.*

Several correspondents suggest that the solution of the enigma about which "A. J. B." inquired, is "An old shoe" or "slipper."

"May and Violet" thank "Beatrice Stanton" and "M. W." for contributions of coloured scraps towards a book for sick children.

"G. E. F. B." AUNT JUDY cannot insert an appeal for money, but will be glad to advertise any goods or work that you may have to sell for the benefit of the charity.

Quotation wanted:

"Had I a little pair of wings,
I'd fly to thee, my dear, my dear;
But thoughts like these are idle things,
So I'll stay here."

If "A. M." has not succeeded in getting the book that she wanted, she may do so by applying to Messrs. Williams and Norgate, *Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London*, but will find the work very heavy to send by post.

"A. F." wishes to join a Musical Practising Society, in which members are not required to practise more than half-an-hour daily. Address, *Malpas, Newport, Monmouthshire.*

AUNT JUDY is sincerely sorry to hear that "P. L. B." is obliged to discontinue answering the Competition Questions on

account of ill health, and hopes that the intended journey will prove a complete cure.

"P. L. B." will find that Mrs. Ewing's story has recommenced in this number.

"A. and R." will be glad to receive orders for babies' frocks and capes, worked in crewels; or for dolls' clothes; patterns to be selected, and materials provided. Address, care of the *Editor, Ecclesfield, Sheffield.*

"J. P." offers to exchange 400 old postage-stamps for old coins. The stamps are pierced, having been strung on a string, but otherwise in good condition. *Norman Tower, Windsor Castle, Berks.*

"Mary Woolcombe" is making a scrap-book for children, and will be glad to receive contributions of coloured pictures or woodcuts.

"Harry Woolcombe" offers 60 crests and monograms for a Death's-head moth. The address of the last two advertisers is *Highhampton Rectory, North Devon.*

"Miss Tawney" is anxious to exchange a young, crested, yellow hen canary for a healthy yellow hen canary without a crest. Further particulars can be had on application. *Wroton, Banbury.*

Report of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Cots at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street, London, March 12, 1879.

The little girl—Margaret by name—who now occupies the AUNT JUDY Cot in the Helena Ward, is so very ill that we fear this may be not only the first but the last report given of her.

George V——, in the Boy's Cot, seems to have reached the convalescent stage in health, and to have got much beyond it in spirits. The other little George, described last month, is wonderfully better than he was, and is now to be seen on the couch in the middle of the

ward, amusing himself with books and toys.

In the Louise Ward just now there is a small "Charlie," who is described by his many friends as a "sweet pet," and certainly with much truth. It is fortunate that at present children are not taught at board schools to conjugate verbs before the age of five, or we should not get from them half the funny words we hear now. The other day Charlie said, "My toys are *boketed*, but I don't know who *beak* them." The little man sings 'Charlie is my Darling' very prettily, and without any idea of a personal application.

Two more cots have been endowed since the last Report was written; one is entitled "In Memory of Algiers, 1877," and on the label of the other is, "The In memoriam W. H. K. Cot." "Georgie's Cot" is now decorated with its label—a very pretty one. Round about the dark letters, bees are flying, and two infants, with smiling faces and floating raiment, seem to be trying to catch them.

Some of our readers may care to hear that in an interesting and well-written article on hospital nursing which appeared in the February 'Contemporary Review,' the system of lady-superintendence, as pursued at our Children's Hospital, is warmly defended; and the nursing there is said to have been "brought to an excellence but rarely equalled, and probably at no hospital surpassed." This is high praise, and worth having, coming, as it evidently does, from one who has had a wide experience in hospital work, and who has made a careful comparison between different plans of nursing.

Last month we expressed a hope that the coming Anniversary Festival would prove a successful one, and now we are glad to say that there *were* good speeches and handsome subscriptions.

The Bishop of Winchester, who was in the chair, spoke eloquently of the im-

mense good done by Hospitals like ours; not only, he said, were the sick children in the wards benefited by them; they formed useful schools of medicine for the doctors, where they might make a special study of the diseases of the young, and were also places of training for nurses; so that the rich as well as the poor owed a great debt of gratitude to such institutions.

The Rev. Teignmouth Shore (whose congregation support the "Mayfair Cot") spoke of having been at Darmstadt just before the fatal outbreak of illness in the royal household, and said that our late Princess asked about the Sick Children's Hospital with the greatest possible interest and kindness.

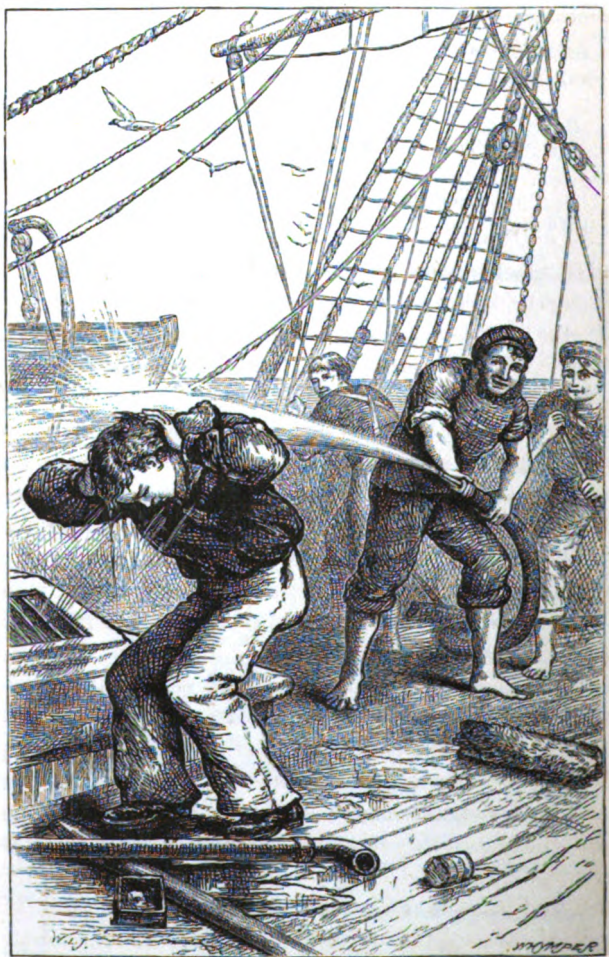
Mr. Shadwell (a member of the Committee) spoke very honestly about the state of the Hospital funds, and about the complaints lately made that too much money was spent; but, while promising that the utmost care should be taken to avoid all extravagance, he would not say that any attempt was going to be made to cure the children in a cheap kind of way, for that, he said, was impossible if the treatment was to continue thoroughly good. This opinion was echoed in the speech of the Senior Physician of the Hospital, who said that in spite of the closing of one ward, the usefulness of the Hospital was never so extensive as it was last year.

After the speeches came the Secretary's pleasant announcement that the total sum collected was upwards of £2,250.

Contributions to the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Account in Aid of the Building Fund, received to March 15, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Nellie (monthly)	0	1	0
Hester (monthly)	0	1	0
W. Hamilton Thompson, Edg-			
baston (for two months)	0	2	0
Abracadabra (monthly)	0	0	4
Mary and Florence (monthly)	0	0	6

	£	s.	d.
E. M. D. (monthly)	0	2	0
M. D. (monthly)	0	1	0
Five young Bees (monthly)	0	1	0
The Sandy Cat (monthly)	0	1	0
Four little Ripples	0	2	0
Redelyffe, Newton-le-Willows			
Alfred Castellan, Junr., Liver-			
pool	1	0	0
Snow Flake and the Dwarfs	0	6	4
Austin and Ethel F. Cope,			
Forest Hill	0	5	0
Four Little Geese	0	1	0
Minnie, Annie, Alice and Flo-			
rence	0	4	0
May Barrows, the Grange	0	1	0
Flossy	0	1	6
M. M. K. G.	0	2	0
Four Pickles	0	2	6
M. E. A.	0	1	0
In loving remembrance of			
A. G. G., 2nd March	0	1	0
Theophilus Scarecrow	0	0	3
Pips 2d., Phil 2d., Mab 2d.	0	0	6
"Fine from an Indolent Boy"	0	0	4
An old reader of AUNT JUDY	0	1	0
M. E. A., by sale of "Our			
Pets," third amount	0	18	0
A family of Flaxsticks, Canter-			
bury, New Zealand	1	17	0
Anonymous	0	1	0
"In memory of my dear little			
boys, Jack and Edgar"	1	1	0
K. and M. Barrows, the Grange,			
some books and woollen			
work.			
Mrs. Edward Buxton, per Miss			
Florence Gadesden, some			
flannel jackets.			
A. S., some knitted boots and			
ball.			
Mary May Stafford, some snow-			
drops.			
The children at Bantingdale,			
some spring flowers.			
I. G. D., three comforters.			
Miss F. Bramall, old toys			
and dolls.			
P. L. B., three pairs of socks.			



"WITHOUT MORE ADO HE LET FLY THE WATER, FIRST AT MY FEET AND THEN UPWARDS TILL I WAS SOUSED FROM HEAD TO FOOT." *Page 400.*

WE AND THE WORLD.

By J. H. Ewing, Author of 'Six to Sixteen,' &c.

CHAPTER III.

"The mariners shout,
The ships swing about,
The yards are all hoisted,
The sails flutter out."—*The Saga of King Olaf.*

 HE docks were very quiet now. Only a few footfalls broke the silence, and the water sobbed a little round the piles, and there was some creaking and groaning and grinding, and the vessels drifted at their moorings, and bumped against the wharves.

The watchman paced up and down, and up and down. I did not hear him very clearly from under the tarpaulin, and sometimes when he went farther away I did not hear him at all. At last I was so long without hearing him that I peeped cautiously out. What Biddy had said might be, seemed really to have happened. The watchman was sitting in a sort of armchair of ironbound cotton bales; his long coat was tucked between his legs, his hat was over his nose, and he was fast asleep.

I did not need any one to tell me that now was my time; but it was with limbs that almost refused their office from sheer fright, that I crept past the sleeping man, and reached the edge of the wharf. There was the vessel moving very slightly, and groaning dismally as she moved, and there was the hole, and it was temptingly dark. But—the gangway that had been laid across to it from the wharf was gone! I could have jumped the chasm easily with a run, but I dared not take a run. If I did it at all it must be done standing. I tried to fetch a breath free from heart-throbs, but in vain; so I set my teeth, and pulled nerves and sinews together and jumped.

It was too much for me, and I jumped short, and fell. Then my training under the half-caste told in my favour. I caught the edge of the hole with my hands, and swung suspended over the water, with

quite presence of mind enough to hear and think of what was going on about me. What I heard was the watchman, who roused up to call out, "Who's there?" and then he shot a sharp ray of light from his lantern right into the ship between the doors. It was very lucky for me that I was so low, for the light went over my head, and he saw nothing of me, my dark clothes making no mark against the ship's black hull.

My head was cool enough now, and my heart steady, and I listened with an intensity that postponed fear, though my predicament was not a pleasant one, and the rippling water below me was confusing. The watchman's footing was very unsteady, as I could hear, and the light wobbled about alarmingly, but happily it only went upwards. The worst risk I ran was that he might stumble forward (for he was evidently stupefied by drink) and fall into the dock, carrying me down with him. Biddy had done her generous best for me, but I had leisure now for very cool reflection on the miserable death that might be close to both me and the man she had befooled on my behalf, from too base a cause to be a good thought for one's last hour. It was not the least sharp of many experiences which ought, goodness knows! to have effectually taught me that the only safe way in this mazy world is the narrow way of uprightness, and that one may keep the last bitter drop out of one's worst cup of misfortune if one keeps it free from remorse.

The suspense was no doubt shorter than it seemed, before the light disappeared, and with a thankful heart I distinctly heard the watchman flop down again among the cotton bales. Then I drew myself up over the edge and crept noiselessly into the ship. I took care to creep beyond range of the lantern, and then the swaying of the vessel made me feel so giddy that I had to lie still for a while where I was, before I could recover myself enough to feel about for a suitable hiding-place.

I had felt my way, and knocked myself pretty hard, and crept and groped for some time before I seized what, in any other circumstances, I should have believed to be a coat-sleeve, with the natural warmth of somebody's arm inside it. I let go at once, and now remained breathlessly quiet, till, as nothing happened, I began to think I had been mistaken, and groped about to find out what it was that had deluded me. I seized it again, but this time there was no

mistake. It was somebody's arm, who said in a quick undertone, "Gently, gently, sirs; I'm coming along with ye. I'll gie ye my word I'm after no harm."

I was taken aback, but thought it well to keep up my position, which appeared to be one of advantage. The young man (for it was a youngster's voice) was evidently no ship's officer. If he were a dockyard-pilferer, it was a nuisance, and a complication in my affairs, but I might pull through the difficulty with presence of mind.

"Speak low!" I whispered sharply. "What's your name, and where do you come from?"

"Alister Auchterlay, they call me" (the whisper was a reluctant one, but I jogged his arm rather fiercely to shake the truth out of him). "I come from Aberdeenshire. But, man! if ye're for having me up in court, for God's sake let me plead in another name, for my mother taks the papers."

"What are you doing here?" I whispered in a not very steady whisper, as I think my prisoner detected.

"I'm just stowing away," he said eagerly; "I'm not harming a thing. Eh, sir, if you're a ship's 'prentice, or whatever may be your duties on this vessel, let me bide! There's scores of stowaways taken every day, and I'll work as few could."

"Do, *do* try and speak low," I whispered; "or we shall both be found out. *I'm stowing away myself!*"

"Whew, laddie! How long will ye have been in Liverpool?"

"Only to-day. How long have you been here?"

"A week, and a sore week too."

"You've no friends here, have you?"

"Friends, did ye say? I've no friends nearer than Scotland."

"You must have had a hard time of it," I whispered.

"Ye may say so. I've slept four nights in the docks, and never managed to stow till to-night. There's a watchman about."

"I know," said I.

"I shouldn't have got in to-night, but the misconducted body's asleep, though I'll say it's the first time I saw him sleeping these four days. Eh, sirs! there's an awful indifference to responsibility, when a man does a thing like that. But it'll be whisky, I'm thinking; for I heard him at havers with one of these ranting drunken old Eirishers."

My blood boiled. "She was *not* drunk!" said I. "And she's—she's a great friend of mine."

"Whisht! whisht, man! We'll be heard. I ask your pardon, I'm sure."

I made no reply. The Scotchman's tone was unpleasantly dry. Besides it is very difficult to give vent to one's just indignation in whispers. And I still felt giddy, though I was resting my back against some box, the Scotchman's head being apparently at the level of my knee.

"You'll not be Eirish, yourself?" he asked in his own accent, which was as strong in its way as Biddy's.

"I'm English," I said.

"Just so. And edyucated, I dare to say?"

"I suppose so."

"Ye've not forgiven me that I wronged the old lady? Indeed, but I ask your pardon, and hers no less. It's not for the best of us to sit in judgment on the erring, as my mother has often said to me, unless it comes in the plain path of duty. But maybe your own temper would be a bit soured if your head were as light and your heart as sick as mine with starvation and hope deferred——"

"Are you hungry?" I interrupted.

"I'll not be sorry when we get a meal."

"What have you had to-day?" I asked.

"I've been in the dock all day," he answered evasively, "but I'm no great eater at the best of times, and I chewed two bits of orange-peel, not to speak of a handful of corn where there was a big heap had been spilt by some wasteful body or another, that had small thoughts of it's coming to use. Now hoo in this world's a man to make honest profit on a commodity he entrusts——"

"Sh! sh! You're raising your voice again," said I. "Where's your hand? It's only a cake, but it'll be better than nothing." And I held out the cake Biddy had made me put in my pocket.

"I'll not take it from ye. Keep it for your own needs; I'm harder than yourself, it's likely," he said, pushing my hand aside, and added almost peevishly, "but keep the smell of it from me."

"I can spare it perfectly," I whispered. "I've had plenty to eat quite lately."

I shall never forget how he clutched it then. I could hear his teeth

clash with the eagerness of his eating. It almost frightened me in the darkness.

"Eh! man, that was good!" he gasped. "Are ye sure in deed and in truth ye could spare it all? I didn't think they made such bannocks out of Scotland. But we've much to learn in all matters, doubtless. Thank ye a thousand times."

"The old Irishwoman gave it me!" I said with some malice. "She made me put it in my pocket, though she had given me a good meal before, for which she would take nothing."

"It was very liberal of her," said Alister Auchterlay. "Very liberal; but there are good Christians to be met with, amongst all sorts, there's no doubt."

"I should probably have pursued my defence of Biddy against this grudging—not to say insulting—tribute to her charity, if I had not begun to feel too tired to talk, and very much teased by the heaving of the vessel.

"I wish the ship would be quiet till we start," I said. "We're not at sea yet."

In reply to this Alister at some length, and with as much emphasis as whispering permitted, explained to me that a ship could not, in the nature of things, keep still, except in certain circumstances, such as being in dry dock for repairs or lying at anchor in absolutely still water.

"Good gracious!" I interrupted. "Of course I know all that. You don't suppose I expect it not to move."

"I understood ye to say that ye wushed it," he replied with dignity, if not offence.

"I don't know what I wish!" I moaned.

My companion's reply to this was to feel about for me and then to begin scrambling over me; then he said—"Move on, laddie, to your right, and ye'll find space to lie on the flat of your back, close by the ship's side. I'm feared you're barely fit for the job ye've undertaken, but ye'll be easier if ye lie down, and get some sleep. There's a port-hole above your head, and ye'll feel a bit more air if ye keep beneath it."

I moved as he told me, and the relief of lying flat was great—so great that I began to pull myself together again, and made ready in my mind to thank my unseen companion for the generosity with which

he had evidently given me the place he had picked for himself. But whilst I was thinking about it I fell fast asleep.

When I woke, of course, for the first minute I thought I was at home, and I could not conceive what Martha could be doing, that there should be, as far as one could hear, chimney-sweeping, cinder-riddling, furniture-moving, clock-winding, and spring-cleaning, of the most awful nature, all going on at once, and in a storm of yelling and scolding, which was no part of our domestic ways. But in another minute I knew where I was, and by the light coming through the little round window above me, I could see my companion.

He was still sleeping, so that I could satisfy my keen curiosity without rudeness. He had indeed given up the only bit of space to me, and was himself doubled up among bales and boxes in a fashion that must have been very trying to the length of his limbs. For he was taller than I, though not, I thought, much older; two years or so, perhaps. The cut of his clothes (not their raggedness, though they were ragged as well as patched) confirmed me in my conviction that he was "not exactly a gentleman;" but I felt a little puzzled about him, for, broad as his accent was, he was even less exactly of the Tim Binder and Bob Furness class.

He was not good-looking, and yet I hardly know any word that would so fittingly describe his face in the repose of sleep, and with that bit of light concentrated upon it, as the word "noble." It was drawn and pinched with pain and the endurance of pain, and I never saw anything so thin, except his hands, which lay close to his sides—both clenched. But I do think he would have been handsome if his face had not been almost aggressively intelligent when awake, and if his eyebrows and eyelashes had had any colour. His hair was fair but not bright, and it was straight without being smooth, and tossed into locks that had no grace or curl. And why he made me think of a Bible picture—Jacob lying at the foot of the ladder to Heaven, or something of that sort—I could not tell, and did not puzzle myself to wonder, for the ship was moving, and there was a great deal to be seen out of the window, tiny as it was.

It looked on to the dock, where men were running about in the old bewildering fashion. To-day it was not so bewildering to me, because I could see that the men were working with some purpose that affected our vessel, though the directions in which they ran, dragging

ropes as thick as my leg, to the grinding of equally monstrous chains, was as mysterious as the figures of some dance one does not know. As to the noises they made, men and boys anywhere are given to help on their work with sounds of some sort, but I could not have believed in anything approaching to these, out of a lunatic asylum, unless I had heard them.

I could hear quite well, I could hear what was said, and a great deal of it, I am sorry to say, would have been better unsaid. But the orders which rang out interested me, for I tried to fit them on to what followed, though without much result. At last the dock seemed to be moving away from me—I saw men, but not the same men—and every man's eye was fixed on us. Then the thick brown rope just below my window quivered like a bowstring, and tightened (all the water starting from it in a sparkling shower) till it looked as firm as a bar of iron, and I held on tight, for we were swinging round. Suddenly the voice of command sang out—(I fancied with a touch of triumph in the tone)—“Let go the warp!” The thick rope sprang into the air, and wriggled like a long snake, and it was all I could do to help joining in the shouts that rang from the deck above and from the dock below. Then the very heart of the ship began to beat with a new sound, and the Scotch lad leaped like a deer-hound to the window, and put his arm round my shoulder, and whispered, “That’s the screw, man! *we’re off.*”

CHAPTER IV.

“He that tholes o’ercomes.”

“Tak’ your venture, as mony a gude ship has done.”—*Scotch Proverbs.*

I AM disposed to think that a ship is a place where one has occasional moments of excitement and enthusiasm that are rare elsewhere, but that it is not to be beaten (if approached) for the deadliness of the despondency to be experienced therein.

For perhaps a quarter of an hour after our start I felt much excited, and so, I think, did my companion. Shoulder to shoulder we were glued to the little round window, pinching each other when the hurrying steps overhead seemed now and then to threaten to come down our way. We did not talk much, we were too busy looking out, and listening to the rushing water, and the throbbing of the screw. The

land seemed to slip quickly by, countless ships, boats and steamers barely gave us time to have a look at them, though Alister (who seemed to have learned a good deal during his four days in the docks) whispered little bits of information about one and another. Then the whole shore seemed to be covered by enormous sheds, and later on it got farther off, and then the land lay distant, and it was very low and marshy and most dreary-looking, and I fancied it was becoming more difficult to keep my footing at the window; and just when Alister had been pointing out a queer red ship with one stumpy mast crowned by a sort of cage, and telling me that it was a light-ship, our own vessel began to creak and groan worse than ever, and the floor under our feet seemed to run away from them, and by the time you had got used to going down, it caught you and jerked you up again, till my head refused to think anything about anything, and I half dropped and was half helped by Alister on to the flat of my back as before.

As to him, I may as well say at once, that I never knew him affected at sea by the roughest wind that could blow, and he sat on a box and looked at me half pityingly, and half, I suppose, with the sort of curiosity I had felt about him.

"I'm feared the life 'll be a bit over-rough for ye," he said kindly. "Would ye think of going up and disclosing yourself before we're away from all chance of getting ashore?"

"No, no!" said I, vehemently, and added more feebly, "I daresay I shall be all right soon."

"Maybe," said the Scotchman.

He went back to the window and gazed out, seeing, I have no doubt, lots to interest him; though my eyes, if opened for a moment, only shrank back and closed again instinctively, with feelings of indescribable misery. So indefinite time went on, Alister occasionally making whispered comments which I did not hear, and did not trouble myself to ask questions about, being utterly indifferent to the answers. But I felt no temptation to give in. I only remember feeling one intense desire, and it amounted to a prayer, that if these intolerable sensations did not abate, I might at any rate become master enough of them to do my duty in their teeth. The thought made me more alert, and when the Scotch lad warned me that steps were coming our way, I implored him to hide deeper in, if he wished,

without consideration for me, as I had resolved to face my fate at once, and be either killed or cured.

"Thank ye kindly," said Alister, "but there's small use in hiding now. They can but pitch us overboard, and I've always read that drowning is by far an easier death than being starved, if ye come to that."

It was in this frame of mind that a sailor found us, and took us prisoners with so little difficulty that he drew the scarcely fair conclusion that we were the cheekiest, coolest hands of all the nasty, sneaking, long-shore loafers he had ever had to deal with in all his blessed and otherwise-than-blessed born days. And wrathful as this outburst was, it was colourless to the indignation in his voice, when (replying to some questions from above) he answered—

"Two on 'em!"

Several other sailors came to the help of our captor, and we were dragged up the ladder and on deck, where the young Scotchman looked to better advantage than down below, and where I made the best presentment of myself that my miserable condition would allow. We were soon hauled before the captain, a sensible-faced, red-bearded man, with a Scotch accent rather harsher than Alister's, in which he harangued us in very unflattering phrases for our attempt to "steal a passage," and described the evil fate of which we were certain, if we did not work uncommonly hard for our victuals.

With one breath I and my companion asserted our willingness to do anything, and that to get a free passage as idlers was our last wish and intention. To this, amid appreciating chuckles from the crew, the captain replied, that, so sneaks and stowaways always *said*; a taunt which was too vulgar as repartee to annoy me, though I saw Alister's thin hands clenching again at his side. I don't know if the captain did, but he called out—"Here! you lankey lad there, show your hands."

"They're not used to idleness," said Alister, stretching them out. He lifted his eyes as he said it, and I do not think he could have repressed the flash in them to save his life. Every detail of the scene was of breathless interest to me, and as I watched to see if the captain took offence, I noticed that (though they were far less remarkable from being buried in a fat and commonplace countenance) his eyes, like Alister's, were of that bright, cold sea-blue common

among Scotchmen. He did not take offence, and I believe I was right in thinking that the boy's wasted hands struck him much as they had struck me.

"Don't speak, unless I question you. How long will ye have been hanging round the docks before ye'd the impudence to come aboard here?"

"I slept four nights in the docks, sir."

"And where did ye take your meals?"

A flush crept over Alister's bony face. "I'm no' a great eater, sir," he said, with his eyes on the deck; and then suddenly lifting a glance at me out of the corner of them, he added, "the last I had was just given me by a friend."

"That'll do. Put your hands down. Can you sew?"

"I ask your pardon, sir?"

"Is the fool deaf? Can ye use a needle and thread?"

"After a rough fashion, sir, and I can knit a bit."

"Mr. Waters!"

A man with a gold band round his cap stepped forward and touched it.

"Take him to the sailmaker. He can help to patch the old fore stay-sail on the fore-castle. And you can——"

The rest of the order was in a low voice, but Mr. Waters saluted again and replied, "Yes, sir."

The captain saluted Mr. Waters, and then as Alister moved off, he said, "You're not sick, I see. Have you sailed before?"

"From Scotland, sir."

Whether, being a Scotchman himself, the tones of Alister's voice, as it lingered on the word "Scotland," touched a soft corner in the captain's soul, or whether the blue eyes met with an involuntary feeling of kinship, or whether the captain was merely struck by Alister's powerful-looking frame, and thought he might be very useful when he was better fed, I do not know; but I feel sure that as he returned my new comrade's salute, he did so in a softened humour. Perhaps this made him doubly rough to me, and I have no doubt I looked as miserable an object as one could (not) wish to see.

"You're sick enough," he said; "stand straight, sir! we don't nurse invalids here, and if you stop you'll have to work for your food whether you can eat it or not."

"I will, sir," said I.

"Put out your hands."

I did, and he looked keenly, first at them, and then, from head to foot, at me. And then to my horror, he asked the question I had been asked by the man who robbed me of my shilling.

"Where did you steal your slops?"

I hastened to explain. "A working-man, sir, in Liverpool, who was kind enough to advise me, said that I should have no chance of getting work on board ship in the clothes I had on. So I exchanged them, and got these, in a shop he took me to," and being anxious to prove the truth of my tale, and also to speak with the utmost respect of everybody in this critical state of my affairs, I added: "I don't remember the name of the street, sir, but the shop was kept by a—by a Mr. Moses Cohen."

"By Mister—who?"

"Mr. Moses Cohen, sir."

When I first uttered the name, I fancied I heard some sniggering among the sailors who still kept guard over me, and this time the captain's face wrinkled, and he turned to another officer standing near him and repeated—

"Mister Moses Cohen!" and they both burst into a fit of laughter, which became a roar among the subordinates, till the captain cried—"Silence there!" and still chuckling sardonically, added, "Your suit must have been a very spic and span one, young gentleman, if *Mister* Moses Cohen accepted it in lieu of that rig out."

"I paid ten shillings as well," said I.

The laughter recommenced, but the captain looked wrathful. "Oh, you paid ten shillings as well, did you? And what the thunder and lightning have you tried to steal a passage for when you'd money to pay for one?"

"I didn't mean to steal a passage, sir," said I, "and I don't mean it now. I tried to get taken as a sailor-lad, but they seemed to expect me to have been to sea before, and to have some papers to show it. So I stowed away, and I'm very sorry if you think it dishonest, sir, but I meant to work for my passage, and I will work hard."

"And what do you suppose an ignorant landlubber like you can do, as we don't happen to be short of public speakers?"

"I thought I could clean things, and carry coals, and do rough work till I learnt my trade, sir."

"Can you climb?" said the captain, looking at the rigging.

"I've never climbed on board ship, sir, but I was good at athletics when I was at school, and I believe I could."

"We'll see," said the captain significantly. "And supposing you're of no use, and we kick ye overboard, can ye swim?"

"Yes, sir, and dive. I'm at home in the water."

"It's more than you are *on* it. Bo'sun!"

"Yes, sir."

"Take this accomplished young gentleman of fortune, and give him something to do. Give him an oil rag and let him rub some of our brass, and stow his own. And, bo'sun!"

"Yes, sir."

"Take him first to Mr. Johnson, and say that I request Mr. Johnson to ascertain how much change Mister Moses Cohen has left him, and to take the charge of it."

"Yes, sir."

The captain's witticisms raised renewed chuckling among the crew, as I followed the boatswain, duly saluting my new master as I passed him, and desperately trying to walk easily and steadily in my ordinary boots upon the heaving deck.

Mr. Johnson was the third mate, and I may as well say at once that his shrewdness and kindness, his untiring energy, and constant cheerfulness, make his memory very pleasant to me and to all who served with him, and whose reasons for being grateful to him belong to all hours of the day and night, and to every department of our work and our play.

I was far too giddy to hear what the boatswain said to Mr. Johnson, but I was conscious that the third mate's eyes were scanning me closely as he listened. Then he said, "*Have* you got any money, youngster?"

"Here, sir," said I; and after some struggles I got the leather bag from my neck, and Mr. Johnson pocketed it.

"Ran away from school, I suppose?"

I tried to reply, and could not. Excitement had kept me up before the captain, but the stress of it was subsiding, and putting my arms up to get my purse had aggravated the intense nausea that was

beginning to overpower me. I managed to shake my head instead of speaking, after which I thought I must have died then and there of the agony across my brow. It seemed probable that I should go far to pay for my passage by the amusement I afforded to the crew. Even Mr. Johnson laughed, as he said, "He seems pretty bad. Look after him, and then let him try his hand on those stanchions—they're disgraceful. Show him how, and see that he lays on——"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"And, bo'sun! don't be too rough on him just yet. We've all of us made our first voyage."

"Very true, sir."

I could have fallen at the man's feet for those few kind words, but his alert step had carried him far away; and the boatswain had gripped me by the arm, and landed me on a seat, before I could think of how to express my thanks.

"Stay where ye are, young stowaway," said he, "and I'll fetch the oil and things. But don't fall overboard! for we can't afford to send a hexpedition on a voyage of discovery harter ye."

Off went the boatswain, and by the time he came back with a bundle of brass rods under his arm, and an old sardine-tin full of a mixture of oil, vinegar, and sand, and a saturated fragment of a worn-out worsted sock, I had more or less recovered from a violent attack of sickness, and was trying to keep my teeth from being chattered out of my aching head in the fit of shivering that succeeded it.

"Now, my pea-green beauty!" said he, "pull yourself together, and bear a hand with this tackle. I'll carry the stanchions for you." I jumped up, thanked him, and took the oil-tin and etceteras, feeling very grateful that he did carry the heavy brass rods for me on to the poop, where I scrambled after him, and after a short lesson in an art the secret of which appeared to be to rub hard enough and long enough, he left me with the pointed hint that the more I did within the next hour or two, the better it would be for me. "And *wicee the worse*—hif ye learnt what *that* means when ye wos at school," he added.

Fully determined to do my best, I rubbed for the dear life, my bones and teeth still shuddering as I did so; but whatever virtue there was in my efforts was soon its own reward, for the vigorous use of my arms began to warm me, so greatly to the relief of my

headache and general misery, that I began to hold myself up, and drink in the life-giving freshness of the salt breezes with something that came quite close to hope, and was not far off enjoyment. As to the stanchions, I was downright proud of them, and was rubbing away, brightening the brass, and getting the blood comfortably circulated through my body, when with the usual running and shouting, a crowd of men poured on to the poop with long-handled scrubbing-brushes, and big tubs, &c., followed by others dragging a fire-hose. No time was lost in charging the hose with water (a plentiful commodity!), and this was squirted into every hole and cranny in all directions, whilst the first lot of men rubbed and scrubbed and brushed most impartially all over the place.

I went quietly on with my work, but when the stream threatened a group of stanchions, so highly polished that I could not endure the notion of a speck on their brightness, I lifted them out of harm's way, and with the clatter of this movement drew the attention of the plier of the hose.

"Why, bless my stars, garters, and hornaments of hall sorts!" said he; "if 'ere aint the young gentleman of fortin' on the poop deck in his Sunday pumps!" and without more ado he let fly the water, first at my feet and then upwards till I was soused from head to foot, and the scrubbers and swabbers laughed at my gasps as I know I could not have moved their sense of humour if I had had the finest wit in the world. However, I suppose they had had to take as well as give such merriment in their time; and I keenly remembered Biddy's parting advice that the "good-nature of my ways" would be my best friend in this rough society. So I laughed and shook myself, and turning up my sleeves to my elbows, and my trousers to my knees, I also denuded myself of boots and socks and put them aside.

"Is this the correct fashion?" I inquired—a joke which passed muster for very good humour; and I was squirted at no more on that occasion. The chill had made me feel most miserable again, but I had found by experience that the great thing was to keep my blood circulating, and that rubbing-up the ship's brass answered this purpose exceedingly well. I rubbed it so bright, that when the boatswain came to summon me to dinner, he signified his approval in his own peculiar fashion, which appeared to be that of an acknowledged wit.

"H'm," said he, "I'll say that for ye, young shore-loafer, that you've learnt that the best part of polishing-paste is elbow-grease. It wasn't all *parley-voo* and the pianner where you was at boarding-school!"

I said I hoped not, and laughed as respectfully as it becomes the small to do at the jokes of the great.

But when I was fairly squatted in a corner of the fore-castle, with my plate on my lap, in friendly proximity to Alister, I received a far worse shock than the ship's hose had given me. For under cover of the sailors' talk (and they were even noisier at their dinner than at their work) my comrade contrived to whisper in my ear, "The pilot is still on board."

I got what comfort I could out of hearing the sailmaker praise Alister as "an uncommon handy young chap," a compliment which he enforced by a general appeal to some one to "give him" a lad that had been brought up to make himself useful, and anybody else was welcome "for him" to fine gentlemen with no learning but school learning. For this side attack on me roused the boatswain to reproduce his jokes about elbow-grease *versus parley-voo* and the pianner, and to add a general principle on his own account to the effect that it was nothing to him if a lad had been "educated" in a young ladies' boarding-school, so long as he'd been taught to rub brass till you could "see something more of your face than thumb-marks in it." The general and satisfactory conclusion being (so I hoped) that we were neither of us quite useless, and might possibly be spared the ignominy of a return voyage with the pilot.

About an hour and a half after dinner, when I was "rubbing-up" some "bright things" in the cook's galley, Alister looked in, and finding me alone, said, "Would ye dare to come on deck? We're passing under bonny big rocks, with a lighthouse perched up on the height above our heads, for all the world like a big man keeping his outlook with glowering eyes."

"I don't think I dare," said I. "The cook told me not to stir till these were done. Are we going slower? That pumping noise is slower than it was, I'm sure."

"We are so," said Alister; "I'm wondering if——" He ran out without finishing his sentence, but soon returned with a face rather more colourless than usual with repressed excitement. "Jack!" he gasped, "they're lowering a boat. *The pilot's going ashore.*"

He remained with me now, sitting with his head on his hands. Suddenly a shout of two or three voices from the water was answered by a hearty cheer from the deck. By one impulse, Alister and I sprang to our feet and gripped each other by the hand; and I do not believe there were any two sailors on board who sped the parting pilot with more noise than we two made in the cook's galley.

It was gloriously true. They had kept us both. But, though I have no doubt the captain would have got rid of us if we had proved feckless, I think our being allowed to remain was largely due to the fact that the vessel had left Liverpool short of her full complement of hands. Trade was good at the time, and one man who had joined had afterwards deserted, and another youngster had been taken to hospital only the day before we sailed. He had epileptic fits, and though the second mate (whose chief quality seemed to be an impartial distrust of everybody but himself, and a burning desire to trip up his fellow-creatures at their weak points and jump upon them accordingly) expressed in very strong language his wish that the captain had not sent the lad off, but had kept him for him (the second mate) to cure, the crew seemed all of opinion that there was no "shamming" about it, and that the epileptic sailor-boy would only have fallen from one of the yards in a fit, and given more trouble than his services were worth over picking him up.

The afternoon was far from being as fine as the morning had been. The emerald isle was much less like a gem when I had leisure for a glance at her, and each time I turned my eyes that way it seemed to me that the grey sea was looking drearier and more restless, though I stuck steadily to some miscellaneous and very dirty work that I had been put to down below; and, as the ship rolled more and more under me, as I ran unsteadily about with buckets and the like, I began to wonder if this was the way storms came gradually on, and whether, if the ship — went down to-night "with all on board," I should find courage to fit my fate.

I was meditating gloomily on this subject, when I heard a shrill whistle, and then a series of awful noises, at the sound of which every man below left whatever he was at, and rushed on deck. I had read too many accounts of shipwrecks not to know that the deck is the place to make for, so I bolted with the rest, and caught sight of Alister flying in the same direction as we were. When we got up I

looked about me as well as I could, but I saw no rocks or vessels in collision with us. The waves were not breaking over us, but four or five men standing on the bulwarks, were pulling things like monstrous grubs out of a sort of trough, and chucking them with more or less accuracy at the heads of the sailors who had gathered round.

"What is it, Alister?" I asked.

"It's just the serving out of the hammocks that they sleep in," Alister replied. "I'm thinking we'll not be entitled to them."

"What's that fellow yelling about?"

"He's calling upon them to respond to their names and numbers. Whisht, man! till I hear his unchristian lingo, and see if he calls on us."

But in a few minutes the crowd had dispersed, and the hammock-servers with them, and Alister and I were left alone. I felt foolish, and I suppose looked so, for Alister burst out laughing and said—"Hech, laddie! it's a small matter. We'll find a corner to sleep in. And let me tell ye, I've tried getting into a hammock myself, and——"

"Hi! you lads!"

In no small confusion at having been found idle and together, we started to salute the third mate, who pointed to a sailor behind him, and said—"Follow Francis, and he'll give you hammocks and blankets, and show you how to swing and stow them."

We both exclaimed—"Thank you, sir!" with such warmth that as he returned our renewed salutations he added—"I hear good accounts of both of you. Keep it up, and you'll do."

Alister's sentence had been left unfinished, but I soon learnt the rest of it by experience. We scrambled down after Francis, so deep down that we seemed to be about at the level where we had stowed away. I did not feel any the better for the stuffiness of the air, and an abominable smell of black beetles, but I stumbled along till we all arrived in a very tiny little office where the purser sat surrounded by bags of ship's biscuits (which they pleasantly call "bread" at sea) and with bins of sugar, coffee, &c., &c. I daresay the stuffiness made him cross (as the nasty smells used to make us in Uncle Henry's office), for he used a good deal of bad language, and seemed very unwilling to let us have the hammocks and blankets. However, Francis got them and banged us well with them before

giving them to us to carry. They were just like the others—canvas-coloured sausages wound about with tarred rope; and warning us to observe how they were fastened up, as we should have to put them away “ship-shape” the following morning, Francois helped us to unfasten and “swing” them in the forecabin. There were hooks in the beams, so that part of the business was easy enough, but, when bedtime came, I found that getting into my hammock was not as easy as getting it ready to get into.

The sailmaker helped Alister out of his difficulties at once, by showing him how to put his two hands in the middle of his hammock and wriggle himself into it and roll his blankets round him in seaman-like fashion. But my neighbours only watched with delight when I first sent my hammock flying by trying to get in at the side as if it were a bed, and then sent myself flying out on the other side after getting in. As I picked myself up I caught sight of an end of thick rope hanging from a beam close above my hammock, and being a good deal nettled by my own stupidity and the jeers of the sailors, I sprang at the rope, caught it, and swinging myself up, I dropped quietly and successfully into my new resting-place. Once fairly in and rolled in my blanket, I felt as snug as a chrysalis in his cocoon, and (besides the fact that lying down is a great comfort to people who are not born with sea-legs), I found the gentle swaying of my hammock a delightful relief from the bumping, jumping, and jarring of the ship. I said my prayers, which made me think of my mother, and cost me some tears in the privacy of darkness; but, as I wept, there came back the familiar thought that I had “much to be thankful for,” and I added the General Thanksgiving with an “especially” in the middle of it, as we always used to have when my father read prayers at home, after anything like Jem and me getting well of scarlet fever, or a good harvest being all carried.

I got all through my “especially,” and what with the workman, and dear old Biddy, and the watchman not being killed, and Alister for a chum, and Mr. Johnson, and the pilot, it was a very long one; and I think I finished the Thanksgiving and said the Grace of our LORD after it. But I cannot be quite sure, for it was such a comfort to be at peace, and the hammock swung and rocked till it cradled me to sleep.

A light sleep, I suppose, for I dreamed very vividly of being at

home again, and that I had missed getting off to sea after all; and that the ship had only been a dream. I thought I was rather sorry it was not real, because I wanted to see the world, but I was very glad to be with Jem, and I thought he and I went down to the farm to look for Charlie, and they told us he was sitting up in the ash-tree at the end of the field. In my dream I did not feel at all surprised that cripple Charlie should have got into the ash-tree, or at finding him there high up among the branches looking at a spider's web with a magnifying glass. But I thought that the wind was so high I could not make him hear, and the leaves and boughs tossed so that I could barely see him; and when I climbed up to him, the branch on which I sat swayed so deliciously that I was quite content to rock myself and watch Charlie in silence, when suddenly it cracked, and down I came with a hard bang on my back.

I woke and sat up, and found that the latter part of my dream had come true, as a lump on the back of my head bore witness for some days. Francis had playfully let me down "with a run by the head," as it is called; that is, he had undone my hammock-cord and landed me on the floor. He left Alister in peace, and I can only think of two reasons for his selecting me for the joke. First, that the common sailors took much more readily to Alister from his being more of their own rank in birth and upbringing, though so vastly superior by education. And secondly, that I was the weaker of the two; for what I have seen of the world has taught me that there are plenty of strong people who will not only let the weaker go to the wall, but who find an odd satisfaction in shoving and squeezing them there.

However, if I was young and sea-sick, I was not quite helpless, happily. I refastened my hammock, and got into it again, and being pretty well tired out by the day's work, I slept that sleep of the weary which knows no dream.

CHAPTER V.



"Yet more! The billows and the depths have more;
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!

* * * * *

Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!

Give back the true and brave!"—*Felicia Hemans.*

"To them their duty was clear, and they did it successfully; and the history of the island is written briefly in that little formula."—*Daily Telegraph*, Dec. 5, 1878.

I DID not feel as if I had been asleep five minutes, when I was rudely awakened, of course by noise, whistling and inarticulate roaring, and I found that it was morning, and that the boatswain's mate was "turning the hands up" to wash decks. Alister was ready, and I found that my toilet was, if possible, shorter than at Snuffy's in winter.

"We puts hon our togs fust, and takes our shower-baths harterwards," the boatswain humorously explained, as he saw me trying to get the very awkward collar of my "slops" tidy as I followed with the crowd.

The boatswain was a curious old fellow. He was born in London, "within sound of Bow bells," as he told me; but though Cockney by birth, he could hardly be called a native of anywhere but the world at large. He had sailed in all seas, and seemed to have tried his hand at most trades. He had at one time been a sort of man-of-all-work in a boys' school, and I think it was partly from this, and partly out of opposition to the sailmaker, that he never seemed to grudge my not having been born a poor person, or to fancy I gave myself airs (which I never did), or to take a pleasure in making me feel the roughest edge of the menial work I had to do, like so many of the men. But he knew very well just where things did feel strangest and hardest to me, and showed that he knew it by many a bit of not unkindly chaff.

His joke about the shower-bath came very strictly true to me. We were all on the main deck, bare-armed and bare-legged, mopping and slopping and swabbing about in the cold sea-water, which was liberally supplied to us by the steam-pump and hose. I had been furnished with a *squeegee* (a sort of scraper made of india-rubber at the end of a broomstick), and was putting as much "elbow-grease"

into my work as renewed sea-sickness left me strength for, when the boatswain's mate turned the hose upon me once more. I happened to be standing rather loosely, and my thoughts had flown home on the wings of a wonder what Martha would think of this way of scrubbing a floor—all wedded as the domestic mind is to hairy flannel and sticky soap and swollen knees,—when the stream of seawater came in full force against my neck, and I and my squeegee went head-over-heels into the lee scuppers. It was the boatswain himself who picked me out, and who avenged me on his subordinate by a round of abuse which it was barely possible to follow, so mixed were the metaphors, and so cosmopolitan the slang.

On the whole I got along pretty well that day, and began to get accustomed to the motion of the ship, in spite of the fact that she rolled more than on the day before. The sky and sea were grey enough when we were swabbing the decks in the early morning, and as the day wore on, they only took the deeper tints of gathering clouds which hid the sun.

If the weather was dull, our course was not less so. We only saw one ship from the deck, a mail-steamer, as neat and trim as a yacht, which passed us at a tremendous pace, with a knot of officers on the bridge. Some black objects bobbing up and down in the distance were pointed out to me as porpoises, and a good many seagulls went by, flying landwards. Not only was the sky overcast, and very little to be seen, but the crew seemed to share the depression of the barometer, which, as everybody told everybody else, was falling rapidly. The captain's voice rang out in brief but frequent orders, and the officers clustered in knots on the bridge, their gold cap-bands gleaming against the stormy sky.

I worked hard through the day, and was sick off and on as the ship rolled, and the great green waves hit her on the bows, and ran away along her side, and the wind blew and blew, and most of the sails were hauled in and made fast, and one or two were reefed up close, and the big chimney swayed, and the threatening clouds drifted forwards at a different pace from our own, till my very fingers felt giddy with unrest; but not another practical joke did I suffer from that day, for every man's hand was needed for the ship.

In the afternoon she had rolled so heavily in the trough of the large waves, that no one made any pretence of finding his sea-legs

strong enough to keep him steady without clutching here and there for help, and I had been thankful, in a brief interval when nobody had ordered me to do anything, to scramble into a quiet corner of the fore-castle and lie on the boards, rolling as the ship rolled, and very much resigned to going down with her if she chose to go.

Towards evening it was thick and foggy, but as the sun set it began to clear, and I heard the men saying that the moon (which was nearly at the full) would make a clear night of it. It was unquestionably clearer overhead, and the waves ran smoother, as if the sea were recovering its temper, and Alister and I went below at 9 P.M. and turned into our hammocks for a few hours' sleep, before taking our part in the night-watch that lasts from 12 midnight till 4 A.M.

It is astonishing what a prompt narcotic the knowledge that you'll have to be up again in an hour or two is. Alister and I wasted no time in conversation. He told me the fall in the barometer was "by-ordinar" (which I knew as well as he); and I told him the wind was undoubtedly falling (which he knew as well as I): and after this inevitable interchange of the uppermost news and anxieties of the occasion, we bade God bless each other, and I said the prayers of my babyhood because they were shortest, and fell fast asleep.

The noises that woke us were new noises, but they made up the whole of that peculiar sound which is the sum of human excitement. "We are going down this time," was my thought, and I found myself less philosophical about it than I had imagined. Neither Alister nor I were long in putting on our clothes, and we rushed up on deck without exchanging a word. By the time we got there, where the whole ship's crew had gone before us, we were as wildly excited as any one of them, though we had not a notion what it was all about. I knew enough now for the first glance to tell me that the ship was in no special danger. Even I could tell that the gale had gone down, the night was clear, and between the scudding of black clouds with silver linings, the moon and stars shone very beautifully, though it made one giddy to look at them from the weird way in which the masts and yards seemed to whip across the sky.

We still rolled, and when the side of the ship went up, it felt almost overhead, and I could see absolutely nothing of the sea, which was vexatious, as that was obviously the point of interest. The rigging on that side was as full of men as a bare garden-tree of

sparrows, and all along the lee bulwarks they sat and crouched like sea-birds on a line of rock. Suddenly we rolled, down went the lee side, and I with it, but I caught hold of the lowest step of the fore-castle ladder and sat fast. Then as we dipped I saw all that they were seeing from the masts and rigging—the yet restless sea with fast-running waves, alternately inky black, and of a strange bright metallic lead-colour, on which the scud as it drove across the moon made queer racing shadows. And it was on this stormy sea that every eye from the captain's to the cook's was strained.

Roll! down we went again to starboard and up went the bulwarks and I could see nothing but the sky and the stars, and the masts and yards whipping across them as before, though the excitement grew till I could bear it no longer, and scrambled up the ladder on to the fore-castle, and pushed my way to the edge and lay face downwards holding on for the dear life that I might not be blown away, whilst I was trying to see what was to be seen.

I found myself by Alister once more, and he helped me to hold on, and pointed where every one else was pointing. There was a lull in the eager talking of the men, and the knot of captain and officers on the bridge stood still and Alister roared through the wind into my ear—"Wait a wee, the moon 'll be out again."

I waited, and the cloud passed from her face or she sailed from beneath it, and at the same instant I saw a streak of light upon the water in which a black object bobbed up and down as the porpoises had bobbed, and all the men burst out again, and a crowd rushed up on to the fore-castle.

"It's half a mile aft."—"A bit of wreck."—"An old sugar hogs-head."—"The emperor of the porpoises."—"Is it the sea sar-pint ye're maning?"—"Will hany gentleman lend me 'is hopera-glass?"—"I'm blessed if I don't think we're going to go half speed. I sailed seven years in the 'Amiable' with old Savage, and I'm blessed if he ever put her a point out of her course for anything. 'Every boat for herself, and the sea for us all,' he used to say, and allus kept his eyes forwards in foul weather."—"Aisy, Tom, aisy, ye're out of it intirely. It's the Humane Society's gold medal we'll all be getting for saving firewood."—"Stow your jaw, Pat, *that's* not wreck, its——"

At this moment the third mate's voice rang through the ship—

"A boat bottom up!"

The men passed from chaff to a silence whose eagerness could be felt, through which another voice came through the wind from the poop—"There's something on her!" and I turned that way, and saw the captain put down his glass, and put his hand to his mouth; and when he sang out:

"A MAN!"

we all sprang to our feet, and opened our lips, but the boatswain put up his hand, and cried, "Silence! fore and aft. Steady, lads. Look to the captain!"

The gold cap-bands glittered close together, and then, clear to be seen in a sudden gleam of moonlight, the captain leaned forward and shouted to the crew, "Fo'cs'le there!" And they sang out, "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Volunteers for the whaleboat!"

My heart was beating fast enough, but I do not think I could have counted a dozen throbs, before, with a wild hurrah, every man had leaped from the fore-castle, Alister among them, and I was left alone.

I was just wondering if I could possibly be of use, when I heard the captain's voice again. (He had come down, and was where the whaleboat was hanging, which, I learned, was fitted like a lifeboat, and the crew were crowding round him.)

"Steady, lads! Stand back. Come as you're called. Thunder and lightning, we want to man the boat, not sink her. Mr. Johnson!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"A! B! C! D!" &c.

"Here, sir!" "Here, sir!" "Here, sir!"

"Fall back there! Thank you all, my lads, but she's manned."

A loud cheer drowned every other sound, and I saw men busy with the boat, and Alister coming back with a dejected air, and the captain jumping up and down, and roaring louder than the wind: "Steward! rum, and a couple of blankets. Look sharp. Stand back; in you go; steady! Now, mind what I say; I shall bear up towards the boat. Hi, there! Stand by the lowering-tackle, and when I say 'Now!' lower away handsomely and steadily. Are you ready, Mr. Johnson? Keep steady, all, and fend her off well when you touch the water. Mr. Waters! let her go off a point or two to the north'ard. Half speed; port a little—steady! All ready in the boat?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"God bless you. Steady—ready—Now!"

I hardly know which more roused my amazement and admiration—the behaviour of the men or the behaviour of the whaleboat. Were these alert and silent seamen, sitting side by side, each with his oar held upright in his hand, and his eyes upon his captain, the rowdy roughs of the forecastle? And were those their like companions who crowded the bulwarks, and bent over to cheer, and bless, and *envy* them?

As to the boat—the only one I had been accustomed to used to be launched on the canal with scraping and shoving, and struggling and balancing, and we did occasionally upset it, but when the captain gave the word, the ship's whaleboat and its crew were smoothly lowered by a patent apparatus till it all but touched the big black waves that ran and roared at it. Then came a few moments of intense anxiety till the boat was fairly clear of the ship; but even when it was quite free, and the men bending to their oars, I thought more than once that it had gone down for ever on the other side of the hills and dales of water which kept hiding it completely from all except those who were high up upon the masts. It was a relief when we could see it, miserable speck as it looked, and we all strained our eyes after it, through many difficulties from the spiteful ways of the winds and waves and clouds, which blinded and buffeted and drenched us when we tried to look, and sent black veils of shadow to hide our comrades from our eyes. In the teeth of the elements, however, the captain was bearing up towards the other boat, and it was now and then quite possible to see with the naked eye that she was upside down, and that a man was clinging to her keel. At such glimpses an inarticulate murmur ran through our midst, but for the most we, who were only watching, were silent till the whaleboat was fairly alongside of the object of her gallant expedition. Then by good luck the moon sailed forth and gave us a fair view, but it was rather a disappointing one, for the two boats seemed to do nothing but bob about like two burnt corks in the moonlight, and we began to talk again.

"What's she doing?"—"The LORD knows!"—"Something's gone wrong."—"Why doesn't she go nearer?"—"Cos she'd be stove in, ye fool."—"Gude save us! they're both gone."—"Not they, they're to the left; but what the winds and waves they're after——",
—"They're trying to make him hear, likely enough, and they might

as well call on my grandmother. He's as dead as a herring."—"Whisht! Whisht! He's a living soul. Hech, sirs! there's nought but the grip o' despair would haud a man on the keel of 's boat in waves like yon."—"Silence, all!"

We turned our heads, for a voice rang from the look-out—

"Man overboard from the whaleboat."

The men were now so excited, and crowded so together that I could hardly find a peeping-place.

"He's got him."—"Nay, they're both gone."—"Man! I'm just thinking that it's ill interfering with the designs of Providence. We may lose Peter and not save Paul."—"Stow your discourses, Sandy! "They're hauling in our man, and time they did."

The captain's voice now called to the first mate—

"Do you make it one or both, Mr. Waters?"

"Both, sir!"

"Thank God!"

We hurraed again, and the whaleboat-men replied—but their cheer only came faintly to us, like a wail upon the wind.

Several men of our group were now called to work, and I was ordered below to bring up a hammock, and swing it in the steerage. I was vexed enough, as I would have given anything to have helped to welcome the whaleboat back.

When the odd jobs I had been called to were done with, and I returned to the deck, it was just too late to see her hauled up. I could not see over the thick standing group of men, and I did not, of course, dare to push through them to catch sight of our heroes and the man they had saved. But a little apart from the rest, two Irish sailors were standing and bandying the harshest of brogues with such vehemence that I drew near, hoping at least to hear something of what I could not see. It was a spirited, and one would have guessed an angry dialogue, so like did it sound to the yapping and snapping of two peppery tempered terriers. But it was only vehement, and this was the sum of it.

"Bedad! but its quare ye must have felt at the time."

"I did not, unless it would be when Tom stepped out into the water, God bless him! with the rope aisy round his waist, and the waves drowning him intirely, and the corpee houlding on to the boat's bottom for the dear life."

"Pat!" said the other in mysterious tones, "would that that's hanging round his neck be the presarving of him?"

"What! and why wouldn't it? But isn't he the big fool to be having it dangling where the wash of a wave, or a pickpocket, or a worse temptation than either might be staling it away from him?"

"And where else would he put it?"

"Did ye ever git the sight of mine?"

"I did not."

"On the back of me?"

"Whatt?"

"Look here, now!" cried Pat, in the tones of one whose patience was entirely exhausted. His friend drew nearer, and I also ventured to accept an invitation not intended for me, so greatly was my curiosity roused by what ensued.

Pat turned his back to us as rapidly as he had spoken, and stooping at about half-leap-frog-angle, whipped his wet shirt upwards out of his loosely-strapped trousers, baring his back from his waist to his shoulder-blades. The moon was somewhat overcast, but there was light enough for us to see a grotesque semblance of the Crucifixion tattooed upon his flesh in more than one colour; and some accompanying symbols and initials which we could hardly distinguish.

"Now am I safe for Christian burial or not, in the case I'd be misfortunate enough to be washed up on the shores of a haythen country?"

"Ye are so!"

I never saw a funnier sight than Pat craning and twisting his head in futile efforts to look at it under his own arm.

"It's a mighty foine piece of work, I'm told," said he.

"They tould ye no less than the truth that said that, Pat. It's a mighty foine piece of work."

"They all say so that see it," sighed Pat, tucking his shirt in again, "and that'll be ivry soul but meself, worse luck!"

"Shaughnessy!"

"Sir!"

Pat ran off, and as I turned I saw that the crew of the whaleboat were going below with a crowd of satellites, and that a space was cleared through which I could see the man they had saved still lying on the deck, with the captain kneeling at his head, and looking back as if he were waiting for something. And at that moment the moon

shone out once more, and showed me a sight that I'll forget when I forget you—Dennis O'Moore!

* * * * *

It was a lad that they had saved, not a full-grown man, except in the sense of his height, which was nearly an inch beyond Alister's. He was insensible, and I thought he was dead, so deathlike was the pallor of his face in contrast with the dark curls of his head and the lashes of his closed eyes. We were dipping to leeward, his head rolled a little on the rough pillow that had been heaped to raise him, and his white face against the inky waves reminded me of the face of the young lord in Charlie's father's church, who died abroad, and a marble figure of him was sent home from Italy, with his dog lying at his feet. His shoulders were raised as well as his head, and his jacket and shirt had both been washed open by the waves.

And that was how I got the key to the Irishmen's dialogue. For round the lad's throat was a black ribbon, pendant from which a small cross of ebony was clear to be seen upon his naked breast; and on this there glittered in the moonlight a silver image of the Redeemer of the World.

(To be continued.)

ALPINE FLOWERS.



CRESC of crocuses,
 Sheets of blue squill,
 Pavements of primroses
 Over the hill;
 Bunches of snowflake bells,
 White as snow showers,
 Herald in Switzerland
 All the Spring flowers.
 Then come sweet violets,
 Hiding the grass,
 Covering the fields with a
 Purple-white mass;
 Lovely hepaticas
 Brighten the ground,
 While yellow oxlips sit
 Nodding around.

Next the forget-me-not
 Spreads out its blue,
 Giving to all its own
 Delicate hue;
 White-powdered primulas *
 Grow by the stream,
 Where the March marigolds
 Glisten and gleam.
 Look at the meadows all,
 Laid up for hay,
 Where can mosaic be
 Lovely as they?
 Big meadow cranesbill there,
 Rising from seas
 Of pink persicaria,
 Waves in the breeze.

* *Primula farinosa*.

Orchis, and daisy, and
 Buglos, unite
 With strong-flavoured garlic,
 Starry and white;
 There, columbine waving
 O'er yellows and blues,
 Contrasts with their brilliance
 Her chocolate hues.

O'erhead, cherry blossoms
 Shine in the sun,
 Letting their petals drop
 Down, one by one;
 Like soft little kisses
 Of sweet-smelling snow,
 From the flowers above
 To their sisters below.

Where out in the beechwoods
 Glow the young leaves,
 Each tree its full beauty
 Slowly achieves;
 And in the green thickets,
 Ah! dream of delight,
 Are fair valley lilies,
 Pure, fragrant, and white.

The hills have new carpets
 Shining like snow,
 Their winter ones wore out
 Some time ago;
 So now the narcissus,
 With red-tinted cup,
 Spreads sheets of star blossoms
 To cover them up.

Whole armies of flowers
 Hasten to bloom,
 Lading the warm air with
 Pleasant perfume;
 Pink, blue, and red, and white,
 Purples and yellows,
 Gentians, pinks, salvia-spikes,
 Beautiful fellows!

Close to cold glacier-fields,
 Some lives are spent,
 Unseen by mortals, they
 Flourish content;
 No place so wild and drear,
 No place so fair,
 But God's sweet messengers,
 Flowers, are there.

S. M. GIDLEY.



DONKEY-RIDES AROUND CAIRO.

By Greville J. Chester, B.A.

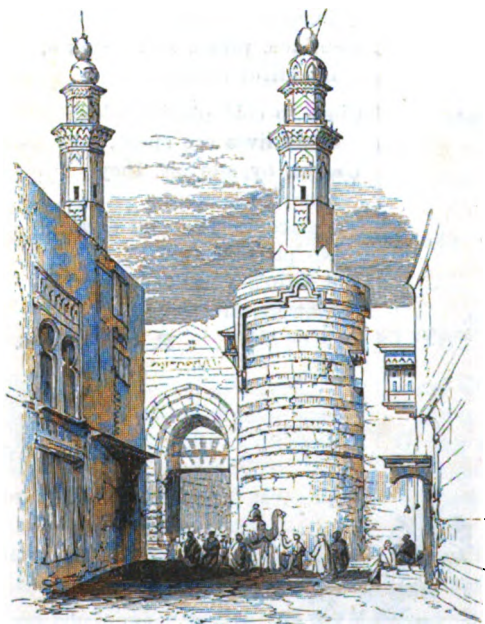
V.—THE COPTIC QUARTER AND MUS'R-EL-ATEEKEH.

THE mass of the population of Egypt consists at the present time of the Fellaheen, i.e. the settled Arabs dwelling in the towns and country, and of the Bedaween, or unsettled Arabs of the neighbouring deserts. Of these the Fellaheen, or villagers, are far the most numerous. The Egyptian Arabs,

as a rule, are a handsome people, with brilliant eyes, splendid teeth, and pleasing countenances. They differ much in colour, from the fair townsmen to the rich red-brown countrymen of Upper Egypt and the still darker denizens of the desert. Mingled with and ruling these Arabs, whose inferiors in many respect they are, are the Khedive and some 30,000 Turks, aliens in blood, if not nominally in religion, and the oppressors and devastators of the fair country they so cruelly misgovern.

Besides these are nu-

merous Jews, Syrians, Armenians and Levantine Greeks, with a sprinkling of peoples from Western Europe. Lastly, there are the Copts, in number about 500,000, the descendants and the representatives of the ancient Egyptians. Their name may be possibly derived



ANCIENT GATEWAY IN CAIRO.

from Coptos, at present Kaft, and anciently a prominent Christian city in Upper Egypt, but destroyed during the great persecution of Dioclesian; but it seems more probable that it is connected with the Greek name of Egypt itself.

The Copts as a body are Christians, and hold those monophysite and monothelite tenets which were condemned as heretical at the Council of Chalcedon. In consequence of this condemnation, the Copts conceived the bitterest hatred against the orthodox Church of Christ, and, at the time of the Arab invasion of Egypt, they basely sided with the Moslem conquerors, receiving as the reward of their infamy the churches and property of their orthodox opponents. But an unlooked-for Nemesis was at hand, and during the Middle Ages, in a series of humiliations and more or less severe persecutions, the Coptic Christians were taught to feel how heavy is the hand and how cruel the tender mercies of a Mohammedan lord. Many of the Copts perished, many more apostatised to Islam, but a large nucleus remained firm in their adhesion to the main doctrines of Christianity. At the present moment the Coptic Church presents the interesting and remarkable spectacle of a communion using the ritual of almost the earliest age of Christianity, and observing customs and usages of remote antiquity unchanged. The Coptic language is virtually the language of the ancient Egyptians, but while Arabic is used as the current language of common life, the ancient tongue is used only in the Liturgy of the Church. Coptic, to the mass of the people, is at the present day what Latin is to the Roman Catholic peasantry of Ireland, England, or France—a dead language indeed, but a language whose continued use testifies to a state of things which now no longer exists and which has passed away for ever. The rich and beautiful Arabic tongue has prevailed, and the revival of the Coptic as a living, spoken language can no more be looked for than the resuscitation of a long dead Pharaoh to rule over a changed Egypt.

Personally the Copts are, as a whole, a well-favoured people. Darker than the town-Arabs, they have fuller lips, more prominent noses, and fuller and more almond-shaped eyes. Many a handsome young Copt has the features and general cast of countenance of a Rameses the Great. The Copts are an astute people, and long subservience to Moslem despots has rendered them subtle, cunning, and reticent. Clever as they are, however, they have no knowledge or

appreciation of their own power. On the other hand they have, at least in the towns, a passionate desire for education, and a remarkable talent for acquiring foreign languages. As linguists they have made themselves indispensable in the Civil Service of the country, and they hold many appointments of trust and importance. In the admirable Free Schools of the Patriarch at Cairo, English, French, Italian, and German are taught, as well as the Arabic and Coptic languages, and other branches of learning. The Copts practise the rite of circumcision, not, like the Jews, as a religious ceremony, but as an immemorial custom. Their women go veiled, and are much secluded. Marriages are celebrated with great rejoicings, and often with great extravagance. I possess an invitation to a Coptic marriage-feast written in ink sprinkled with silver dust; it sets forth that all things are ready, and that the company only await the rising of the full moon (your humble servant) in order to commence the festivities. As amongst the Arabs, the bridegroom seldom sees his bride before the engagement. All preliminaries are arranged by a go-between.

The head of the Coptic Church is the *Batrach*, or Patriarch, and under him is the *Mitrán*, or Suffragan Bishop of Alexandria, who, I believe, is always called Marcos, after the Evangelist of that name, who was the first bishop of that see. Then follow the Coptic bishop at Jerusalem, who I believe also bears the title of *Mitrán*, and bishops of certain other sees. While the priests are generally married men, the bishops are invariably chosen from the celibate monks of the Four Convents of the Wady Natruá, from Dayr Antonios and Dayr Bolos (the convents of SS. Antony and Paul in the Eastern Desert), and from the Coptic Convent at Jerusalem. The election both of patriarch and bishop is made by the collective Episcopate. When his election is announced to a monk he flees into the desert. A deputation of Copts then waits on the Khedive, who grants a guard of soldiers to arrest the apparently recalcitrant clergyman, and he is thereupon brought in chains to Cairo and there consecrated to his sacred office. The *Batrach* has great power, as he is the official mouthpiece of the Coptic community in their relations with the Government. He resides close to the Metropolitan Cathedral of Cairo, and lives in great simplicity. The late *Batrach* maintained a great number of students at his own expense.

There is a curious tradition or opinion amongst the Arabs that the life of the Mohammedan Ruler of Egypt is somehow bound up with

that of the Christian Coptic Patriarch, and accordingly, when the Khedive heard that the late Batrach was seriously ill and like to die, he sent his own physicians to endeavour to keep him in this life. Their efforts were in vain, and a few minutes after I had entered the court late in the evening to attend the feast called Aeed-el-Ghitas, it was announced that the aged prelate had breathed his last. A curious scene ensued. The people gave themselves up to wild exclamations of grief, for the deceased patriarch had been charitable and much beloved. The students beat their breasts and knocked their heads up against walls, exclaiming, "Oh, my Batrach! Oh, my Batrach! He fed my soul with doctrine; he fed my body with food! Now I shall be starved in soul, and starved in body!" Meanwhile the old gate-keeper of the precinct was beating his head up against a wall and crying, "Oh, my Batrach! Oh, my Batrach! He was a good man. He never said a bad word to me. He is dead! Alas! Alas!" The next evening I returned to the Metropolitan Church in the expectation of seeing an interesting sight, and I was not disappointed. The church was thronged with people, amongst whom were several Mohammedans. On the left side, at the entrance of the last compartment of the church but one, on a chair erected in front of the vacant throne, sat the dead patriarch bolt upright. Beside him stood a priest holding his double-headed pastoral staff. One by one the people pressed forward to kiss for the last time the cold hand of their loved archbishop. At last a crowd of priests and deacons advanced and lifted the chair in which the patriarch sat, in order to carry it within the iconostasis, wherein it is customary to bury the Batrachs in a sitting posture. Instantly, and apparently without premeditation, a riot began in the church. I was nearly carried off my feet by the rush of the crowd, and with difficulty escaped to the top of the altar steps, where I stood in an angle of the iconostasis, and was thus able to survey the exciting scene below. The object of the people was to prevent their dead patriarch being carried out of their sight. The bearers and their attendants resisted. Huge wax candles were brandished like clubs, and broken over the heads of the assailants. Wax flew in all directions. The church resounded with cries of pain and defiance. The chair containing the prelate's remains was nearly turned upside down, and had the body not been tightly tied into the chair, it would have fallen out headlong and backwards. At length the priests and their assistants gained their point and reached the

door of the iconostasis, which opened from within and received them and their sacred burden. The door was shut, and then, in one moment, the riot ceased. A dead silence ensued, amidst which the people quietly but hurriedly dispersed. Such was the scene I witnessed—a scene which reminded one of the tumults which are said to have taken place in old days in the church of Alexandria.

The Khedive, who like most tyrants is superstitious, having survived the death of one patriarch, considered that the likeliest way to survive the death of another was to delay the election of a new one for as long as possible. He accordingly took this course, and it was only after the payment of large *backsheesh*, as is affirmed, and after the expiration of many months, that his Christian subjects were allowed to choose a chief bishop.

Formerly, by immemorial usage, the Copts, in consideration of a payment, were not enrolled for military service, but recently many of them have been impressed into the army. With a refinement of cruelty these were sent to fight against the Christian Abyssinians with whom they had no quarrel, and whose *Aboona*, although differing in many religious points, always receives consecration from the hands of the Coptic bishops. The Coptic churches are divided into several compartments, the outer one of which is reserved for women. The central *Heykel*, or sacrarium, with a chapel on either side, are separated from the rest of the church by solid screens, carved and inlaid and decorated with stiff and curious pictures of our LORD and various saints. Within the screen is the square, hollow altar of stone, and behind it an apse with a central seat for the bishop, now no longer in use. The clergy and deacons officiate within the screen or iconostasis with bare feet, recalling the Divine injunction to Moses at the burning bush, "Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The Psalms are chanted to the sound of triangles and cymbals, of which the effect is very wild and striking. No other musical instruments are permitted. The Copts are probably the only Christians who, at the present day, "praise God with the loud cymbals." The vestments of the clergy are rich and handsome, and of most ancient form. In some of the churches limbs of eminent saints, such as S. Todorús or Abon Sephñ, are exposed in niches or reliquaries, wrapt in red clothes, and looking for all the world like bolsters. Many of the Coptic services are of extraordinary length, lasting several hours.

The Coptic Cathedral of Cairo is a large but poor and uninteresting building of modern date. The most ancient and deeply-interesting Coptic churches are those of the walled village of Dayr Abon Sefhîn, and within and near Mus'r-el-Ateekeh (Old Cairo), about three miles from the centre of the city.

Mus'r-el-Ateekeh, called also Dayr-esh-Shemma, occupies the site and is in part surrounded by the massive walls of the Roman Babylon, whose name is still preserved in the adjacent Dayr-Bablûn. It contains a number of most curious and ancient churches, and a Jewish synagogue, once the church of the Archangel Michael. Here also is an ancient Greek convent, the residence of a genial and highly-accomplished bishop. The carved woodwork, inlaid with ivory and mother-o'-pearl, merits close study. The churches themselves are admirably adapted to the climate, being lofty and built with massive walls. The windows are small and high up. Many of the stiff paintings of early hermit and warrior saints—Antonios, Bolos (Paul), S. George, S. Theodore, and Abon Sefhîn—are very curious, and of considerable merit. The Coptic Era dates, not from the birth of our Lord, but from the great persecution of the Emperor Dioclesian, when Koptos, the ancient Christian capital of Upper Egypt, was reduced to ruins. Except in the two deserts, there are but few if any convents, properly so called, belonging to the Copts.

The word "Dayr" is at present applied to a walled village of ancient date, tenanted by Christian families with a married priest (Azis) living among them. Such are Abon Sefhîn and Mus'r-el-Ateekeh, although in the latter instance many Moslem inhabitants have gained a footing. One of the most curious churches in Mus'r-el-Ateekeh is that of Abon Sirgeh. The principal screen is a splendid specimen of inlaid ivory and woodwork. Behind the chief altar is a grand flight of steps of white and coloured marbles, and the wall of the apse above is lined with superb mosaics formed of rich marbles, mother-o'-pearl and opaque blue glass. Underneath is an ancient three-aisled subterraneous church dedicated to Sitt Miriam, the Lady Mary. Two niches in the wall, marked by sculptured crosses, indicate the spots where, according to tradition, the Blessed Virgin Mother and the Divine Child and S. Joseph rested at the time of the flight into Egypt.

(To be continued.)

MOTHER MOLLY.

By the Author of 'The Rose Garden,' 'Through Rough Waters,' &c.

XI.

FLIGHT.

The French fleet
Rule in the narrow seas.—*Tennyson.*

T WAS dreadful to have to acknowledge it, but we could all see that the Ardent was taken. There was no disgrace in it, as they turned out to be near ninety in number, and she but one; but no one could understand how she had gone straight, as it were, into their very jaws. Afterwards it turned out that she supposed them to be the English ships, commanded by Sir Charles Hardy, with which she was seeking to effect a junction. And she only found out her mistake too late to mend it.

But now, with the enemy in sight, and nothing really to prevent their sailing in, the panic at Plymouth was at its height, and past my describing. There were numbers of children up, gazing, on the Hoe, and the mothers were flying about catching them up and dragging them along, with the hope of getting off to safe quarters. Those that had not yet got their monies out of the bank were running there in the greatest anxiety, the church-bells rang an alarm, though I am sure 'twas not needed, and it is said that the dock-yard commissioner sent off a man and horse at full speed to learn from the Admiralty Court whether he should burn his Majesty's dock-yard at once, or wait for the French admiral to come and do it!

Harry and I knew that we ought to go back, but found it almost impossible to tear ourselves away from the wall. We could see the soldiers running to man the guns in the citadel, and smoke going up from the fire at Maker, and 'twas a wonderful feeling to know that what had been so long talked of was come at last, so that it was before our very eyes.

We went home when we had not the face to stay any longer, and it was getting towards evening. All along, as we went, we saw preparations

for flight; some people hurrying away at once, others having carts and waggon packed at their doors, but with no intention of starting until the enemy was come completely in. The streets were so narrow that in some there was an absolute block; for where one carriage could scarce pass, a whole string was trying to get through, and the cattle were being driven off, too, according to the King's orders beforehand, and added their bleating and baaing to the Babel. The watchmen were about, trying to preserve order; but I am sure the noise was enough to frighten the French, could they only have heard it.

Molly gave us a look of reproach, Betty having been out and failed to see us, and there being so much to be done. She had made up her mind to start that very evening, and the waggon was coming presently. If it had not been for grandfather, she would have waited longer, but she dared not risk the terror of a more sudden flight. And she wanted sadly to take Harry and run over to Mrs. Harty, not being able to bear leaving without seeing her, and also desiring to make a last effort to persuade her to go with us.

So I remained with Betty, to put Madge to bed till we should start, and to get all we could downstairs, and to see that grandfather was not disquieted.

Betty was very full of the poor old people in the almshouses, who, she heard, were in a great taking, but comforted herself with the thought that some one would look after them. And she was in high spirits at the near prospect of seeing her brother, yet grieved for the kitchen things that must needs be left behind, and the house shut up. Grandfather came to the door two or three times, with a troubled face, to ask for Molly, her absence seeming to bewilder him the most.

Mr. Andrews was very good in sending the waggon as he had promised, though we found afterwards that, being a large-sized one and commodious, he had been offered a high sum for it by others. The man helped us with a hearty will, and Betty and I stowed away more things than Mother Molly had thought possible by the time she got home. She had found Mrs. Harty absolutely determined to go no further than to Mr. Radcliffe's at Warleigh, and not there unless the French were to proceed to extremities, professing that she dreaded the shaking more than the enemy, and had always been brought up

to think well of French civility. 'Twas like her to be so cheery, but Molly could not bear the thought that she was left behind.

Betty was determined we should have a good supper before we started, and went off, between whiles, to see to it, and to fry the bacon. But knowing how much we had to leave, which went to our hearts, 'twas half comical and half provoking to see how she would rush out to the waggon with something she had just caught up, the flour-barrel, or the chopper, or the frying-pan; and when Molly remonstrated, she would assure her she had just "pesed" it in her hand, and the weight was nothing. Harry had to carry the things back more than once, which put her into great dudgeon.

'Twas a strange loading that night! Before 'twas finished we had to fasten a lantern to the garden-gate, and people as they passed by would call out all sorts of disquieting things as to the vessels that had been seized. But, talk as they might, 'tis certain that the Ardent was the only ship we lost, though 'tis true there were a number of fishing-boats taken that were out in Cawsand Bay. There's no end, however, to the marvellous events that are sure to crop up when the people are beside themselves as they were that night, and 'twas who had the worst to tell, with but few unbelieving listeners.

So far as I was concerned, I did not know what to feel. I did not like to think that we were running away, and the thought how different it was from what any one belonging to the Invincible should do, nearly choked me. But there was something about the waggon again that I found most inviting; the two stout grey horses that stood patiently, the smell of the fresh sweet hay shaken out on the ground before them for them to eat and meditate over, as a good Devonshire cart-horse will do; the lantern casting its dim ray of light on familiar things, which seemed to have grown shadowy and strange from their unfamiliar surroundings; and then, besides all this, the distant cries, windows opening and shutting, the neighbours running out, the stars beginning to shine softly in the clear twilight sky—there was a delight in it all which kept one's blood flowing warmly.

Mother Molly went up at last and dressed Madge, putting on Mrs. Harty's little red cloak. We all wore them alike that night, and 'twas a constant joke for Betty, that if we met the French, they would take us for the soldiers, though how we were to meet them before they had landed nobody knew. And when Molly had brought down

Madge scarce awake, and rubbing her sleepy eyes with her little hands, she asked grandfather to get into the waggon and to take the child on his knees, which he did, though with a wondering sadness in his look, when he passed out, which was piteous.

We settled them as comfortably as we could with the hay all round, and the next to be put in was the parrot, who had been asking questions all the evening, and startling the waggoner out of his wits with his "Vrench be coming; ees, fay!" but stopped talking from sheer amazement when he found himself in the waggon; and then Betty appeared with something tucked sliily under her arm, which, when we had got some way, turned out to be the fish-kettle, which Molly had told her she might not on any account bring. Harry clambered up by the waggoner, and all was ready except for Molly and me. 'Twas the strangest feeling I have ever known in my life when we looked for the last time into the rooms, and put out the lights and turned the key. It seemed cruel to the old house, having loved it dearly, to leave it to the mercy of the enemy and make off ourselves, and though Molly was never one for crying, I saw the tears running down her cheeks as we turned away. Luckily, Madge had fallen asleep in grandfather's arms, and he was so taken up with placing her comfortably that he scarcely noticed when we started.

Right through the town we had to go, and the time it took no one would believe. The narrowness of the streets was a great drawback when all were in a hurry and urging on their horses, and in particular about the shambles and Butchers' Lane 'twas almost impossible to pass. The Guildhall was lighted, and 'twas said the mayor and councilmen were there consulting, and all the arches underneath it were crowded thickly with people who were waiting to have the first news of whether anything could be done for the town. Grandfather was plainly uneasy with the feeling of so much noise and disquiet about him, and the frequent stoppages and sometimes backings which we were forced to make, though Will Hartland was thoughtful, and drove with as much care and caution as was possible. But 'twas an immense relief to get out by the new buildings in Whitecross Street, and feel the crowd a little lessened.

All along the road, however, to Plympton S. Mary, there was a remarkable difference from the quiet which generally marked it. Chariots there were, and carts, but mostly a number of foot-passengers

carrying their goods as best they might, and seeking at least to put a couple of miles between them and the dreaded French. And many of the women, who stopped on the bridge as we did and looked back towards their homes, broke out into sharp crying for their husbands and what they had left behind.

After we passed Ridgeway, we got into the Vale of Torry, and then had a long climb, for the waggon was well loaded, and we had begged the driver not to press his horses. His little dog, which had been perched by his side, jumped down to run up the hill, and Harry and I both got down too. We were out of the way of other travellers, and 'twas delightful to feel ourselves completely in the country and at such an unaccustomed hour. The great waggon lumbered along, casting deep shadows, for the night was light and clear, and we could see the heather beginning to lie in the hedges, and such glow-worms as I have never beheld before or since. And there was a fragrance of earth and of growing things, and a little sound of rustle in the air, which meant the breeze moving the stalks of the ripening corn, and here and there great ox-daisies gleaming like stars by the road-side. And the freshness of the moor air which met us as we climbed the hill, and the uncertainty of what lay before us, put us into such spirits, that Harry and I were racing and whooping all the way, to the great joy of the little dog.

We wanted Molly to get down, for though she was Mother Molly she had not lost her love of a run. But she would not leave grandfather, she said. And though she said nothing to us at the time, she told me afterwards that she felt a good deal of uneasiness because of highwaymen. Not that they were much heard of about there, but yet this was a solitary road, and growing more so every mile, and the panic in Plymouth getting known, 'twould be guessed also that those who fled would carry their money with them, as was the case. So that 'twas not unlikely men would be found ready to make their harvest out of other folks' misfortunes. If there had been an alarm, she said, she was determined to slip the bag into Betty's fish-kettle. As it turned out, it was lucky she did not do so beforehand.

I put down her not getting out to her thoughts about M. de Lantenac, and certainly he was much in her mind. But Harry would not talk about him. I asked him whether 'twould not have been dreadful if we had missed seeing him that night, and the note had been found in his pocket-book?

"What's the use of talking about ifs?" he said. "We didn't miss him, and the note wasn't found."

"Well, but just suppose!"

"Oh, I hate supposing. Here, catch hold of this leaf, and I'll get up a big glow-worm to shew baby."

But she was asleep again, and grandfather bid us put it back very carefully. And by this time we had reached the top of the hill, and were called to look at one of the fires blazing on Pen Beacon, and sending its news for miles round. If it had only been day, Betty said, we should have seen the Sound as clearly as possible, though a good seven miles off. And this left us dismal for some minutes, until we heard the moor was near at hand, and Betty made us sniff the burning peat.

I meant to keep myself wide awake the whole night long, but what with the events of the day, and the racing up the hill, and the swaying of the waggon, and Will's broad shoulders blotting out the sky and stars, I lost all count of things just when I had set myself to think steadily of what had passed in the last two days, and was awakened from a dream of Father by a scream from Betty, and the waggon stopping with a slow jolt. It took a minute to recollect where we were. Betty was crying loudly,—

"I've drawed un out, I've drawed un out! Stop, Will!"

"What's oop?" demanded Will phlegmatically.

"'T'es the veesh-kettle. I dreamt there wor an apple-drain buzzin', and I flinged somethin' at un, and I've drawed the kettle right out tu the back of the cart!"

All this while she was bundling out of the waggon, and Molly laughing so she could hardly help her. We supposed she would soon pick it up, but when we put out our heads this did not seem so likely. For the road was no better here than a furzy lane, all on a slope, so that one side of the waggon was up higher than the other, and from what Will said, it seemed the ground fell sharply down towards the river which we could hear brawling at the bottom, and the night was at its darkest.

"Reckon her woan't find un so easy. Ground's main stickle down theer," said Will Hartland with a chuckle.

Harry got down to help her, and then I joined him, and a fine hunt we had, Betty bemoaning her dream all the time. 'Twas a very steep fall, as Will had said, and covered with brambles and fuzzy brakes as

she called 'them, which looked one as black as the other, and each as black as the fish-kettle. Betty made energetic dashes at the same things whenever she came across them, and got her fingers covered with scratches and prickles, and slipped up, but all to no avail.

"To think I should ha' brought un for such an en'!" she kept on saying, half crying. "'Tes thicky stroyl keps hidin' un."

"'Tis the pixies," said Harry boldly.

"Now whatever's possessed the boy to zay zo?" said Betty, lifting herself up, and speaking in a tone of deep vexation. "Come along, Miss Nan, it bain't a bit o' good to bide here noa longer."

And she neither looked to the right nor the left, but clambered straight up the bank again to the waggon in silence. Harry and I followed.

"Betty's scared at the pixies," said Harry with a grin. "I say, Nan, you and I'll come here by daylight, and have a hunt for the old thing."

And now, if we had had the light to see it, we should have looked down on one side into the beautiful vale of Bickleigh, and on the other have seen the great tors rising boldly against the sky, and in front of us the heights of Shaugh and Dewerstone. And indeed we had gone so slowly, and here and there stopped to rest the good horses, and here and there got out and walked up a lane steeper than ordinary, that before we left our present road, and turned sharply to the left, there came a gradual lightening of the darkness, and towards the east a promise of the day. And all the sight which followed was so strange to us, and so fresh in its beauty and glory, that it forced us into wakefulness, and into following each new delight.

For though the light, as it crept upwards from some unseen source, was at first cold and wan, and brought nothing better than dull greys and gloomy outlines into view, and a mist rolled slowly along the course of the river, presently as if by enchantment a flush of warmer colour had tinged the heavens. A strange clear yellow spread over the east, and here and there a bar of cloud was edged with rosy red. Instead of the dusky glories of the sunset, there was a wonderful freshness and brightness, a glittering of dew, a keen exhilaration in the air, a laughing gladness abroad over the earth. Busy chirpings and rustlings broke out on all sides, the larks poured out their hearts for joy, rabbits peeped from their burrows, we heard water rushing,

and could fancy how, far away, Plymouth Sound was twinkling in innumerable little waves. Up here all the wild moorland, which for the first time we saw about us, had awakened into happy life, the granite tors cast deep shadows on the brown and peaty ground, the ferns had lost nothing of their vivid green, the heather was beginning to cover the turf with lilac patches, and the blackberry-flowers starred the banks with cheerful promise.

We drove along a rough moor-track, so narrow, sometimes, that 'twas a marvel how the waggon could pass, and Betty was peering everywhere, full of joy at having reached her own, and pointing out to us the little pasture crofts, the pooks of hay ready for carrying, the black peat-stacks, here and there circles where she said the "Old Men" used to live long years ago. To our left were groups of oak trees, but, to my great joy, we turned off from them across the highland by a yet wilder track among the furze bushes, and passing along it with great difficulty, and many "wugs," and "coame ups" from Will Hartland, made a sudden dip and found ourselves before a small farm, built of grey moor-stone, with a yard on one side and a single stunted oak before it.

Betty was out of the waggon before any one knew what she was about, and banging at the door with both hands.

"John! Thirza! where be tu! where be kepping yerselves? Heer us be! Oppen the door!"

It seemed a strange way of announcing the arrival of an unexpected party, but as Betty was at home she could only be left to her own mode of proceeding. And, though she was impatient, it was not very long before we saw a woman appear at the door, and immediately afterwards a man.

There were no very hearty signs of welcome. They shook hands with Betty, stared at us, and all went into the house. But presently Betty came running out, very cheerful and contented. Things would soon be ready. Thirza was lighting the kitchen fire. John would come and help Will. Would we please to get down?

We all turned out of the waggon, Madge opening her blue eyes in wonder. A short sad-looking man came out and pulled his hair by way of greeting. The kitchen, with its lime-ash floor, was full of peat-smoke, the woman, who was pushing the peats together with an iron crook, hardly turned round on our entrance. Betty bustled about,

upstairs and down, told us openly that Thirza was rather moody-hearted, but meant us well, and would get us some breakfast as soon as the fire was lighted.

"T'es a lone plaace out heer, and her hevn't no wan for company, and gits out o' the way of et. How's the little maed, Thirza?"

"Her's well enough."

She said it not uncivilly, but with a kind of uncouth shyness. And I saw her looking covertly at Molly, as if, in her sweet and dainty freshness scarcely affected by the night's unrest, she was something different from anything she had seen or imagined, which might well be when one came to think of it. Grandfather had sat down in the great settle, and Madge standing by his side, with her wondering eyes going round the kitchen, and Harry looking hard out of the window for shyness.

Betty worked with all her might, and with pride of welcome upon her. We saw that she had been in the right in the stores she had packed into the waggon, for the house seemed barely furnished with provisions, or with anything, for the matter of that. I am sure that tea had never been seen there before, and grandfather was always used to it; so that as soon as the kettle boiled we sat down to breakfast. Thirza disappeared. I saw her looking at us through a half-open door.

When we had finished, and had eaten the coarse bread with a very good appetite, we wanted to go out, but Molly would not hear of it. She said we should go up and rest. 'Twas an old little room where we three were to sleep, grandfather and Harry being in another, and I had no more than a bed on the floor, but by the time we had looked at the beds we felt so sleepy that 'twas who should get there first; and I am sure there was not one of us but was asleep before we had lain down five minutes, and my dreams were of jolting and fish-kettles. As for the French, they seemed very far away.

(To be continued.)



HABITS AND ANECDOTES OF SOME DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

II. Dogs.

(Continued from p. 377.)



AM now going to relate some anecdotes of a famous dog which some sixty years ago or more belonged to a Dr. Twentyman, of Plymouth.

The dog had been taught to make himself useful. Among other errands he used to be sent to the baker's every morning for a hot roll for his master's breakfast, a penny which he carried in his mouth being given to him for this purpose. Arrived at the baker's, he used to lay the penny on the counter, and carry home the roll wrapped in a paper bag. One morning as he was trotting along he dropped the penny into the gutter and was unable to find it. He went to the baker's and peeped in, but was afraid to enter, because he knew that he had no penny to pay for the roll. The baker saw him and held up the bag containing the roll; the dog still hung back. Some one coming into the shop called off the baker's attention, when the dog, seizing his opportunity, rushed to the counter, took the bag in his mouth, and ran home as fast as his four legs could carry him. Now, does not the reader think that dog knew he was stealing? I think he did.

Among his other errands, the dog had been taught to carry a pie, tied up in a cloth or put into a basket, to the bakehouse, and to bring it home in the same way when baked. One day as he was carrying home a pie hot from the oven, some other dogs, attracted by the savoury odour, attacked Dr. Twentyman's dog, who protected his charge as well as he could. But what could one dog, encumbered with a bundle in his mouth, do against the united attacks of three or four? In the scuffle the pie fell to the ground and was broken to pieces. The strange dogs immediately began to devour the fragments. Now, what do you think Dr. Twentyman's dog did? Fall upon the other dogs and fight them or put them to flight? No such thing; like a

sensible dog as he was, he saw that the pie was broken and could not be mended; that the other dogs would eat up the whole if he did not help them; so he fell to, and ate a good share of the pie as did the other dogs. When all the pieces were consumed, he sneaked home, with his head hanging down and his tail between his legs, evidently very much ashamed of himself. Instead of going up boldly as usual to the kitchen door, he skulked outside the house, and was seen by the cook, who was on the look-out for the dinner, peeping round the corner without the pie, and looking very much as if he expected a beating. As some disaster had apparently happened to the dinner, and as the dog could not possibly give an explanation, a messenger was sent to make inquiries, and the baker, who had seen from his shop-door the battle of the dogs and its result, related what had occurred.

Dr. Twentyman's dog lived to experience the infirmities of age. He lost his youthful activity, and his teeth decayed and dropped out, but he still preserved his relish for marrow. Alas! the delicate morsel was cased in bone, and could only be got at by breaking the bone, a feat which was beyond his powers. The poor old toothless dog could not crack the bones as he did in his youth. He, however, proved himself equal to the occasion, and made up by cunning what he wanted in strength.

Near his master's residence was a brewery, the great gates of which were left open all day, and closed at night. The old dog would carry a bone in his mouth and deposit it within the yard just in front of the open gates; then he would hide himself behind the gates, keeping, however, a sharp look-out at the bone. Presently a young dog would come along, and attracted by the tempting bone, would munch and finally crunch it with his teeth, a result of which the noise he made gave sufficient evidence. Just as the young dog was going to enjoy the marrow he had so well earned, the old dog would start from his place of concealment, fall upon the young one, thus taken by surprise, drive him away, and then quietly eat up the marrow he had taken so much trouble to obtain.

It must be owned that this was not a very honourable way of obtaining a delicacy, yet one cannot help admiring the ingenuity and forethought displayed by the old dog.

* * * * *

LL. B. tells the following touching story of a dog, whose love for

his master led him to exercise a forethought that almost amounted to reason :

"The winter of 1878 was a very severe one in all parts of England, but especially so on the high Yorkshire moors, where snow falls often in such quantities that catastrophes are not unknown both among men and cattle, during a trying season. One afternoon, at the latter end of December, I was sent for to pay a visit to a small farmer, who lived in a very exposed house on the edge of a moor. It was snowing hard when I set off, and I had to pass through more than one drift of considerable size before I reached the farm. I found Mr. S. laid in bed, speechless and apparently dying. His wife told me what had occurred, and her testimony was further supplemented by the evidence of a neighbour, who had been the principal actor in the scene. The day before the weather had been unusually cold, but, in spite of the biting north-east wind, S. had gone out in his usual health to put up some walls that had been blown down in a recent gale. He left home for this work on the moor, accompanied by his dog, and was absent all day, but in the evening he was carried in by his neighbour, Mr. M., in the hopeless state I saw him. To make the story brief, I had better condense the account M. gave me of the part he had taken in all that passed. About half past three that afternoon, M. was in his kitchen, when a dog scratched at the door and barked. He opened the door to find S.'s sheep-dog, a cur of no remarkable breed, wagging his tail, whining and apparently in a state of excitement. As S. lived quite a mile away, M. was rather astonished to see the dog alone, and none the less so, when he remembered that S. was mending a wall, about a quarter of a mile off, on the moor side. Meanwhile the dog began to show signs of impatience, jumping upon M. and then running down the yard and looking back as if he expected to be followed. Finally making up his mind that something peculiar was influencing the dog, M. put on a thick coat and turned out to face the driving wind and snow. There could be no doubt that this arrangement pleased the dog, for he ran on before and then ran back, wagging his tail and sometimes uttering a bark of delight. At last they came to the wall which was the scene of S.'s work, but he was nowhere to be seen. Then the dog disappeared into the ditch by the wall side, and looking down, M.

descried the form of poor S. laid among fallen stones and snow, to all appearance dead.

He had not actually expired, however, though he was mortally wounded, having been struck down by a fatal attack of paralysis. Directly the body was found, the dog's whole manner entirely altered; he tried to prevent M. and other neighbours from touching his master, and flew at them whenever they attempted to do so. He was with difficulty restrained, and S. raised into a sitting posture, on which the dog came near, put his paws on the poor man's knees and licking his face repeatedly, seemed as if trying to reanimate the stiffened features. There is no more to say except that poor Mr. S. died a few days after I saw him, and, as his wife plainly expressed it to me, she "owed it to their cur dog, that the Master was not frozen to death upon the moor; for, had he not returned, she would have been quite easy, supposing he had been summoned elsewhere and the weather was too bad for him to return."

But what the train of thought was that led the wise mongrel to go for help to the *nearest* house, instead of seeking it from home, which was much farther away, I cannot attempt to explain.

As an instance of a dog who possessed a wonderful "bump of locality," we may quote that of General Wynyard:

On the 27th of October, 1878, General Wynyard, late Commandant of the Hibernian Military School, Phoenix Park, Dublin, having resigned his appointment, left Ireland to reside in England, and sent his favourite terrier "Fan" to stay with a friend at Dalkey. Fan was about four years old, had seldom been outside the park in her life, and had never been at Dalkey, to which place she was taken *by train*. On the 14th of November she was let out of the Hall door in the morning for a run in the grounds, and immediately ran straight off to her old home at the Military School, where she arrived at 11.40 A.M. the same day, having passed on her way through the entire breadth of Dublin. The distance was quite twelve miles, two of which lay through crowded streets of the city.

Fan left Dalkey at 9 A.M., so the fact that she only took two hours and forty minutes to reach the school, shows that she made no mistake in her way, and lost no time on the road, in spite of never having gone by it before.

In the *Glasgow Herald*, 20th of February, 1879, a charming story

was told of "The Dog Purvis," who had been trained to act as a collector of subscriptions for the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow. The sum of £4 having been acknowledged in the *Herald* as a donation from the dog. The following account was given of the donor :

"This animal, we may explain, is a brown retriever belonging to Mr. James Ferguson, wine and spirit merchant, in the city. Purvis is a wonderful dog of his kind, and he has been so thoroughly trained by his owner that he responds to orders given him either in Gaelic or English ; indeed, we are told that he seems best pleased when addressed in the former language. The animal is a great favourite with all his master's customers, who delight to see him put through his performances. At the word of command he will fetch coals from the cellar, close doors, pull bell ropes, brush boots with his paws, and when the name of Professor Blackie is mentioned, he mounts a chair, and sits with patience till he is decorated with a white paper choker, and spectacles are placed across his nose. Purvis has always had an eye to coppers, which he has a knack of extracting from the pockets of customers when they permit him, and exchanging them for biscuits or "baps" at the nearest pastry shop. Some time ago, it occurred to his master that instead of allowing him to spend his gratuities on luxuries it would be better to save up the coppers and gather a respectable sum in aid of the funds of the Royal Infirmary. A cash-box was accordingly procured, and Purvis received instructions to collect for the Infirmary. This the animal has taken delight in doing, and instead of going to the pastry-shop, the coppers were dropped into the box, to the infinite amusement of the donors. In this way, within a brief period, the coin accumulated to the sum—a handsome one in the circumstances—of £4, which Mr. Ferguson has handed over to the cashier of the institution."

Purvis is not the only dog who attaches a pleasant meaning to the chink of money. In Fredericton, New Brunswick, an old pathetic-eyed big dog, with a great deal of Saint Bernard in him, used to lie in the street, outside his master's "store," or stroll solemnly up and down, turning his great liquid eyes on passers by, whom he knew, with a speechless petition for cents (i.e. halfpennies). When any kind friend gave him one, he at once took it into his master's shop, laid it on the counter, and bought a biscuit, which he ate with great satisfaction. On one occasion he followed his master to service in the

Cathedral, where he behaved with a quietness that might have passed for attention, until the collecting of the offertory began, when he arose with a new light in his great eyes, and, with measured step and slow, dignifiedly followed the bearers of the bags up and down the aisle, in the vain hope that some of the chinking coins would be bestowed on him for the purchase of biscuits!

We do not know how the present Metropolitan of Canada (who was then Bishop of Fredericton only) regarded this intruder amongst the collectors of alms, but think that he cannot have been very severe upon so intelligent an animal, for the fine beast evidently only needed Purvis's *training* to teach him to collect quite as readily for the benefit of others as for his own! The storekeeper, however, was probably satisfied with the sale of biscuits that arose from the love shown to his dog, and did not endeavour to extend the animal's education any further!

(Concluded.)

THE FAIRY PAINTERS.

"Adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

As You Like It.



THE Fairy Queen had built herself a palace of gold and crystal. The rooms were hung with tapestry of rose-leaves, and the floors were carpeted with moss. The great hall was the grandest part of all. The ceiling was made of mother-of-pearl, and the walls of ivory, and the lights which hung from the roof sparkled with diamonds. These ivory walls were to be covered with paintings, so the Queen called the fairy artists and bade them all paint a picture for her by a certain day. "He whose picture is best," she said, "shall paint my hall, to his everlasting renown, and I will raise him besides to the highest fairy honours." The youngest of the fairy painters was Tintabel. He could draw a face so exquisite, that it was happiness only to gaze at it, or so sad

that no one could see it without tears. No fairy longed as he did for the glory and renown of painting the Queen's palace.

He wandered out into the wood to dream his idea into loveliness before he wrought it with his hand. "Never shall be picture like my picture," he said aloud; "I will steal the colours of heaven and trace spirit forms." But Orgolino, that wicked fairy, heard him. Now Orgolino painted very grandly. He could draw wild and strong and terrible beings, which thrilled the gazer with wonder and awe. Of all his rivals he feared Tintabel only. So, when he saw him alone in the wood, he rejoiced wickedly, and said, "Now I will rid myself of a foe," and he flew down upon the poor Tintabel, and, being a more powerful fairy, he caught him, and pinned his wings together with magic thorns, and fastened him down with them among the fungus and toadstools of the damp wood. Then he flew away exulting, and painted day and night. It was a magnificent picture, with stately figures, powerful and triumphant, and Orgolino's heart swelled with pride at his work, and he said to himself, "I might have left that poor wretch alone. The weakling could do nothing like this."

Meanwhile Tintabel cried bitterly, because his hope was lost, his praise would never be heard among the fairies, and the beauty he had hoped to create he should never see. The elf that lived in the toadstool looked up as the tears fell upon him, and gathered them up from his fungus coat, where they sparkled like dew.

"What sweet water!" he said.

"Alas!" sighed Tintabel, "alas for my vanished hopes! Oh! how lovely should my picture have been, and now I am bound down here to uselessness;" and he could not feel the pain of his bruised and bound wings because of the pain at his heart. The elf in the toadstool looked up and said—

"Fairy, paint me a picture, here on the smooth surface of the toadstool, for I have never seen one."

Tintabel stopped his wailing to think how wretched was the elf who had never seen a picture.

"Ah! elf," he said, "I have neither pencil nor colours; how can I paint?"

But the elf pointed to one of the thorns which fastened Tintabel's wings. The end was long, so that the fairy could reach it.

"There is a pencil," said the elf; and the artist's longing came

upon the fairy, and he seized the thorn. Poor hurt wings! how they quivered and pained as the point of their fastenings pressed hither and thither over the surface of the toadstool, and crushed and dragged and rent them in its course! But the thorn had a magic in it, and Tintabel found it possessed more than fairy power. The sharper his pain, the more perfect the stroke he could make. As the delicate film of the wing was torn, the rainbow tints dropped off, and gave him lovelier colours than the hues of heaven; and the elf held up his tears as water for the painting. He painted his remembrance of fairy-land and his weariness of earth.

When the appointed day came, the Fairy Queen called her painters together. The great hall was filled with them, but of all the pictures none was so great as Orgolino's. He had painted "The Triumph of Strength." Then said the Queen, "Where is Tintabel?" and no one knew. "He has not cared to obey your Majesty's command," said Orgolino. But the Queen looked at him steadily and said, "Tintabel must be found." Then all the fairies went in search of him. Soon one returned and said, "Tintabel is bound in the wood among the fungus and toadstools, and before him is a picture more beautiful than any fairy ever saw." "Come," said the Queen; and her subjects followed her to the wood. There, on the white toadstool's top, was a tiny picture, lovelier and grander at once than any fancy could dream, and it showed "The Triumph of Pain."

Then Orgolino was turned out into the wood among the cold and creeping things, and Tintabel was taken to great honour.

C. H.



COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

All replies must be signed with initials, and sent to the EDITOR, ECCLES-FIELD, SHEFFIELD, by the 20th of May. Each set must be accompanied by a separate paper giving full name and address, and stating whether the competitor is over or under 14 years of age. The marks will be published in July. It is also requested that care shall be taken to pay the full amount of postage, and that the replies, if written on more than one sheet, shall be fastened together.

QUESTIONS ON GEOLOGY.—MAY.

1. XPLAIN the origin of springs of water with reference to the layers of the earth's crust.
2. Describe the formation of a glacier.
3. What effect has glacier action upon the earth's surface? Mention any notable examples of glacier action having modified the surface character of a district.
4. What are erratic blocks? Mention any conspicuous examples of them.
5. By what marks would you distinguish between a water-worn and a glacier-worn rock?
6. Do the rocks furnish any evidence of glaciers having existed in Great Britain? If so, where is such evidence to be met with?

The following are the marks obtained by the several competitors for answers to the questions set in March.

The full number of marks in each class was 120.

A. L. F., 87.
 A. M. S., 118.
 A. W. D., 93.
 A. M. G., 102.
 A. F. F., 83.
 *B. E. B., 125.
 C. F. D., 96.
 *C. M. Y., 125.
 O. D. H., 90.
 C. L. G., 90.
 D. E. D. P., 96.

E. L., 92.
 E. C. E., 104.
 E. M. S., 102.
 E. E. S., 90.
 E. E., 81.
 E. B. C., 76.
 E. I. G., 92.
 E. T. M., 92.
 E. M. P., 95.
 E. B., 100.
 E. H., 113.

E. E. A. S., 98.
 E. & B. B., 86.
 E. I. B., 69.
 E. I. N., 91.
 F. C. G., 114.
 F. H. M., 95.
 F. M. W., 87.
 F. S. G., 94.
 G. F., 90.
 G. M., 97.
 G. A. H., 110.

G. A. R. D., 102.
H. M. B., 105.
J. C., 91.
J. H. & E. W., 95.
K. M. B., 109.
K. M. W., 113.
K. M. C., 81.
K. A. W., 84.
L. B., 86.
L. L., 75.
L. S., 85.
L. F. H. B., 73.
M. A. E., 83.
M. H., 95.
M. A. P., 97.

M. C., 111.
M. M. S., 85.
†M. D., 114.
M. G., 80.
M. E. R., 86.
M. I. M., 83.
M. C. S. B., 106.
M. E., 89.
M. E. D., 76.
M. H. G., 97.
M. E. P., 88.
M. B. P. & K. P., 85.
M. F. G., 99.
M. F. F., 107.

M. M. D. S., 94.
M. H. J., 95.
M. A., 80.
M. L., 97.
M. R., 74.
P. S., 79.
R. W. L. P., 82.
R. B., 82.
S. H. W., 95.
S. L. H., 100.
*T. A. A., 125.
V. E. C., 61.
V. A. F. S., 87.
W. G. S., 94.

Class II., under 14.

B. A. M., 88.
C. K., 85.
C. V., 107.
C. M. A., 78.

E. E. N., 90.
E. F., 95.
E. M. P. B., 114.
G. P., 90.

J. M. F. B., 92.
G. D. N., 68.
H. I. A. W., 84.
M. E. M., 84.

The following were accidentally omitted from the list of marks for February.

M. L., 90. M. R., 85.

L. F. H. B. was not credited with marks for February, for the reason that no answers to the February questions were sent, but a duplicate copy of the answers to January, no doubt in error, for the answers to the February questions. Marks will be given, if L. F. H. B. will send answers to the February questions.

* These competitors have sent in such very good and full answers, the Examiner feels they are entitled to 5 marks above the ordinary full number.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

Carmen Aestivum.



WHAT strain of song shall celebrate aright
The joyful sights of summer-tide? What lay
Of studied minstrelsy shall best portray
The beauty of the flower-deck'd wood and field?

What most elaborate instrument shall yield
Responding notes of liberty and light?

Such notes no grand orchestra can supply,
Nor yet the organ's rich and mellow tone;
Nature portrays herself, and she alone
Can give the sounds we seek. The whisp'ring breeze,
The song of birds, the hum of insects, these—
These form indeed an answering harmony.

"ACANTHUS."

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.



OUR brethren we, our names six letters show
 (Six letters each); now place them in a row
 (Though, sooth to say, while heedless of the weather,
 The fact is, we are never seen together).
 In PRIMALS, FINALS, plainly may be seen
 The names of two; the two that intervene
 Less readily, yet surely will be found
 By wits expert, acrostics to expound.

1. What graceful form is this,—with snowy breast
 Now floating on the wave, in sleep or rest;
 Now, swiftly whirling round in changeful mood,
 Now, stone-like, darting downwards on the flood?
2. This Light to show, no English word comes pat in,
 But one (at last) I've found, that suits, in Latin;
 Which, he may find, who well his wits employs,
 If so, he seeks it as the little boys.
3. The normal form of rivers, mines, and trees,
 Of living systems, nerves, and arteries;
 Banks, companies, and set discourse of men
 (Although a shorter word's more usual then).
4. Who to his laundress a dark secret tells;
 Who for an idle whim life's vantage sells;
 Who on a flatterer's specious word relies,
 Is all,—perchance and more, this Light implies.
5. Oh, word to memory sad! The dirge of all
 Once loved and lost! And yet, as we recall
 Our cares, our errors past, that mournful word
 By Hope re-echoed oft in joy is heard.
6. Of steadfast mien, array'd in hue that gleams
 Resplendent as the gladiola's petal;
 Anon of flesh, anon of wood he seems,
 Anon, appears to all "*a man of mettle*" [metal].

H. S. E.



THE BOY WHO LOVES THE BEASTS.

BABY JACK
Loves every-
thing;
Men, and beasts,
And birds who sing.

Old, or young,
Or great, or small,
Dirty—clean—
Jack likes them all.

None, in short,
 Does he despise,
 All are lovely
 In his eyes.
 Bumble-bees
 With velvet coats,
 Beetles—flies—
 On each he dotes.
 Brown-eyed cows,
 And woolly lambs,
 Bleating sheep,
 And great horned rams;
 Horses—dogs—
 With cocks and hens,
 Donkeys—geese—
 Alike are friends.
 Wriggling worms,
 And big black slugs,
 Wrinkled toads,
 He fearless hugs.
 Dearly, too,
 He loves the pig,

For its dirt
 Cares not a fig.
 On its back
 In pride he rides,
 With his fist
 He whips its sides.
 Mother comes
 To fetch her son,
 Wash him clean
 When riding's done.
 Scolds him not,
 For Mother thinks,
 From GOD's beasts
 No good man shrinks.
 But for each
 Shows tender care,
 Treat them ill
 Does never dare.
 Long may Jack
 Love great and small,
 Learn for good
 GOD made them all.

BOOK NOTICES.



IN spite of the wealth of periodicals that flood our bookstalls there has hitherto been a dearth of one specially suitable for boy-readers. This gap is now filled up by 'The Boy's Own Paper,' price 1d. weekly, (published at the 'Leisure Hour' Office, 56 Paternoster Row, London). The first number appeared on the 18th of January; it can be bought either in weekly numbers, or in monthly parts, 6d. each. We are glad to be able to recommend it warmly, as literature for boys that is full of interest and adventure, and unexceptionable as to teaching. The Editor has secured a varied and

well-chosen staff of contributors; Mr. Kingston supplies a serial of sea-life; Mr. Ascott Hope, tales of school; Mr. Buckland and Mr. Wood, papers on Natural History. Amongst the short articles we may specially point out a thrilling anecdote, 'My struggle with a Tiger,' drawn by Mr. Jamrach, the well-known importer of wild animals, from his own personal experiences; also, 'How I swam the Channel,' by Captain Webb. The latter is told with a graphic simplicity that is full of power. We wish the 'Boy's Own Paper' all success, and that it may be able to maintain the high standard with which it has begun. Messrs. Griffith & Farran (St. Paul's

Churchyard, London) have re-issued eleven of the well-known stories that formed 'The Favourite Library,' in a new and cheap edition. The volumes are square in shape, very tastefully bound, have coloured frontispieces, and are only 1s. each. We think they are sure to be as great favourites as ever, in their fresh and pleasant clothing. The set includes Charles and Mary Lamb's 'Mrs. Leicester's School'; Mrs. Trimmer's 'History of the Robins'; Lady Stoddart's 'Scottish Orphans,' and 'Eskdale Herd Boy'; and two dog stories, 'Bob the Spotted Terrier,' and 'Keeper's Travels,' &c.

The same publishers have also re-produced 'The Girl's own Toy-maker,' by A. & E. Landells, 2s. 6d., containing rules and figures by which to make paper toys and other things, that girls can manufacture for their own amusement, and that of others.

Also, 'Always Happy,' 1s. 6d.; this good old story has reached its twentieth thousand, which speaks well for its popularity in the past, and we fear the lessons of contentment that it teaches are as much, or more, needed by children nowadays as when the book was first published.

And lastly, Parry Gwynne's 'A Word to the Wise; or, Hints on the Current Improprieties of Expression in Writing and Speaking,' which has reached the fourteenth thousand of its sale in a 6d. form. Mr. Gwynne's hints are very clearly and well given, and many of them, such as No. XI., on the mistake of substituting the active verb *lay*, for the neuter verb *lie*, sorely need to be learnt. The shortness of the book of course limits its comprehensiveness, but we are surprised that such common inaccuracies, as speaking of *people* being *hung*, and the substitution of *like* for *as*, are not mentioned.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

“ORIS.” The word *simnel* is derived from the Latin *simila*, i.e. the finest part of the flour. “*Panis similageneus*,” *simnel* bread,—is referred to in old annals of churches and monasteries, dating as far back as the year 1042, showing that the custom of making *simnel* cakes for Mid-Lent Sunday (when some relaxation of the severities of the Lenten fast was allowed), originated more than eight hundred years ago. The custom no doubt was practised all over England, and not only in the comparatively few places where the habit now lingers. Shrewsbury, Devizes, and Bury in Lancashire, have contended for the honour of originating the custom, and amongst schoolboys in Shropshire, the following

funny, but fictitious story is told, in proof of their claim: “A happy couple, having a domestic dispute as to whether a pie or pudding should form part of their day's dinner, wisely determined to compromise the matter by first boiling, and afterwards baking their piece of confectionery. This double act of cookery produced the Shrewsbury *simnel*; and the cake received its cognomen from the names of the couple whose tastes and differences caused its discovery, and who respectively bore the names of Simon and Nell.”

“E. A. T.” can obtain clean copies of the numbers required, if she will write to Messrs. Bell, York Street, Covent Garden, London, and enclose stamps for payment and postage.

"Mary" should apply to the publishers, Messrs. Cassell Petter and Galpin, *Ludgate Hill, London.*

"G. M. F. G." There is no real solution; it is a hoax.

"Five young Bees" are thanked for their ingeniously made "paper people." AUNT JUDY will forward them to the hospital, and feels sure they will amuse the cot patients. She suggests, however, that the figures would be more amusing if confined to men on horseback, such as hunters, cavalry regiments, or packs of hounds, herds of stags, flocks of sheep, &c., because when the figures are *four-legged*, with a little ingenious bending they can be made to balance and stand, without being held, on the little desks that run across the cots and hold the patients' toys. Two-legged figures have to be made with a *base*, which is less manageable than the four legs.

Two correspondents write to say that the quotation asked for in April is a translation of the first verse of a little German song, which begins thus:

"Wenn ich ein Vögelin wär'
Und auch zwei Flügelin hält',
Flög' ich zu dir;
Weils aber nicht kann seyn,
Bleib' ich all hier."

They have sent complete copies of the song, which shall be forwarded to the inquirer on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.

"M. L." has eleven pieces of music and four books of studies, nearly all in very good condition, which she is anxious to sell at a quarter of the marked prices for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. A list of composers and prices will be sent on application. *Old House, Swanbourne, Winslow.*

"Mr. Horatio Sparkins" wants to know what is the matter with his siskin. Every evening, when sitting quiet, the

bird's beak becomes covered with saliva, which disappears as suddenly as it comes? Is maw seed likely to disagree with it? *Knowlton Court, Wingham, Kent.*

"Rags" will be glad to receive orders for work in crewels, clothes for poor children, knitting, or fancy articles, such as pen-wipers and needle-books. Care of *The Editor.*

Members are wanted for a daily half-hour Reading Society, in which prizes are given. Admission 1s. The Society's year begins on May 1st. Rules can be obtained from *Miss A. F. Peel, Burghwallis, Doncaster.*

Can our readers tell "A. F. P." of an advanced German Reading and Translation Society? *Rectory, Burghwallis, Doncaster.*

"Penelope" will be glad to receive orders for crewel artistic designs, carefully drawn out upon cloths, serges, or any kind of washing materials. Table-borders 1s. 3d. a yard, and smaller designs at lower prices. She will also be glad to receive orders for babies' and little children's frocks, worked in crewels; either in silks or wools; patterns either to be selected or will be provided by her, and materials to be in every case provided. "Penelope" will also be glad to supply 'Tam O'Shanter' crocheted caps in any colour; clouds in various colours either knitted or crocheted, and little crocheted shawls in Shetland or single Berlin. The proceeds of work will be given to the "AUNT JUDY'S Magazine Cots at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London." Address, *Penelope, Riverhead Vicarage, Sevenoaks, Kent.*

"Lionel Berlyn" offers a tortoise for sale, price 1s. *Rosendale Lodge, Streatham Hill, London, S.W.*

"A. C. L." will be glad to receive offers for the following pieces of music,

set for the piano. 'Wedding Bells,' Trellis; 'A Relio,' Mozart; 'L'Hya-cinthe,' Miller; or she will exchange them for 'Farewell'; 'Irene Liebe'; or 'Song of the Brooklet,' all by Gustav Lange. *Northlea, Altrincham.*

"E. J. Peel" is anxious to get orders for crewel work, for the restoration fund of a church. Chairbacks 5s., tea cloths 15s., dessert doilies with different flower on each, 10s. the dozen. *Burghwallis Rectory, Doncaster.*

"Miss Tawney" will be glad to exchange a canary cock for a young hen (crested preferred). She also offers a canary cock for sale. *Wroton, Banbury.*

"W. J. D." wishes to sell two strong netted hammocks, ten feet long, and about five feet wide, for 8s. each. 14 *Clifton Terrace, Brighton.*

Editor wanted for a MS. Magazine Society. No remuneration. The Society has been formed eighteen months. Apply, *Secretary, 15 Prince of Wales Terrace, Scarborough.*

"C. G. C." offers to dispose of a quantity of foreign stamps, post-marks and crests. Also to admit a few members to a society for burying any small animals that are found dead. For further particulars, apply to *Miss G. Crellin, Orry's Dale, Isle of Man.*

"A. Z." thanks the sender of a box of primroses, which reached her safely on the 11th of April.

"S. P. G." Your first quotation is from one of Friedrich von Logau's 'Poetic Aphorisms,' translated by Longfellow. You will find it under the title of 'Retribution,' in any complete edition of Longfellow's poems. Perhaps our readers can tell you where the other two quotations come from:

- (1.) "We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,

Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were
thine."

- (2.) "A leper once he lost and gained a king."

"Juliette de Fontenelle" ought to have no difficulty in obtaining the abridged edition of Liddell & Scott's 'Greek Lexicon.' It is published by Messrs. Longmans, of Paternoster Row. The price is 7s. 6d.

Report of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Cots at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street, London, April 10th, 1879.

Two deaths have occurred in the "AUNT JUDY" Girl's Cot since the last report was written. Just now it is tenanted by a very white-looking fairy of three years old, who must be very weary of the strange and jerky movements which her complaint (popularly called 'St. Vitus's dance') obliges her to make every instant. At present, she is quite unable to walk, or speak, or play with her toys.

Equally small is the occupant of the Boy's "AUNT JUDY" Cot. He has some disease of the skin, as well as one of the chest, and has a very distressed look, but is better now than he was a week or two ago.

The University boat-race produced the usual excitement at the Hospital. In all the wards, the one question on the lips of every child was, "Are you Oxford or Cambridge?" and most of the children and nurses were adorned with bits of blue ribbon. Party feeling ran especially high in the Louise Ward, we are told, and loud was the cheer raised there by the Cambridge adherents when the victory of their side was announced. "I am going to Highgate to-morrow," said a child very disconsolately, a few days before the boat-race. "Well, but you will hear all about it there." "Not quite so soon," was the reply, uttered in a most plaintive tone.

The first of April was another day

which our little friends would not suffer to pass unnoticed. Some of them had the impertinence to try—and not altogether without success—to make “April fools” of their doctors, who, not at all offended, good-naturedly returned the fun.

The Charley, whose toys were ‘boketed,’ is still the delight of the Louise Ward. One day he cried violently while having a medical visit, but afterwards volunteered the information, “that the doctors didn’t hurt one bit,” adding, “I ’owled cause I was frightened.” “Then,” said some one to him, “you must not call yourself a big boy any more.” “Well,” replied poor Charley, thinking that tears were certainly a comfort sometimes, “I’ll be a little boy till my leg gets well.”

There is another fascinating Charley in the same Ward, who happens, by-the-by, to be the first inhabitant of the new Algiers Cot. He cannot speak, owing to some defect inside his mouth, but his firm rosy cheeks and stout strong limbs are a most pleasant sight; and he at once takes one’s thoughts into the country, where one could fancy him trotting after a plough-boy brother, or tumbling about in a field bright with buttercups.

Among the recent admissions into the Hospital, may be mentioned eight canaries, all given by one kind friend; also an elephant, not, like the birds, alive and caged, but a remarkably fine specimen of the toy animal.

As a word of description is now generally given to the new cot-labels, we may mention that the chief ornament of that belonging to the Algiers Cot is a lovely straggling spray of the clematis, which has the dark purplish flower; while a beautiful bunch of violets—both white and blue—is painted upon the label hanging over the ‘In Memoriam W. H. K. Cot.’

And real flowers—primroses, wild anemones, and violets, are again to be

seen in our wards, now that spring has come, and bring the old messages of love, and peace, and wonderful new life. Would it be possible (this is merely a suggestion, we dare not call it a request!) for some of the friends who so kindly send these flowers, to send a hamper of vegetables now and then to the Hospital? Such gifts would be most useful, and most thankfully received. The commonest vegetables are very dear in London. Why, we believe that a well-fed country pig would hardly take the trouble to examine the mean little bunch one gets here for fourpence or sixpence; perhaps two or three carrots and turnips, an onion, a scrap of faded parsley, and a very small stick of flabby celery. Is not our suggestion, at any rate, worth thinking over?

Contributions to the ‘Aunt Judy’s Magazine’ Account in aid of the Building Fund, received to April 15, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Mary and Florence (monthly)	0	0	6
Helen Halesworth (quarterly)	0	10	6
Hester (monthly)	0	1	0
Nellie (monthly)	0	1	0
Four little Ripples (monthly)	0	1	6
The Sandy Cat (monthly)	0	1	0
W. H. Thompson, Edgbaston (monthly)	0	1	0
Abracadabra (monthly)	0	0	4
E. M. D. (monthly)	0	2	0
M. D. (monthly)	0	1	0
Five young Bees (monthly)	0	1	0
Harriet, Maines House (quarterly)	0	3	0
Jack 2s. 6d., Sweep 2s. 6d., Nettle 2s. 6d.	0	7	6
Four little Geese 1s., Ragbag 2s. 4d.	0	3	4
May Barrows, the Grange	0	1	0
Twelve months fines for carelessness, from Hopelands, Kew.	0	5	0
Four little Pickles	0	2	6
A. M. and her sister M. J.	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
May, Ethel, and Lillian	0	2	6	W. G. and R. W., Brixton	0	5	0
"Glumdalclitch"	0	0	3	A. K. L.	0	16	0
Mabel Clarke, York	0	3	6	Bessie Griffiths, Portmadoc			
In loving memory of "Meta's"				(collected)	1	0	0
birthday, April 10, 1859,				M. A. F. (for Samaritan fund)	0	2	0
from F. V. E. V.	0	10	0	Wretham Rectory, some wild			
Maiden May 3d., Bob 2d.	0	0	5	flowers.			
Maidenhair	0	1	6	An Easter gift from some			
The children at Broom	0	10	0	Riverhead children, of books,			
R. H. S.	0	1	0	dolls, pictures, &c.			

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 378).

1. M o r g i a n A
 2. A p p l e - p i p
 3. R a t c a t c h e r
 4. C h a r i v a r i
 5. H a z e l

H. B.

ANSWER TO DRAMATIC ACROSTIC (p. 379).

AUTHOR'S NAME—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Dramatis Personæ.

1. W-olsey 'Henry VIII.,' act iii. sc. 2.
2. I-ago 'Othello,' act ii. sc. 1.
3. L-ady Macbeth 'Macbeth,' act i. sc. 7.
4. L-ysander 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' act i. sc. 1.
5. I-mogen 'Cymbeline,' act i. sc. 4.
6. A-ndrew Aguecheek 'Twelfth Night,' act i. sc. 3.
7. M-ercurio 'Romeo and Juliet,' act ii. sc. 4.
8. S-hylock 'Merchant of Venice,' act ii. sc. 5.
9. H-amlet 'Hamlet,' act iii. sc. 2.
10. A-ntony 'Julius Cæsar,' act iii. sc. 2.
11. K-ate 'Taming of the Shrew,' act ii. sc. 1.
12. E-dward 'Henry VI.,' part 3, act iv. sc. 1.
13. S-croop 'Richard II.,' act iii. sc. 2.
14. P-rospero 'Tempest,' act i. sc. 2.
15. E-dgar 'King Lear,' act v. sc. 2.
16. A-rthur 'King John,' act iv. sc. 1.
17. R-osalind 'As You Like It,' act iii. sc. 2.
18. E-lizabeth 'Richard III.,' act iv. sc. 4.

"CUTHBERT GRAHAM"

"The Teaze," "M. W. H.," "Thetis," and "Darsie Latimer" have also answered correctly. "Mother Carey's Chickens" were mistaken as to the fifth light.



"LITTLE IZZY WAS SITTING ON THE BANK, WITH HER ELBOWS ON HER KNEES, HER CHIN RESTING ON HER HANDS, AND HER GREAT EYES WATCHING ME CLO·ELY."

Page 454.

MOTHER MOLLY.

By the Author of 'The Rose Garden,' 'Through Rough Waters,' &c.

XII.

IN SAFETY.

"Here shall we see
No enemy

But winter and rough weather."—*Shakspeare.*

I WAS the first to awake, and for a very good reason. My bed, as I have said, was on the floor, and for a short time I had been half conscious that my cheeks were being softly patted and poked, but was too sleepy to open my eyes upon the disturber. At last, I suppose the pressure became too strong, for I raised myself upon my elbow and looked round rather crossly. On the bare floor by my side was seated a child of perhaps six years old, with a thin brown face and tumbled hair, out of which two large hazel eyes stared at me with great interest. The little creature was dressed in an ugly serge frock, her legs and feet were bare, and as brown as berries, but her face was pretty, and grew radiant with delight when she saw that she had succeeded in awakening me. She clapped her hands.

"Hush!" I said, pointing to the bed where Molly and Madge were sleeping soundly.

She looked at them, and held up her finger with a comical imitation of my reproof, then stretched over and put her arms round my neck.

"Come out, and I will show you Jack," she said in a loud whisper.

I could not help laughing, though I was still very sleepy.

"Who is Jack?"

"Don't you know?" she said in wonder. "Jack's our horse. And there's a waggon downstairs, and a bird in a cage."

There was no chance of my being left in peace, so I got up, she watching me meanwhile with the closest attention.

"Where's the water for washing?" I asked, looking round.

"Out in the brook to be sure," she said, opening her great eyes.

I recollected gladly that Betty had brought some basins, but for the

present, it seemed, I must find out the brook. "What's your name, little thing?" I asked.

"Izzy. I's mother's Izzy."

"Come then, Izzy, we'll go down to the brook."

She made no answer, but took my hand, and led me eagerly down the rough staircase. No one was in the kitchen except Polly, who sat moping and silent in his cage, but brightened up at sight of me, and put down his head to be scratched. Izzy stared hard at him, and poked her little brown fingers between the bars. I had only just time to catch them away, before Polly made a grab at them.

"You mustn't do that," I remonstrated; but before I had time to say more or to prevent her, she had struck at the cage with all the force of her little hand.

Polly screamed in terror, and I only just prevented an upset. Her face was crimson with passion, and so distorted that I felt more alarmed than angry myself.

"For shame!" I said. "Polly will never love you if you are so unkind."

"Don't want him to love me, I hate him!"

"Then you are very naughty," I said, "Polly would talk to you and play with you if were good to him, but of course he does not know you yet."

I walked out of the door, and she came closely by my side.

"Birds can't talk," she said.

"Polly can. You would have heard him say 'Good morning' to me, if you had not been so rough."

"Would he say 'Good morning' now, if you went back and asked him?" she demanded wistfully.

"No, because you frightened him. Where's the brook?"

She pointed towards a rough building of stone, with turf filling the interstices. I was sure the child was misleading me, from the rise of the ground, and from hearing men's voices. And, moreover, my ear had caught a little gurgling sound to the left, where the moor fell away towards a few stunted trees.

"'Tis not there, for certain," I said, stopping still; "and I fear you are a naughty little girl. I shall go down there."

Her little body began to heave, and she thrust a finger into her mouth.

"I want you to see Jack," she said sullenly.

If it had been Mother Molly, I make no doubt she would have calmed the storm and brought the little creature to reason ; but I was vexed with her, and never famous for patience.

"You can't always have what you want, Izzy," I said sharply, "you may show me Jack by-and-by, but I shall go down to the brook now."

She stamped her foot and pushed at me with violence as she had done at the cage, and then darted away by herself, while I turned in the opposite direction.

The sky had lost some of the clear brightness of the morning, and was soft with misty clouds which tempered the sunshine, but the sweetness and lightness of the air was what I had never felt before, and took away all my fatigue. I could see now more clearly where we stood. The moor swept up behind the house, with granite rocks projecting from the short grass, and far away to the right I caught sight of the tower standing in solemn grandeur against the sky. On the opposite side, towards which I was making my way, the ground fell sharply, clothed thickly with heather, furze, and bilberry-bushes, until it reached a bank wooded with stunted oaks and sycamores. Down between these I plunged with great delight, the noise of water inviting me, and found at the bottom the little stream for which I had been seeking ; one of those numberless little tributaries which come rushing down from the vast morasses and bogs of central Dartmoor. It was scarce six feet across, golden-brown with the peat it had washed, and it came leaping and rushing over stone and boulder, and all that stood in its way, with vigorous determination to live its life. The clearness and coolness of it, the brightness of the spray, the delight of its little pools, the bending of the leaves of the water-docks as the water leaped at them lovingly, I shall never lose ; nor yet the joy with which I dragged off shoes and stockings, and waded in, and splashed about the pools, and sat on the smooth grey stones, flicking the water about with my feet. Something there was of the gladness of a discoverer in my feelings ; I had found the place by myself, and it seemed, with its solitude and silence, almost to be my own. 'Twas a strange experience, and no less delicious than strange to one who had lived in Plymouth town all her life. The trees were so low and grew so thinly that they did not darken or shadow the gaiety of the little

brook, only gave it a pleasant air of quiet and retirement. Little creatures of which I did not know the names were busy on the banks, or skimming lightly over the surface of the water, a wood-pigeon began to coo softly in the wood. I waded down the brown water, or leapt from stone to stone with the most perfect contentment, until at last I made up my mind that I must go and bring the others to share my delight, and was returning to the spot where I had left my shoes and stockings when I was startled at being struck by a small clump of heather to which some of the black earth from which it had been pulled yet clung. Looking up hastily, I expected to see Harry, but instead of him, little Izzy was sitting on the bank, with her elbows on her knees, her chin resting on her hands, and her great eyes watching me closely. She seemed to have forgotten her resentment, for she burst out laughing when she found I saw her.

"I've seen you ever so long, looking so funny," she cried. "Are you coming out?"

"Yes, I'm coming. What a nice place you've got here!" I said, stepping out of the water.

She did not answer. Evidently I was the curiosity of the moment, for she never took her eyes from me, and every now and then touched my frock or held it against her own.

"Now will you come and see Jack?" she said, when we had climbed up the steep ground together.

I wanted to find the others, but did not like to disappoint her again. Will and Betty's brother and Betty herself were all busy unloading the waggon; Harry had been helping them, but had rushed off to a great cairn which was at no great distance, and I saw him sitting astride the highest stone, waving his hat.

"He'll tumble down in the clatter," said Izzy composedly. "There's my dear Jack."

It was a poor old horse, lean and bony, for whom it was difficult to express any admiration, but evidently to the child a faithful friend and companion.

"You may stroke him," she said patronisingly. "*He* is good, *he* won't bite."

This was a hit at Polly.

"If he did," I said, "I should not strike him, but teach him to get to like me."

She looked at me meditatively.

"I won't bang your bird any more," she said slowly. "Perhaps he'd say 'Good morning' now. You'll stay here, won't you? Mother took me out to see the fires blazing last night, and she said there was young ladies coming. Are you a young lady?"

It seemed an odd question to answer, but all about this child was odd. Born on these lonely hills, living a perfectly unrestrained life, hardy as a mountaineer, and wild as a mountain kid, we and she were as strange to each other as if we had belonged to a different race. She was quite fearless, inheriting none of her mother's shyness, and full of passionate impulses, likes and dislikes. Her aunt Betty looked at her as almost a wild creature, shocked at her bare feet, and long hair, and she returned the feeling by showing a strong antipathy to Betty, and marking her dislike by every means which lay in her power.

XIII.

ON THE MOOR.

The people all within this clime
Are frozen in the winter time,
Or drown'd with snow and rain;
And when the summer is begun
They lie like silkworms in the sun,
And come to life again.—*William Browne, 1644.*

I FEEL sometimes as if I could never make any one understand what our life on the moor was like. This is what I feel, looking back; at the time it all seemed natural enough, though delightful, children adapting themselves readily to the strange. Grandfather used, as we sometimes noticed, to cast wondering glances about him, and was uneasy if one of us or Betty was not in sight, and I think missed Parson Bedford's visits, and the company of his books, of which we could only bring a small part; but one great compensation to him was the finding of rare flowers and insects. Some he came upon himself, and we used to bring him home more, I especially, whom he had taught something of his great love to them. The rare mosses all about, rare at any rate as to our finding them for ourselves, were a great delight. In the bogs there were most beautiful specimens of Thread and Beardless moss, and the White Fork, and the Fountain

Apple, and the tors and the streams had each their own possessions. But on the bogs we dared not venture except with a farm-boy, at the least, for guide, the moor-men being generally at work. And John Coombes was always frightened lest we should go too boldly. There was most chance of my doing so, I believe, but Harry being the boy, gave him fears on his account, in particular after he had started off one morning, all by himself, and found Betty's fish-kettle, bringing it home with a dead adder inside, which he had slain on the spot, and giving Betty such a turn as was too strong for her gratitude.

However, I think, after we had heard some of the stories of that strange land of black bog, and had had one or two instances of its weird and awful power of sucking into treacherous depths whatever pressed unduly on its surface, we got a wholesome horror of it on our minds. And little Izzy knew where wary walking was needed, as well as any turf-utter on the moor.

The birds were Harry's delight. Not only curlews and plovers were there calling across the desolate waste with their melancholy cry, but now and then we caught sight of the great moor-buzzard, and once Harry came home almost mad with excitement, for he had seen a huge bird sailing high and royally above the broad morass, and John Coombes had shouted and whooped, and told him 'twas an eagle.

I was a little sad at this, for it set Harry's experiences a good way above mine, and there had been a sort of rivalry between us, ever since we got out there.

My stream, which was always called Nan's brook, he affected to despise, but Mother Molly liked it as well as I; and as for Madge, 'twas her greatest delight to wade in it when the weather would let her, and though once she slipped down and got wet through, no harm came of it. I said when the weather would let her, and that was not half the time. Plymouth has a reputation for much rain, but 'tis as nothing in comparison with the moors. Even if the day began finely, before we knew where we were there would be a mist creeping round, and the rain falling with fine steadiness. And this, and the great bog wastes, and the extraordinary scarcity of people, and the forlorn cry of the birds, gives it, I fancy, a certain sadness. Molly felt this side of it, and I think used to long to be back in Plymouth, and the moor people, what there were, had got it in their faces.

Then poor Molly had a terrible craving for news. We all wanted

it, to be sure, when we thought of it; but she thought of it the most, if not all day long. Letters could not reach us. The nearest place for them was Bickleigh, and there they only came once a week. Will Hartland had taken the waggon and horses back to Bickleigh, and had promised Molly, if there was anything for her, to do his best to get it to her, but nothing had come.

I feel myself going on about the place, and the things that grew and lived on it, and keeping away from the people, the reason being that 'tis more difficult yet to say what they were like. John Coombes himself was a silent careful man, that seemed to me ever to be watching the weather and the moon, and snatching scanty crops out of the very teeth of the seasons. If by good fortune the pimpernel turned a blossoming face well up and open, we hardly saw him all day. Jack would be taken out with his pack-saddle on, and the bent crooks, ten feet long, swinging one on each side of the saddle, and come back laden with late hay, or by-and-by with sheaves of corn, and Izzy, perhaps, perched in triumph on the top. No cart could go where the old horse trod safely.

As for the wife Thirza, she perplexed Molly sorely. Whether from shyness or pride, she kept herself aloof from us all; she would not so much as look openly, though I fancied that she watched us pretty closely when she believed herself unperceived. 'Twas only with grandfather she came forward at all; his gentle courtesy being the same to one woman and another, and difficult for any to withstand. Betty paid her little attention, repeating her statement that she was moody-hearted, and though Mother Molly did her best to win her, the answers she got were always gruff and uncouth. 'Twas evident that she could not endure that Izzy should be with us, Izzy herself being of a different persuasion, and keeping near one or the other with undaunted persistence, but flouting Madge in a fashion which displeased me greatly. Polly had reconciled himself to his new quarters; called Shep, the sheep-dog, and puss in a beguiling manner which made their lives a burden to them, and added to his stock of Devonshire words. Unfortunately he had never forgiven Izzy the fright her passion had caused him, and the two disliked each other so much that I should have feared for Polly's well-being, if Izzy had not stood in awe of him as something not canny, and therefore to remain untouched. Harry she adored; he repaying her devotion, I am sorry to say, with a very

slighting contempt, and showing much vexation with me when the child accompanied us on our rambles.

Molly's great desire for letters set me thinking one day whether we could not get down to Bickleigh. Harry and I were very stout walkers, and if only we could find the way, it did not seem an impossible undertaking. He had a great many things to say against it, while setting his heart more strongly than I had done, and consented at last on condition of telling no one, so that we should get no jeering if we failed, and of slipping out without Izzy running at our heels. I did tell Molly not to be frightened if we were late, and it went to my heart to escape from Izzy's wistful looks, but Harry was resolute.

So we set off on a morning that was fair, and felt for all the world like mariners without a compass when once we had got beyond the part with which we were familiar, so difficult was it to see any difference between one moor-track and another. The peat-bogs were not so plentiful in this direction as if we had been going upwards towards the central moor, and this was a great satisfaction to me who hated them. But, with the exception of the sheep that grazed on the short turf, there was the strangest loneliness around us, and no sign at all of human life. The most that we knew was that we must somehow find the Plym and cross it, and Harry felt sure that by walking we should get there, which seemed to me more doubtful, though I said nothing.

He was quite right. We had a good deal of walking first, and then got into a more sylvan region, and a most beautiful gorge, through which the river was foaming and whirling wildly. But even here, though there was wood on one bank, the other was dark and jagged with granite until we reached the bridge and crossed it. And here there were more moving, and we got directed on our way, and had pleasant walking, though much of it, before we got a glimpse of the grey spire of Bickleigh village.

'Twas a long stretch for two young things, and so the good woman at the post-office seemed to think. But what made it all seem easy to us was that there was a letter for Molly in Mrs. Harty's handwriting, brought, as the woman vowed, the day before, though I thought 'twas likely to have been there longer. We went to a house of which she told us, and had a glass of milk apiece and some food, which was most welcome, and the mistress of it told us that her husband was going to

take his horse up in the direction of Shaugh Bridge, and if we could manage to sit on the pack-saddle we should be welcome to the lift. For myself, I think I could have sat on anything to rest my legs, and Harry, I know, was just as glad in his heart. So we paid our small reckoning and were put on the black horse, and rode a good way with much kindness from his master.

We went on very cheerily from the bridge, though with more mounting than before. And we had no fear of not finding our way back, having once been along there; and I had Mrs. Harty's letter in my pocket. Harry and I were not quite of one mind as to the time when we should break away from the river, I thinking we should have gone further on. However, it did not seem of any great consequence, and there was a pleasant breeze springing up, which we had felt the want of before. But suddenly I saw something which made me think of John Coombes' warnings.

"Harry," I said quickly, "look behind. There's a fog coming up."

He looked and said nothing. But 'twas not for want of seeing, for the mist was rolling quickly onwards and blotting out what a few minutes before had been sharp outlines, and before we knew where we were, 'twas upon us and all round.

"Go straight as you were," said Harry sturdily.

I caught his coat and tried to do what he said, but 'twas quite extraordinary how soon one got bewildered as to where the straightness lay. It was but to turn your head ever so little, and your body somehow went after it, and then we bumped against a great granite boulder, and Harry fell and I pulled him up, and this seemed to throw us altogether out of our reckoning. Such a fog John Coombes had told us of, with stories of a poor little shepherd-boy of his own who had been found dead on the moor, having wandered on and on, and still got further from home; but we had never believed it could be so thick and so impenetrable, or thought much more of the story than of the older one of 'Childe of Plymstock, who, lost on the moor, wrote with his own blood the couplet:

*"The spryte that fyndes and brings me to my grave,
The landes of Plymstocke they shall have."*

Yet now, though we had no such sad fears, the tales came back to our minds with so much force added to them, that they no longer seemed

incredible, and the chill of the mist seemed to reach our bones more quickly than I could have thought possible. Harry would have it that by walking on we must come to some landmark which would show us our way, but I knew of none, and what at length disheartened us both was that I dropped a glove near a granite moor-stone, and that when we had been walking for near half-an-hour I came upon it again. 'Twas horrible to think of, toiling round and round in a circle! I was inclined to sit down on a stone and wait, but Harry would not hear of it as 'twas getting late, and darkness would be added soon to our difficulties, and to one thing I held quite constant, and that was the keeping close to him. We made up our minds that we might have to pass the night on the moor, which at this time of year would not be so serious a matter, providing the fog cleared off in the morning. But sometimes a fog would last for two or three days, and long before that time my endurance, I knew, would have come to an end. And what with the present exhaustion and the thought of what Mother Molly and grandfather would be suffering, I would gladly have sat down and cried, but that 'twould have been a shame with Harry so steadfast.

But at last, when I had got so stupid with toiling on that my legs seemed to move as if they did not belong to me, I heard a little sound which was like water rushing, and we made our way as hastily as we could towards it. And when I saw it, I cried out to Harry in a transport,—

“Oh, Harry, 'tis my brook!”

For I knew the golden-brown look of the water, and the way the stones lay, and just along the line of it the fog had just lifted a little. And I hoped that by going up it we might come upon the place nearest the farm, where so long as it was daylight I could not mistake the stones. Of course, as Harry said, it might be down lower, but any way I hoped, and that revived me wonderfully. So we took off our shoes and stockings and began to wade. It was very cold, but we had not far to go before we came to the spot I wanted.

Even that piece between the brook and the farm took longer to cross than any one would have believed, but we went warily, having learnt caution, and got there at last. Mother Molly was standing at the door, and we saw her joy, and she said ever afterwards that we had never understood what she had suffered. John Coombes and a couple of men were out searching, though not in the least knowing in which

quarter to look. Mother Molly comforted and cossetted us like herself—and indeed we stood in need of it—nor would she so much as look at Mrs. Harty's letter until we were safe in bed, and she sitting by me.

It told her that things were very much as we had left them. "We are getting used, my dear, to having the French overlooking us," wrote my Godmother, "and I verily believe shall miss them when they go. The fashion is to watch them from the Hoe, where I have even got myself in a sedan-chair, and to speculate whether they be nearer than the day before. Seriously, 'tis a wonderful favour of Providence which has kept us so far. 'There is none other that fighteth for us,' is true to the letter." The Coplestones had gone to Exeter. Dick was back and well, and had had the key and looked into our house.

This was Mrs. Harty's letter, and it lifted off some grave doubts. Only I could not get Molly to say she was glad to have it, because of the fog and our danger.

And one thing I noticed, Harry never again laughed at Nan's brook.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCE OF TORFA.

Adapted from an Icelandic Legend.

MANY, many, many years ago there lived at Skalkolt, in Iceland, a simple-minded old peasant who was not overburdened with money or wits. One Sunday this old peasant happened to hear a very beautiful sermon upon the duty of almsgiving. "Give, my brethren," said the old priest; "give freely, and God will restore to you a hundredfold."

These words, which were often repeated in the course of the sermon, made an extraordinary impression upon the old peasant. Upon his return home he began at once cutting down trees and making preparations for building.

"What are you about, poor old fellow?" exclaimed his wife.

"Poor, indeed!" retorted the peasant. "Rich, you mean. I am very rich, or, at least, I intend to be so. In a fortnight's time I mean to give away the cow."

"Give away the cow!" shrieked the poor woman. "Part with our only means of livelihood! We shall die."

"Hold your tongue, ignoramus," replied her husband. "If you knew Latin you would understand all the fine things we hear in church. The good pastor says that if we give to God, he will restore to us one hundredfold; so I mean to give my cow, and then I shall get a hundred cows in her stead. I shall sell fifty, and with the money they fetch I shall buy hay for the remaining fifty, for whom I am now going to build a stable." And totally disregarding the entreaties of his wife and the ridicule of his neighbours, the foolish old man began to build his stable. As soon as it was finished, he set off towards the priest's house, leading the cow by a long rope.

The priest, who was busily engaged in conversation with two strangers when the peasant approached, looked somewhat astonished at the interruption. He was still more astonished when he learned the cause of it.

"My good man," he exclaimed; "God never meant a material reward. Give alms of what you possess, and your heart will grow more tender, generous and liberal. That will be your reward."

But it was in vain that he spoke.

The obstinate old man would not be convinced. "A hundredfold, you said, sir. You said a hundredfold."

At length, weary of the argument, the priest turned the old peasant and his cow out into the road, and shut the door behind them.

The thought of returning home to bear his wife's reproaches and his neighbours' ridicule, was by no means pleasant. The poor peasant trudged along, bemoaning his ill luck at every step he took.

The way was long, the roads were bad, it was bitterly cold, the ruts in the path were full of ice, and the wind kept raising great clouds of snow that nearly blinded old Fritz and his cow. Presently he lost his way; and to lose your way in such weather in Iceland means to lose your life. Fritz began to weep bitterly. Suddenly he heard some one calling him. He looked round and saw a man with a huge sack on his back.

"My good fellow," cried the latter, "what are you doing out here with a cow in this weather?"

Fritz related what had happened to him.

"Humph!" said the stranger. "I'll tell you what you had better

do. Make an exchange with me. Give me the cow—you'll never take her home alive, and I live close by—and I'll give you this sack. It contains a rare treasure: meat to last you for many a long day to come—solid flesh and bone."

Fritz hesitated, but finally agreed to the stranger's suggestion. He did not like parting with his cow; but on the other hand he expected her to die of cold every minute. And *then* wouldn't he get a scolding from his wife!

"What have you got there?" cried that lady, as soon as he entered the hut. "And where is the cow?"

He told her.

"Goose! Idiot!" she exclaimed, in a perfect fury. "Do you wish to ruin us with your folly? I'm starving, and there is nothing in the house for supper."

"Isn't there?" said Fritz triumphantly. "Just you wait and see. This sack contains real good meat—solid flesh and bone." And so saying he untied the sack.

Judge of his surprise when out of it jumped a little man, clad in mouse-coloured garments.

"Good morning, good people," cried the stranger in a condescending, patronising tone. "I must beg of you not to think of cooking me, although I hope you mean to cook something or other pretty soon, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

"Fritz fell back on the bench overwhelmed with horror, whilst his wife, fairly beside herself with rage, hurled upon him every abusive epithet she knew

"You wretch! you stupid, good-for-nothing imbecile! you——"

"My good woman," interrupted the stranger, loftily, "allow me to repeat that I am very hungry."

"Goose!" continued the woman, never heeding the interruption. "Idiot! As if we had too much for ourselves, you bring home another mouth to feed."

"Well, if there is no food in the house, and if nobody has any intention of providing any, the best thing I can do is to go out and see what I can procure." And without saying another word the little man marched out, leaving Fritz to defend himself as well as he could against his wife's wrath.

At the end of an hour the stranger returned, bringing with him a

magnificent sheep, the head and neck of which Mrs. Fritz cooked for supper.

The evening meal had a very mollifying effect upon that good woman. She became quite affable with the stranger, who, in his turn, was extremely polite, "but gave himself the airs of a prince," his hostess declared. Perhaps he had heard something about "familiarity breeding contempt;" and, having been witness to Mrs. Fritz's treatment of her husband, thought he would keep her at a respectful distance.

After supper, the old peasant and his wife began to wonder how and where the sheep had been procured, and to look askance at the stranger. But they did not like to ask so fine a gentleman any questions, and as he did not deign to vouchsafe them any information on the subject, they remained in blissful ignorance.

From that hour neither Fritz nor his wife had ever cause to complain of their larder being empty. Every morning the stranger went forth—to the chase, he said. Every evening he returned with his bag full.

It was certainly very pleasant to sit down to a good supper night after night, but there are two sides to every picture; and the better the peasant's table was supplied, the faster did the live stock disappear from the royal farm.

The king's herdsmen complained that in spite of all their care and vigilance, the finest animals had disappeared, and were continuing to disappear from the grazing-ground.

"There must be a thief in the neighbourhood," they all declared.

Presently it was rumoured that a stranger, of whose arrival and antecedents nothing was known, had lately taken up his abode in Fritz's cottage.

"Bring the stranger here," said the king, at whose frown all Iceland trembled.

Accordingly the stranger was summoned to the palace. It was with fear and anguish that his host and hostess saw him depart; for they knew that the receivers of stolen goods were punished as severely as the thief.

"You may have heard," said the king to the stranger, "that there have been robberies committed here lately. Some of my finest cattle have been stolen."

"I am perfectly well aware of it," was the calm reply. "I took them."

The king nearly fainted from astonishment. Such boldness he had never met with before!

"And what right had you to take them?" he asked, when he had recovered his power of speech.

"I took them because the poor people in whose house I am staying were simply dying of hunger, whilst you cannot consume a tenth part of the viands placed before you. I do not consider it just that one man should starve, whilst another living close by is revelling in abundance."

The king, who had never heard such language, remained for some minutes too astonished to reply. Then with a frown that boded no good to the poor little man, he said coldly, "It strikes me—from your own showing—that your principal talent is for thieving."

The stranger bowed with an air of profound humility, but made no reply.

"Well!" said the king; "you know, I suppose, that you deserve to be hanged. But I will pardon you on one condition—that you succeed before to-morrow evening in stealing from my herdsmen the black bull that I prize so highly."

The little man was in despair.

"Sire," he said, "you know that what you ask is impossible. How can I carry off an animal that is always so vigilantly guarded, that roams about the fields and the forest between two keepers?"

"I don't know *how* you are to do it," replied the king, "but I know that if you *don't* do it, you'll be hanged."

And then he made a sign to his attendants to remove the stranger, who went out muttering to himself: "Hanged, hanged;" and all the attendants echoed the words, and muttered, "Hanged, hanged."

Fritz and his wife received their guest back again with open arms, but he told them nothing that had taken place, merely asked them to lend him a long rope, and remarked that he would have to go out rather early the following morning. Then he went to bed and slept soundly until dawn, when he arose, put on his mouse-coloured suit, and sallied forth into the forest with a long rope in his hand.

He walked for some time until he came to an old oak-tree, beneath which the two herdsmen passed every morning with the prize bull.

There he paused, and suspended himself by his rope to one of the lower branches; but he took care not to make a slip-knot, lest he should really hang himself. He had not long to wait before the two herdsmen came by, leading the black bull.

"See!" cried one man to the other; "there is some poor wretch who has been hanged."

"Most probably that villain who has been giving us so much trouble lately," was the quiet rejoinder. "Ah, well, he deserves his fate."

And then they passed on.

No sooner were they out of sight, than our friend slipped down from his exalted position, and, carrying the rope with him, ran across the grass to another bend in the road, along which the herdsmen would have to pass. Then he chose another sturdy-looking tree, to a branch of which he again suspended himself.

The herdsmen were not long in making their appearance.

"There is another poor wretch who has been hanged," cried one.

"It is the same man we saw before," replied his companion.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the first speaker. "Are you silly? How can one man, dead or alive, be in two places at the same time?"

"I'm sure I can't tell you. All I know is that that is the man we saw over yonder. I know him by his mouse-coloured clothes."

"Can't two men wear mouse-coloured clothes, stupid?"

"That—is—the—same—man," was the dogged reply.

"I bet you anything that it isn't."

"Anything is nothing."

"Then I bet you a new coat."

"Done. We'll run back and see if the little man in the mouse coloured clothes is still hanging from the old oak-tree. But first let us tie the bull up."

So they made the animal fast to the trunk of a tree, and then they started off in a desperate hurry to see who had lost the bet. But no sooner were they out of sight, than the little man slipped down from his perch and walked off in triumph with the bull. He left the herdsmen's cord on the grass, and led the animal back to Fritz's stable by the rope that the latter had lent him. The delight of the peasant and his wife knew no bounds. They looked forward to selling the beast for a large sum of money.

When the herdsmen returned to the castle in the evening, they looked so crestfallen that the king immediately guessed what had taken place, and sent for "the little mouse-coloured man," as everyone had begun to call the stranger.

The culprit appeared, looking perfectly unabashed. His serenity was quite imposing.

"So you have stolen my bull!" said the king fiercely.

"I have only obeyed your majesty's orders," was the calm and dignified reply.

"Very well," said the king. "Take these ten golden crowns, and let me have the animal back again; and if you have not succeeded within two days in stealing my sheets from under me, you shall be hanged, as you richly deserve to be."

"How can your majesty impose such a task upon me?" exclaimed the poor little man. "Is it possible that I could ever succeed in such an undertaking? No! Your majesty is far too well guarded for a humble individual like myself ever even to approach your majesty's apartment."

"Do it, or be hanged," was the gracious reply; and the little mouse-coloured man went out from the royal presence without uttering another word.

Fritz and his wife were burning with curiosity to know what had passed between their guest and the king, but there was something in the air and demeanour of the former that awed them, and kept them from asking questions. They cast many a furtive glance of inquiry at him in the course of the evening, to which he paid no heed, but continued to maintain a dignified silence respecting the events of the day.

When the good man and his wife had retired to rest, as they did every night at half-past eight, the little mouse-coloured man stole out of the cottage, taking with him his long rope and a round shallow basket. This basket he lined with soft green moss, and into this snug nest he stowed away a cat and her young kittens. With the basket on his back, and his rope over his arm, he made his way to the king's palace.

Being an agile, skilful climber, he soon contrived to scale the wall, and to stand safe and sound upon the roof. He had tied the basket round his neck during his ascent, and the cat had been very good,

having scarcely mewed at all ; not that anybody would have thought much of a cat mewing at that hour. After looking about him for some time, the little man discovered a trap-door in the roof, through which he descended into an attic immediately above the king's chamber. By the aid of a saw that he had brought with him in his belt, he contrived to saw a hole in the floor ; and through this hole he let himself and his basket through the ceiling on to the top of his majesty's four-poster.

It was but the work of a few moments to stow away the cats in the bed, and to return to his former position—there to await what followed.

Precisely at eleven o'clock the queen entered the room, knelt down, said her prayers, and then got into bed.

"Oh——h !—Ah——h !—Oh——h !" What was that fearful scream ? Her majesty had leapt out into the middle of the room, yelling wildly.

"Do you wish to rouse the whole castle ?" exclaimed the king furiously, thrusting his head in at the door. "What is this row about ?"

"Oh dear ! oh dear ! I have been so alarmed," exclaimed the poor queen. "There is something hot in my bed—quite hot and soft."

"The old gentleman, perhaps," replied the king, grimly. "What cowards women are, to be sure." And then, to show *his* courage he jumped into bed with a flying leap. But he had scarcely pulled the clothes up before he jumped out again with another *very* flying leap.

"Oh——h !—Ah——h !—Oh——h !"

"There !" exclaimed the queen, triumphantly ; "I told you so."

Now nothing annoyed his majesty like anyone saying to him, "I told you so." It made him perfectly furious, almost as furious as the scratch on his leg had made him.

He pulled away the bed-clothes, and there beheld the cat and her kittens.

"Insolent wretch !" he shrieked ; "do you dare to make a nest of the king's couch ?"

"Husband ! don't touch her !" cried the queen. "See how furious she looks ! She is a wild cat, I believe."

"I'm not going to touch her," retorted his majesty. "I wouldn't touch the horrid beast for a hundred crowns ; but I'm not going to have her in my bed all night." And so saying he took the four

corners of the sheet, tied them together, and flung the bundle out of window on to the snow-covered lawn below.

A few minutes later a little man in a mouse-coloured suit might have been seen tearing wildly along the park towards the road that led to the peasant Fritz's hut. And on the following day the king's sentinels told wonderful tales of the phantom that crossed their path in the dead of night. On his shoulders he carried a white bundle, so they declared; and the bundle was full of new-born babes, crying and wailing in the most piteous manner.

Night brings reflection, and reflection brings wisdom. Towards morning the king began to wonder whether he had not made rather a fool of himself. His body-guard had heard him *screaming about a cat*. Perhaps they were laughing at him! *That* reflection was not pleasant. And then he had thrown a new pair of sheets out of window! A new pair of sheets! The very word "sheets" recalled to him a little man in mouse-coloured clothes. Oh, that little man! Assuredly he and he alone was at the bottom of all this mischief. The king sent for him. Within an hour the little man in the mouse-coloured clothes was ushered into the royal presence. He came, bringing with him a pair of sheets, freshly ironed, and beautifully folded. Upon seeing the queen, the little man dropped on one knee before her, and said: "All that I have done has been in obedience to your royal husband's commands. Forgive me if I have inconvenienced you."

"Oh yes, I forgive," exclaimed the queen; "and for mercy's sake go away, for I am frightened to death of you."

"But I do not forgive," exclaimed the king, in high dudgeon at his consort's daring to pardon any one without his permission. Listen to me, you shameless robber! Unless you succeed before to-morrow evening in stealing the queen herself, you shall be hanged on the highest tree in the park."

In vain did the little man wring his hands and implore for mercy. The king was obdurate. "Unless you succeed before to-morrow evening in stealing the queen herself, you shall be hanged."

"Then I shall be hanged," said the little man.

"Then you shall be hanged," echoed all the officers of the guard.

The king gave vent to a loud laugh as his victim left the room. The king rarely laughed except at the troubles of others.

"Take care," muttered the little mouse-coloured man. "Laugh

away now. You may laugh on the other side of your mouth to-morrow."

That same evening towards dusk a holy friar might have been seen slowly wending his way towards the palace to collect alms and broken meat for the poor. He begged of every one he met, and when the queen had contributed her mite he thanked her humbly.

"Heaven will recompense your gracious majesty," he said with a profound bow.

"Your majesty is both merciful and liberal," he then added, "and pities, I am sure, the poor unfortunate who to-morrow will expiate his crimes on the gibbet."

"Ah! indeed I do," replied the queen. "But how can I help him? The king will not listen to my intercessions on his behalf."

"Your majesty may not be able to save his life, but your majesty might comfort his last hours. He is very anxious to see you."

"Oh, but that is not possible, holy father, neither do I desire it. I am frightened of the little man."

The friar smiled a sad smile. "He cannot harm you now, and he would not if he could. He merely wishes to impart to you a secret of the utmost importance."

"A secret!" exclaimed the queen, to whom few people imparted secrets. "I should like to know a secret."

"He has three to impart."

"Three secrets! how delightful! Tell me what they are."

"The first secret will enable you always to get your own way."

"Thank you," exclaimed the queen disdainfully; "I can do that—every woman can."

"The second will teach you how to retain the affection of all around you."

The queen tossed her head again. "I don't call that a secret worth possessing."

"And the third is the secret of life-long beauty."

The queen jumped up and clapped her hands. "I'll learn that."

"Then you must be quick about it, for the little man can only reveal his secrets whilst he is free. The moment he becomes a prisoner he loses his power of imparting them."

"Then take me to him at once—but stop—I forgot—the king has

given strict orders that I am not to leave the house. Oh! what am I to do?"

"I am very sorry for you," said the friar coolly. "It would have been pleasant to learn the secret of perpetual beauty, to be as lovely at sixty as at sixteen. But since the king has forbidden you to leave the house, the secret must die with its present possessor unless——"

"Unless what?" asked the queen eagerly.

"Unless you will trust yourself to my keeping. I will undertake to convey you to the little mouse-coloured man."

"Oh! I daren't," said the queen; "I daren't; the king would kill me if he caught me."

"Then the king is a wicked tyrant, who does not deserve to be obeyed. But if you won't come, why, the secret must die with its possessor, unless——"

"Unless what?" asked the queen eagerly.

"Unless some more trusting lady chooses to confide herself to my care."

It was bad enough to remain in ignorance of the secret herself, but to hear that another woman might acquire the knowledge which she so ardently coveted, was gall and wormwood to the queen. [She hesitated for a minute, and then said boldly—

"Take me with you. I trust myself to you. But if you betray my trust—if this is some snare you are spreading for me——"

"Have no fears. I won't leave you for a single moment. The whole time you are with the little man I will remain by your side. He will just blow into your hair three times, whisper the secret into your ear, and then you shall return to the palace as you left it *with me*. Jump into the sack before any one comes."

The queen obeyed, and five minutes later the worthy friar was trudging across the park, his bundle on his back. Presently he met the king.

"Good evening, father," said his majesty. "You seem to have made a good collection to-day. Your bag looks full; it must be heavy to carry."

"If your majesty thinks I have imposed upon the liberality of your household, I will empty my bag and show your majesty——"

"Oh dear no. You are very welcome, father, to whatever you

can pick up at the palace. Wretched scraps I've no doubt they are! I only hope that amongst them you will find something to sup off."

"Your majesty is too kind. I wish your majesty a good appetite for supper."

"Thank you, father. Good evening."

"I have a splendid appetite," muttered the king as he walked towards the palace; "never had a better in my life. Nothing gives me such a good appetite as the prospect of hanging a villain—particularly a clever villain. There is no fun in catching a goose; any one can do that."

"Is supper ready?" asked the king as he entered the hall.

"Yes, sire, quite ready."

"And where is her majesty?"

"She is not come down yet, sire."

"Of course not. Unpunctuality is woman's favourite virtue."

Whilst the king was waiting for his royal spouse, an officer of the guard came in and informed his majesty that "somebody wished to speak with him."

"I can't see anybody!" shouted the king; "I'm just going to supper."

"Sire," returned the officer, "the person of whom I am speaking is—the little mouse-coloured man. We would have hanged him then and there at the castle gates, but he told us he had a message of importance to deliver to you—some state secret that had been confided to him by the queen."

"By the queen!" shouted the king. "Is it possible? He has actually stolen the queen. Bring him hither."

The little mouse-coloured man entered, made a low bow to the king and another to the officers of the court, and then waited to hear what the former had to say to him. There was nothing meek or humble in the little man's demeanour now. On the contrary, he looked as if to say, "Catch me if you can!"

"What have you done with the queen?" roared the king.

"Don't put yourself out about her. She is all right. She'll be here directly," was the calm reply.

"You have stolen her, you thief!"

"You ordered me to do so."

"But how? when? where did you steal her?"

"Did you not pass a friar on your road home?"

"Yes."

"I was the friar."

"And my wife was in the sack?"

"Yes, and she will be here directly. My grand chamberlain is escorting her home."

"Your grand chamberlain!"

"Yes. *My* grand chamberlain. King, I may as well tell you at once who I am."

"Pray do, for I am beginning to think you are the old gentleman himself. Why, some day or other you'll be carrying *me* off, and my kingdom into the bargain."

"I shall be delighted to do so if ever I have the opportunity; not that I have any desire to make war upon you. I wish for peace and goodwill——"

"Yes, but *who* are you?" interrupted the king testily.

"I am the Prince of Torfa. I was on my way hither to ask your consent to my marriage with your only daughter, when a sudden storm compelled me to take refuge with my chamberlain in the priest's cottage at Skalkolt. After leaving the cottage, chance threw me in the way of that most simple-minded of peasants, poor old Fritz, with whom I have lodged ever since. I found the good man and his wife starving, and as a prince, I naturally could not accept their hospitality without making them some return. Not having my purse with me, I raised a forced loan, and——"

"Oh yes, we know all about that," interrupted the king.

"And I am happy to add," continued the prince, "that the worthy couple have been no losers by having me for their guest. Their table has been well supplied——"

"At my expense, sirrah."

"True, at your expense. But I really thought that my father-in-law would not grudge me a few sheep and cows. For the subsequent inconvenience I have caused you in disturbing your night's rest, and in alarming her majesty I am truly sorry. But you must remember that all that I have done, I have done at your command."

"Ye—es," replied the king thoughtfully; that is certainly the case. And any way, prince, I had rather have you as a son-in-law than as

a neighbour, particularly when you happen to be lodging with hungry peasants. Therefore when the queen comes——”

“Here she is!”

The queen entered, looking decidedly sheepish; but she soon recovered her spirits upon learning that she was to become mother-in-law to so very clever a person as the little mouse-coloured man.

“And the secret?” she whispered to him, “you have never told it to me.”

“The secret of perpetual beauty is to be always beloved.”

“And how can one be always beloved?”

“By always being simple, kindly, and true.”

“And this man dares to call himself a magician!” exclaimed the queen, throwing up her hands in amazement at his impudence.

“Have done with all that whispering,” roared the king, who began to suspect some fresh snare. “Prince, after you are married, you will doubtless have quite as many opportunities as you desire for conversing with your mother-in-law. I should advise you now to come to supper. To-morrow will be your wedding-day. Enjoy yourself as long as you can, or in the words of the poet, ‘*vive hodie*.’”

And here I must bring my story to a conclusion, a marriage being the proper end of every tale. But history does tell us something more concerning the Prince of Torfa. It relates how he succeeded his father-in-law, and how he “annexed!” six thousand acres of snow from the territory of a neighbouring potentate, which, knowing what we do of the prince’s habits, we can well believe.

The Prince of Torfa has been the hero of my tale, but he is not my ideal hero. I hope he is not yours! *My* ideal hero fears none but God, and would scorn to tell a lie, to cheat, or to defraud, even to save himself from starvation. Of course we must admire shrewdness, perseverance, and quickwittedness wherever we meet them; and for these qualities we must award the Prince of Torfa his due meed of praise: but at the same time we cannot help despising him for his lack of that glorious courage, the first fruits of which are honour and truth.

MINNIE YOUNG.



WE AND THE WORLD.

By J. H. Ewing, Author of 'Six to Sixteen,' &c.

CHAPTER VI.

"Why, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a wiping?
A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way;
'Tis nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping,
But they that ha'n't pity, why I pities they.

* * * * *

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion,
And if both shed their drops, 'tis all the same end;
And thus 'tis that every tight lad of the ocean
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend."

Charles Dibdin.

IF one wants to find the value of all he has learned in the way of righteousness, common sense, and real skill of any sort; or to reap most quickly what he has sown to obedience, industry, and endurance, let him go out and rough it in the world.

There he shall find that a conscience early trained to resist temptation and to feel shame will be to him the instinctive clutch that may now and again—in an ungraceful, anyhow fashion—keep him from slipping down to perdition, and save his soul alive. There he shall find that whatever he has really learned by labour or grasped with inborn talent, will sooner or later come to the surface to his credit and for his good; but that what he swaggers will not even find fair play. There, in brief, he shall find his level—a great matter for most men. There, in fine, he will discover that there being a great deal of human nature in all men, and a great deal that is common to all lives—if he has learned to learn and is good-natured withal, he may live pretty comfortably anywhere—

"As a rough rule,
The rough world's a good school,"—

and if there are a few parlour-boarders it is very little advantage to them.

For my own part I was almost startled to find how quickly I was beginning to learn something of the ways of the ship and her crew; and though, when I asked for information about all the various appliances which come under the comprehensive sea-name of "tackle," I was again and again made the victim of a hoax, I soon learned to correct one piece of information by another, and to feel less of an April fool and more of a sailor. Reading sea-novels had not really taught me much, for there was not one in all that the Jew clerk lent or sold me which *explained* ship's language and customs. But the schoolmaster had given me many useful hints, and experience soon taught me how to apply them.

The watch in which Alister and I shared just after we picked up Dennis O'Moore, was naturally very much enlivened by news and surmises regarding our new "hand." Word soon came up from below that he was alive and likely to recover, and for a brief period I found my society in great request, because I had been employed in some fetching and carrying between the galley and the steerage, and had "heard the drowned man groan." We should have gossiped more than we did if the vessel had not exacted unusual attention, for the winds and the waves had "plenty of mischief in 'em" yet, as I was well able to testify when I was sent aft to help the man at the wheel.

"That'll take the starch out o' yer Sunday stick-ups!" said the boatswain's mate, on hearing where I was bound for, when he met me clinging to the wet deck with my stocking feet, and catching with my hands at every bit of tackle capable of giving support. And as I put out all my strength to help the steersman to force his wheel in the direction he meant it to go, and the salt spray smacked my face and soaked my slops, and every wind of heaven seemed to blow down my neck and up my sleeves and trousers—I heartily agreed with him.

The man I was helping never spoke, except to shout some brief order into my ear or an occasional reply to the words of command which rang over our heads from the captain on the bridge. Of course I did not speak, I had quite enough to do to keep my footing and take my small part in this fierce biting and bridling of the elements; but uncomfortable as it was, I "took a pride and pleasure in it," as we used to say at home, and I already felt that strenuous

something which blows in sea-breezes and gives vigour to mind and body even when it chills you to the bone.

That is, to some people ; there are plenty of men, as I have since discovered, who spend their lives at sea and hate it to the end. Boy and man, they do their hard duty and live by its pitiful recompense. They know the sea as well as other mariners, are used to her uncertain ways, bear her rough usage, control her stormy humours, learn all her moods, and *never feel her charm*.

I have seen two such cases, and I have heard of more, yarned with all their melancholy details during those night-watches in which men will tell you the ins and outs of many a queer story that they "never talk about." And it has convinced me that there is no more cruel blunder than to send a boy to sea, if there is good reason to believe that he will never like it; unless it be that of withholding from its noble service those sailor-lads born, in whose ears the sea-shell will murmur till they die.

It had murmured in mine, and enticed me to my fate. I thought so now that I knew the roughest of the other side of the question, just as much as when I sat comfortably on the frilled cushion of the round-backed arm-chair, and read the 'Penny Numbers' to the Bee-master. Bare-foot, bare-headed, cold, wet, sea-sick, hard-worked and half-rested, would I even now exchange the life I had chosen for the life I had left?—for the desk next to the Jew clerk, for the partnership, to be my uncle's heir, to be mayor, to be member? I asked myself the question as I stood by the steersman, and with every drive of the wheel I answered it—"No, Moses! No! No!"

It is not wise to think hard when you are working hard at mechanical work, in a blustering wind and a night watch. Fatigue and open air make you sleepy, and thinking makes you forget where you are, and if your work is mechanical you do it unconsciously, and may fall asleep over it. I dozed more than once, and woke with the horrible idea that I had lost my hold, and was not doing my work. That woke me effectually, but even then I had to look at my hands to see that they were there. I pushed, but I could not feel, my fingers were so numb with cold.

The second time I dozed and started again, I heard the captain's voice close beside us. He was bawling upwards now, to Mr. Waters on the bridge. Then he pushed me on one side and took my place

at the wheel, shouting to the steersman—"I meant the Scotch lad, not that boy."

"He's strong enough, and steady too," was the reply.

They both drove the wheel in silence, and I held on by a coil of heavy rope, and sucked my fingers to warm them, and very salt they tasted. Then the captain left the wheel and turned to me again.

"Are you cold?"

"Rather, sir."

"You may go below, and see if the cook can spare you a cup of coffee."

"Thank you, sir."

"But first find Mr. Johnson, and send him here."

"Yes, sir."

Whilst the captain was talking, I began to think of Dennis O'Moore, and how he groaned, and to wonder whether it was true that he would get better, and whether it would be improper to ask the captain, who would not be likely to humbug me, if he answered at all.

"Well?" said the captain sharply, "what are you standing there like a stuck pig for?"

I saluted. "Please, sir, *will* he get better?"

"What the — Oh, yes. And hi, you!"

"Yes, sir?"

"He's in the steerage. You may go and see if he wants anything, and attend on him. You may remain below at present."

"Thank you, sir."

I lost no time in finding Mr. Johnson, and I got a delicious cup of coffee and half a biscuit from the cook, who favoured me in consequence of the conscientious scouring I had bestowed upon his pans. Then mightily warmed and refreshed, I made my way to the side of the hammock I had swung for the rescued lad, and by the light of a swinging lamp saw his dark head buried in his arms.

When I said, "Do you want anything?" he lifted his face with a jerk, and looked at me.

"Not I—much obliged," he said, smiling, and still staring hard. He had teeth like the half-caste, but the resemblance stopped there.

"The captain said I might come and look after you, but if you want to go to sleep, do," said I.

"Why would I, if you'll talk to me a bit?" was his reply; and resting his head on the edge of his hammock and looking me well over, he added, "Did they pick you up and all?"

I laughed and wrung some salt water out of my sleeve.

"No. I've not been in the sea, but I've been on deck, and it's just as wet. It always is wet at sea," I added in a tone of experience.

His eyes twinkled as if I amused him. "That, indeed? And yourself, are ye—a midshipman?"

It had been taken for granted that our new hand was "a gentleman." I never doubted it, though he spoke with an accent that certainly recalled old Biddy Macartney; a sort of soft ghost of a brogue with a turn up at the end of it, as if every sentence came sliding and finished with a spring, and I did wish I could have introduced myself as a midshipman—instead of having to mutter, "No, I'm a stowaway."

He raised himself higher in his hammock.

"A stowaway? What fun! And what made ye go? Were ye up to some kind of diversion at home, and had to come out of it, eh? Or were ye bored to extinction, or what? (Country life in England is mighty dull, so they tell me.) I suppose it was French leave that ye took, as ye say you're a stowaway? I'm asking ye a heap of impertinent questions, bad manners to me!"

Which was true. But he asked them so kindly and eagerly, I could only feel that sympathy is a very pleasant thing, even when it takes the form of a catechism that is all questions, and no room for the answers. Moreover, I suspect that he rattled on partly to give me time to leave off blushing and feel at ease with him.

"I ran away because of several things," said I. "I always did want to see the world"—("And why wouldn't ye?" my new friend hastily interpolated). "But even if I had stayed at home I don't believe I should ever have got to like being a lawyer"—("Small chance of it, I should say, the quill-driving thievery!") "It was my uncle's office"—("I ask his pardon and yours"). "Oh, you may say what you like. I never could get on with him. I don't mean that

he was cruel to me in the least, though I think he behaved shabbily——”

“Faith, it’s a way they have! I’ve an uncle myself that’s a sort of first cousin of my father’s, and six foot three in his stockings, without a drop of good-nature in the full length of him.”

“Where is your home?” said I, for it certainly was my turn to ask questions.

“Where would it be—but old Ireland?” And after a moment’s pause he added, “They call me Dennis O’Moore. What’s *your* name, ye enterprising little stowaway?”

I told him. “And where were you going in your boat, and how did you get upset?” I asked.

He sighed. “It was the old hooker we started in, bad luck to her!”

“Is that the name of the boat you were holding on to?”

“*That* boat? No! We borrowed *her*—and now ye remind me, I wouldn’t be surprised if Tim Brady was missing her by this time, for I had no leisure to ask his leave at the time, and, as a rule, we take our own coracle in the hooker——”

“What is a hooker?” I interrupted, for I was resolved to know.

“What’s a hooker? A hooker—what a catechetical little chatter-box ye are! A man can’t get a word in edgeways—a hooker’s a boat. Ours was a twenty-ton, half-decked, cutter-rigged sort of a thing, built for nothing in particular, and always used for everything. It was lucky for me we took Tim Brady’s boat instead of the coracle, or I’d be now where—where poor Barney is. Oh, Barney, Barney! How’ll I ever get over it? Why did ye never learn to swim, so fond of the water as ye were? Why couldn’t ye hold on to me when I got a good grip of ye? Barney, dear, I’ve a notion in my heart that ye left your hold on purpose, and threw away your own life that ye mightn’t risk mine. And now I’ll never know, for ye’ll never be able to tell me. Tim Brady’s boat would have held two as easy as one, Barney, and maybe the old hooker’d have weathered the storm with a few more repairs about her, that the squire always intended, as no one knows better than yourself! Oh, dear! oh, dear! But—Heaven forgive us!—putting off’s been the ruin of the O’Moorees from time out of mind. And now you’re dead and gone—dead and gone! But oh, Barney, Barney, if prayers can give your

soul ease, you'll not want them while Dennis O'Moore has breath to pray!"

I was beginning to discover that one of the first wonders of the world is that it contains a great many very good people, who are quite different from oneself and one's near relations. For I really was not conceited enough to disapprove of my new friend because he astonished me, though he certainly did do so. From the moment when Barney (whoever Barney might be) came into his head, everything else apparently went out of it. I am sure he quite forgot me.

For my own part, I gazed at him in blank amazement. I was not used to seeing a man give way to his feelings in public, still less to seeing a man cry in company, and least of all to see a man say his prayers when he was neither getting up nor going to bed, nor at church, nor at family worship, and before a stranger too! For, as he finished his sentence he touched his curls, and then the place where his crucifix lay, and then made a rapid movement from shoulder to shoulder, and then buried his head in his hands, and lay silent, praying, I had no manner of doubt, for "Barney's" soul.

His prayers did not take him very long, and he finished with a big sigh, and lifted his head again. When his eyes met mine he blushed, and said, "I ask your pardon, Jack; I'd forgotten ye. You're a kind-hearted little soul, and I'm mighty dull company for ye."

"No, you're not," said I. "But—I'm very sorry for you. Was 'Barney' your——?" and I stopped because I really did not know what relationship to suggest that would account for the outburst I had witnessed.

"Ah! ye may well say what was he—for what wasn't he—to me, anyhow? Jack! my mother died when I was born, and never a soul but Barney brought me up, for I wouldn't let 'em. He'd come with her from her old home when she married; and when she lay dead he was let into the room to look at her pretty face once more. Times out of mind has he told me how she lay, with the black lashes on her white cheeks, and the black crucifix on her breast, that they were going to bury with her; the women howling, and me kicking up an indecent row in a cradle in the next apartment, carrying on like a Turk if the nurse came near me, and most outrageously

disturbing the peace of the chamber of death. And what does Barney do, when he's said a prayer by the side of the mistress, but ask for the crucifix off her neck, that she'd worn all her girlhood? If the women howled before, they double-howled then, and would have turned him out neck and crop, but my father lifted his head from where he was lying speechless in a kind of a fit at the foot of the bed, and says he, 'Barney Barton! ye knew the sweet lady that lies there long before that too brief privilege was mine. Ye served her well, and ye've served me well for her sake; whatever ye ask for of hers in this hour ye'll get, Barney Barton. She trusted ye—and I may.' 'God bless ye, squire,' says Barney; and what does he do but go up to her and unloose the ribbon from her throat with his own hands. And away he went with the crucifix, past the women that couldn't get a sound out of them now, and past my father as silent as themselves, and into the room where I lay kicking up the devil's own din in my cradle. And when he held It up to me, with the light shining on the silver, and the black ribbons hanging down, never believe him if I didn't stop squalling, and stretch out my hands with a smile as sweet as sunshine. And Barney tied It round my neck, and took me into his arms. And they said he spoke never a word when they told him my mother was dead, and shed never a tear when he saw her lie, but he sobbed his heart out over me."

"You may well care for him!" said I.

"Indeed I may. He kept my mother's memory green in my heart, and he taught me all ever I knew but books. He taught me to walk, and he taught me to ride, and shooting, and fishing, and such like country diversions; and strange to say, he taught me to swim, the way they learn in my mother's country, with a bundle of bull-rushes—for the old man couldn't swim a stroke himself, or he might be here now, alive and hearty, please God."

"Were there only you and he in the hooker?"

"That's all. It was altogether sheer madness, for the old boat was barely fit for a day's fishing in fine weather, and though Barney nearly killed himself overhauling her, and patching her sails, I doubt if he knew very well what he was after. I've been thinking, Jack, that his mind was not what it was. He was always a bit obstinate, if he got a notion into his head, but of late the squire himself couldn't turn him. When he wanted to do a thing about the place that Barney didn't

approve, if he didn't give in (as he was apt to do, being easy tempered) I can tell ye he had to do it on the sly. That was how he ordered the new ploughs that nearly broke Barney's heart, both because of being new-fangled machines, and ready money having to be paid for them. 'I'll see the ould place ruined before ye come to your own, Master Dennis,' he told me. And—Jack! that's another thing makes me think what I tell ye. He was for ever talking as if the place was coming to me, and I've two brothers older than myself, let alone my sister. But ye might as well reason with the rook of Croagh Patrick! Well, if he didn't ask my father to let him and me run round in the hooker with a load of seaweed for Tim Brady's farm, and of course we got leave, and started as pleasant as could be; barring that if Barney'd been a year or two younger, there'd have been wigs on the green over the cold potatoes, before we got off."

"*Wigs on the green over cold potatoes?*" I repeated, in bewilderment.

"Tst! tst! little Saxon! I mean we'd have had a row over the provisions. It wasn't two hours' run round to Tim Brady's, and I found the old man stowing away half a peck of cold boiled potatoes, and big bottles of tea, and goodness knows what. 'Is it for ballast ye're using the potatoes, Barney?' says I. 'Mind your own business, Master Dennis'—(and I could see he was as cross as two sticks),—'and leave the provisioning to them that understands it,' says he. 'How many meals d'ye reckon to eat between this and Tim Brady's?' I went on just poking my fun at him, when—would ye believe it?—the old fellow fired up like a sky-rocket, and asked me if I grudged him the bit of food he ate, and Heaven knows what besides. 'Is it Dennis O'Moore you're speaking to?' says I, for I've not got the squire's easy temper, God forgive me! We were mighty near to a quarrel, Jack, I can tell ye, but some shadow of a notion flitting across my brain that the dear soul was not responsible entirely, stopped my tongue, and something else stopped his which I didn't know till we got to Tim Brady's, and found that all we wanted with him was to borrow his boat, and that the seaweed business was no better than a blind; for Barney had planned it all out that we were to go down to Galway and fetch the new ploughs home in the hooker, to save the cost of the land-carriage. 'Sure it's bad enough for the squire to be soiling his hands with trumpery made by them English thieves, that's no more conscience over bothering a gentle-

man for money nor if he was one of themselves,' said Barney; 'sorra a halfpenny shall the railway rogues rob him of.' Ah, little stow-away, ye may guess my delight! And hadn't we glorious weather at first, and wasn't the dear old man happy and proud! I can tell ye I yelled, and I sang, and I laughed, when I felt the old hooker begin to bound on the swell when we got out into the open, but not a look would Barney turn on me for minding the boat; but I could hear him chuckling to himself and muttering about the railway rogues. It wasn't much time we either of us had for talking, by-and-bye. I steered and saw to the main sheet, and Barney did look out and minded the foresail, Tim Brady's boat towing astern, getting such a dance as it never had before, and at last dragging upside down. We'd one thing in our favour, anyhow. There was no disputing or disturbing of our minds as to whether we'd turn back or not, for the gale was at our backs; and the old hooker was like my father's black mare—you might guide her, but she was neither to stop nor turn. How the gallant old boat held out as she did, Heaven knows! It was not till the main-sail had split into ribbons with a noise like a gun going off, and every seam was strained to leaking, and the sea came in faster than we could bale it out, that we righted Tim Brady's tub and got into her, and bade the old hooker good-bye. The boat was weather-tight enough—it was a false move of Barney's capsized her,—and I'd a good hold of her with one hand when I gripped him with the other. Oh! Barney dear! Why would ye always have your own way? Oh, why—why did ye loose your hold? Ye thought all hope was over, darling, didn't ye? Ah, if ye had but known the brave hearts that——"

I suppose it was because I was crying as well as Dennis that I did not see Mr. Johnson till he was standing by the Irish boy's hammock. I know I got a sound scolding for the state of his pulse (which the third mate seemed to understand, as he understood most other things), and was dismissed with some pithy hints about cultivating common-sense and not making a fool of myself. I sneaked off, and was thankful to meet Alister and pour out my tale to him, and ask if he thought that our new friend would have brain-fever, because I had let him talk about his shipwreck.

Alister was not quite so sympathetic as I had expected. He was so much shocked about the crucifix and about Dennis praying for Barney's soul, that he could think of nothing else. He didn't seem to

think that he would have fever, but he said he feared we had small reason to reckon on the prayers of the idolatrous ascending to the throne of grace. He told me a long story about the Protestant martyrs who were shut up in a dungeon under the sea, on the coast of Aberdeenshire, and it would have been very interesting if I hadn't been thinking of Dennis.

We had turned in for some sleep, and I was rolling myself in my blanket, when Alister called me :

"Jack ! Did ye ever read Fox's 'Book of Martyrs'?"

"No."

"It's a grand work, and it has some awful tales in it. When we've a bit of holiday leasure I'll tell ye some."

"Thank you, Alister."

(To be continued.)

DONKEY-RIDES AROUND CAIRO.

By Greville J. Chester, B.A.

VI.—MEMPHIS AND SAKKÂRA.

THE excursion of perhaps the most varied interest of all those around Cairo is that to Memphis and Sakkâra ; but as the distance is long we avail ourselves in going of the train to Upper Egypt, which is appointed to start from the absurdly remote station of Boulak Dacrour, on the western side of the Nile, at eight o'clock in the morning. After a tedious delay—for English management of railways in Egypt is the very reverse of a success—we stow ourselves, our donkey-boys, and our donkeys, in the filthy ramshackle old wagons of the train, and in little more than half an hour after starting we find ourselves at the station of Bedreshayn. Mounting our donkeys we skirt the village of that name, and in a short time find ourselves in the magnificent groves of palms which now shade the scanty remnants of the once colossal city of Memphis, at one time the capital of ancient Egypt.

Memphis stood in the rich flat plain ; and the existing mounds of earth and dust, which yield from time to time masses of carven granite and various objects of antiquity, occupy but a small portion

of the site of the ancient city. In winter and early spring a beautiful short turf—rare thing in Egypt—clothes the ground under the palms; and it is delightful to recline here, under the shade of the feathery branches, and to listen to the plaintive notes of the turtle doves above, and ponder on the wreck of human pride and power which lies around. Near the centre of the palm-groves is a depression which marks the site of a sacred lake; and near it, and the fragments of the Temple of Ptah, lies, with its face partly concealed in a puddle, the remains of a superb colossus of the great King Ramees. This splendid statue, which is the property of the British nation, is carved from a single block of pale limestone and is one of the finest relics of ancient Egyptian art in existence. The face, which is evidently a likeness of the great king, is polished and finished with the utmost care, and its expression is singularly beautiful. The public money would be well employed to transport this noble monument to England; but should governmental economy prevail until some Turkish Pasha has, as has too often been the case, burned it for lime for building purposes, is it too much to hope that some private citizen may be found to emulate the patriotic example of Dr. Erasmus Wilson, and convey it to England at his own expense?

After looking at a few other sculptural remains near the hamlet of Mitrahenny, we emerge from the palms, and ride through the breezy and fragrant fields of rich clover and flowering beans and springing corn to the village of Sakkâra, which gives its name to the neighbouring pyramids and necropolis. Here we are generally met by men and boys bringing for sale various ancient objects—mummy-cloth, sometimes inscribed with portions of the ritual of the dead, small sepulchral figures of earthenware, sacred amulets, and vases of alabaster and terracotta. Skirting this village also—for except we are very enthusiastic collectors there is little need to enter its dusty alleys—we enter another palm-grove on the verge of the desert, and shall do well if we give our donkeys a rest, and recline awhile on the sand and survey the scene. We are on that fascinating debateable strip of land which lies between the cultivated land and the desert, and in this particular instance *doubly* between life and death. On the one hand stretches away the rich cultivated plain, with its glorious, garden-like cultivation; on the other extends the vast trackless desert of sand and boulder and rock—the very dry bones of the

earth when unwatered, and consequently unclothed by verdure. On the one hand is life—the life of crowded Cairo and of many a thickly-peopled village—the life of beautiful domestic cattle—the life of pleasant birds—the life of patient, industrious peasants; on the other hand is death—the absence of animal and vegetable life, the desert marked here and there with the whitened bones of camels and horses and asses, and the vast burial-place, some fourteen miles in length, of ancient Memphis, where rifled graves and mummy-pits, of men and sacred oxen and ibises and hawks, are everywhere, and where to this day the bones of ancient men lie strewn about on the surface “like as when one breaketh and heweth wood upon the earth”

Rising from our rest upon the sand beneath the palms, we commence our slanting ascent of the rocky plateau of the necropolis. Tombs and sepulchral pits are seen on either side of the path; and if we delay but a few minutes the skull of an ancient Egyptian, mummy-cloth of many textures, beads of blue and green pottery, and fragments of alabaster and terracotta vases will reward our search amidst the sand. There are in Egypt many more relics of the dead than of the living inhabitants of ancient times.

Reaching the summit of the plateau, we see in front, standing amidst the graves, the strange-looking principal pyramid of Sakkâra. This monument, which is older than the pyramids of Geezeh, is, perhaps with the single exception of that of Meydoun, fifty miles higher up the Nile, the oldest pyramid in Egypt. It is believed to belong to the first dynasty of the ancient monarchy. Unlike others, it is built in five tiers or stages, each smaller than the one underneath it. The summit is about 190 feet from the plateau on which it stands. Half a mile beyond this pyramid is the marvellous burial-place of the sacred bulls, commonly called the Apis Mausoleum. The Bull Apis was, when alive, kept in great pomp in the city of Memphis below; and as they successively died, they were brought up for pompous burial in the necropolis above. On the surface of the ground above the mausoleum stood a temple called the Serapeum, with an avenue of sphynxes sculptured in stone. Near these were found many other curious statues of the Greek period, some of which are still visible above the sand. The mausoleum was discovered in 1861 by the eminent French Egyptologist, Mariette Bey. The whole is excavated in the solid rock, but a portion only is

now visible, that, viz., which contains the remains of the later Apises, those, viz., from 650 B.C. to about 50 B.C. Descending into the earth by a broad gradually-sloping passage, the traveller finds himself in a vast gallery, more than 210 yards in length. Opening out from this gallery right and left are square chambers, in each of which was buried an Apis with more than royal magnificence. Each bull was interred in a gigantic sarcophagus 13 ft. long and 11 ft. high, formed, with the lid, of two blocks of granite from the first cataract at Assouan. One sarcophagus only is of much smaller size than the rest, possibly because the therein-buried Apis died when he was still a calf. The granite is beautifully worked and polished, but only three of the coffins bear inscriptions. When an Apis died, general consternation and mourning prevailed throughout the length and breadth of the land; and these were only allayed when it was announced that the priests had discovered another bull with the requisite mysterious marks. What these were may be seen by observing the small bronze figures of Apis, which are of no rare occurrence.

Around the mausoleum, and the great staged pyramid and its companions, are seen on all sides the tombs of the inhabitants of ancient Memphis. Of these the most interesting—and indeed there are few in all Egypt which can vie with it in interest—is that of a priest named Tih, who lived as early as the fifth dynasty. The external chamber, or *mastabah*, having been destroyed, we descend at once into a pillared court, now open to the air, and pass thence into several chambers and passages whose walls of pale yellow limestone are covered with the most interesting and life-like sculptures. Here we may see the daily life of the old Memphite priest. In one place are his farm-buildings, with his cattle, pet animals, and poultry. Some of the latter are being crammed with pellets of flour by the servants, in order to fatten them. Agricultural scenes, such as ploughing, sowing, reaping, and gathering in the crops, are frequent, and are delineated with admirable variety and skill. Boat-builders ply their craft, and servants fish with huge nets, under their master's eye. Tih was, moreover, a sportsman, and he is seen in a marsh knocking down the water-fowl with a kind of *boomerang*, or curved stick, as they rise in the air. Underneath the boat are seen crocodiles and hippopotami, long ago extinct in Lower Egypt, and one of the latter has been

harpooned by the attendants. All the scenes depicted represent the happy and prosperous life of a well-to-do gentleman, as indeed is invariably the case in the tombs belonging to the early dynasties and the ancient empire. It was not until a later epoch that the symbols of death and the dread intermediate state, with their accompanying genii, serpents, jackals, and other lugubrious religious emblems, began to appear. This indeed forms the distinction between the monuments of the earliest and later periods of ancient Egyptian history.

Three miles to the south of the pyramids of Sakkâra are those of Dashoor. They are four in number, and two of them, like those of Howâra and Illahoon in the Fyoum, are made of crude brick. The two stone ones are of very large size. Near them is an oblong building, constructed of large stones, and probably of sepulchral origin. The Dashoor pyramids form the southern limit of the necropolis of Memphis.

As it is utterly uncertain at what time of the evening or night the train from Upper Egypt may arrive at Bedreshayn, we prefer to ride home direct. Skirting the desert at first, we pass amidst continual tombs as far as the ruinous pyramids of Aboûsir, and then strike across the plain to Geezeh. It is a delightful ride. The intensity of the greenness of the plain under the declining rays of the sun as they strike across the yellow sandhills to the left is indescribable. The air is fresh, but balmy, and exceeding sweet. The innumerable domestic animals (not yet in this place swept away to make room for sugar-fields for the Khedive), with their fellah owners, are wending homewards to the brown villages which rise like ant-hills from the plain. Blue-veiled girls of symmetrical form, with huge two-handled water-pots of pale yellow earthenware poised on their heads, are returning homewards from the canals and back-waters. Black and white kingfishers are poised over the still pools, and every now and then a huge fishing-hawk stoops down and then bears aloft his scaly prey for his evening meal. The sun sinks behind the western hills, and then the Mokattam range to the east becomes aflame with rose and crimson lights. It is a peaceful, happy scene, and it is a painful shock on nearing Geezeh to find oneself amongst the vulgar, pretentious palaces of the tyrant Khedive, founded as they are on human suffering, and cemented with human blood. The road is now blocked with the carts and wretched over-driven beasts of the impressed labourers, and mounted

guards ride about threatening the frightened rabble. At length we reach the bridge. An aged Arab widow, who has gone out to gather a few stalks of maize or dhourrah, or a few ounces of dried cowdung, for fuel, tries to pass in the press upon the bridge. But Effendina's tax-gatherer has seen her; he rushes forward, he rudely seizes her and swings her round, and drags her down the embankment, and there exacts the tax. Amidst scenes like these one ceases to wonder that the daily prayer is lifted up from thousands of Arab hearts and lips that Allah in His mercy will dispose the heart of England's Christian Queen to free the Muslim folk of Egypt from the Muslim yoke of the Turkish usurper.

VII.—THE MOSKS.

As Cairo is reputed to possess some five hundred Mosks, of which, however, many have been wantonly destroyed by the vandalism of the present Khediv, who seems to have a positive aversion of the ancient and the beautiful, it would take us some weeks of Donkey-rides to see the whole, and "AUNT JUDY" could not afford us space to describe them. We must therefore make a selection, and, armed with the proper police-order to inspect those Mosks which, like El Azhar, are not open to strangers, we must start betimes on our excursion.

Breakfasting early, for there is much work out for us during the day, we gallop down to Mus'r-el-Ateekeh, and there, a short distance from the southern side of the Roman fortress of Babylon, we descry the single minaret and rifted walls of the Gama Am'r, the earliest of all the Mosks of Egypt; that, viz., of the conqueror Am'r, A.D. 638. Dismounting from our donkeys we pick our way amidst a maze of miserable mud hovels, inhabited by poor potters, whose all but naked children come round us to beg for *backsheesh* and to offer for sale small toy hand-mills, and whistles in the shape of beasts, formed of the rudest terracotta.

We then enter the inclosure of the Mosk, which is of vast extent. In the centre of the great court is a ruinous fountain for ablution, and a few palms. On the western side, which is that by which we enter, there is a single line of columns, and on those to the north and south two rows, while to the east there are no less than six, which last, unlike the others, are all standing,

and being no less than 366 in number, form a perfect labyrinth of exceeding picturesqueness. The columns are of various rich marbles, and have all been torn from the ruins of temples of the Greek and Roman periods. One of these pillars bears the name of Mohammed on its surface, caused, according to popular estimation, by miraculous agency, but formed apparently by rapping the semi-crystalline surface in the desired shape by a small hammer. Close to it is a mark like that caused by the lash of a whip. Devout Muslims believe that this mark was made by the Khalif Omar, who when asked by Am'r for a column from Meccah, when engaged in erecting the Mosk, ordered a pillar from that shrine to betake itself to Cairo, and on its refusal to move struck it with his whip and left a mark upon the stone. The pillar, on being commanded for the fourth time in the name of Allah to depart, obeyed the Khalif's command, and mark and all flew away into Egypt. This silly legend is a fair sample of the innumerable superstitions of the Mohammedan religion. The arches which surmount the columns are of both the round and pointed form. This most ancient and interesting Mosk is now abandoned to decay and ruin.

Returning another way, we pass through the bare brown mounds of the original Arab capital which preceded Cairo, and which, it is said, had its name, *Fostat*, from the leathern tent of the victorious Am'r. Strewn about on the surface of the mounds, which in places bear the marks of the great fire by which the Arabs burnt their city in order to prevent it from falling into the hands of the crusaders under King Amaury, we find innumerable fragments of ancient Arabic glass and pottery, some of which bear Cufic inscriptions, green lamps of almost classic shape, and coin-weights of glass of the early Arabian Khalifs of Egypt. Every now and then flocks of huge vultures may be seen quarrelling over the carcasses of dead asses or camels, and towards evening it is a common occurrence to meet with foxes and jackals. Strange that at the sunset hour these brown barren mounds should assume the tints of rose and crimson; yet such are the magic effects of the Egyptian climate.

Passing the ruined Mosk of Abon Saoud, and leaving the tasteless sepulchres of the present Turkish dynasty on the right, we thread our way amidst the graceful Mosk-tombs of some of the old Arab Khalifs. The ground is everywhere honey-combed with tombs, and care must

be taken that we and our donkeys do not tumble into one by the breaking-in of the clay roof. At length we reach a flight of steps which leads up to the front of a building erected close in front of the precipitous face of the Gebel Mokattam. You cannot ride any further, so you must dismount, and now I will show you a place of extraordinary interest, although it is mentioned in none of the guide-books, and of course has never yet been seen by one of Cook's "personally conducted" tourists. The building already spoken of is a *tekeah* or convent of Bektashieh Derveeshes, whose sheyk, Abbas Baba, an old man of sweet manners and gentlemanlike courtesy, will at once allow us to enter the college. Passing through a passage we find ourselves in a small quiet court in which are tanks of water and numerous pots of plants, for the sheyk is a great florist. Immediately in front of us is the precipitous Gebel, in the face of which, surmounted by an ancient Arabic inscription finely cut in the rock, are two vast apertures, leading into a cave beyond, now used as a burying-place and a house of prayer. Entering, we find ourselves in an immense cavern hollowed out as a quarry at some unknown epoch of ancient Egyptian history. The roof is flat, and in places is supported by huge columns of unhewn rock, left there for that purpose when the excavation was originally made. The cavern is parcelled off by wooden screens, and here and there are seen upright tombstones bearing Arabic inscriptions. At the far end of the cave where the light is dim, and separated off by a screen of wood, is the tomb of the Sheyk Moghowri, who is said to have died in the third century of the Hegira, and whose memory is still held in much honour, a *moulid* or feast being held annually in his memory. Beside the tomb are huge candlesticks of massive silver. The order of the Bektashi Derveeshes, who now possess this cave and convent, was founded by the celebrated Hadji Bektash, a native of Khorasán, who died about A.D. 759. Nothing can exceed the strangeness and picturesqueness of this remarkable place, which is well suited to the quiet habits and contemplative tenets of the present occupants.

Starting once more, we re-enter Cairo by a gate in the wall behind the citadel, and passing the pompous and tasteless Moak erected by Mohammed Ali, and the half-ruined Moak of the great Saládm, with its cupolas covered with green tiles bordered by black and white Cufic inscriptions in the same material, we descend the hill and

alight at the door of the grandest monument of Arabian architecture in the world, the Gama Sultân Hassan.

This superb Mosk was begun in the year 1356 A.D., and was finished in three years. We enter through a magnificent portal no less than sixty-six feet in height, and after passing through a winding passage with stone roof, arrive at a low wooden barrier, where we are met by children who bring us straw shoes to put over our boots. Thus equipped we enter the great Court of Ablution. In the centre of this is the *méda'eh* or fountain for the use of the Arabs, another smaller one near it being set apart for the Turkish worshippers at the Mosk. The wooden canopies over these were beautifully carved and painted, but are now in the worst state of repair. From the four sides of the great court open out four gigantic pointed arches, under the south-eastern one of which is the stone *mimbar* or pulpit, low desks for the Korân, and the *kibleh* or niche which points towards Meccah, the latter being beautifully inlaid with coloured marbles of various colours. From this sanctuary we pass into the chapel, which contains the tomb of the Founder, and which lies behind it, just as the Tomb of Edward the Confessor lies behind the Sacrarium of Westminster Abbey. The door which is opened to admit us is extremely lofty, and is a perfect miracle of Arabian art. Nothing so fine can be seen elsewhere. It is entirely covered with plates and bosses of bronze inlaid with silver, and worked into innumerable geometrical patterns with consummate labour, taste, and skill. The *maksûra* or chapel, in which Sultan Hassan lies buried under a singularly plain tomb, is an imposing building surmounted by a splendid dome. It, like the rest of this unequalled Mosk, is in a state of the utmost neglect and dilapidation, for the rôle of the Khedîv is to devastate and destroy, not to repair or to restore. The minaret of this Mosk, it should be remarked, is the loftiest in Cairo. To the architectural student, Sultân Hassan is a monument of the utmost importance, and no one can see it without being deeply impressed by its vast size, its perfect proportions, and by the beauty of its smallest details.

Time will just permit us, ere the sun sets and we return to the Hotel du Nil, to visit the Gama el Azhar, which is situated in a crowded quarter near the great thoroughfare called the Moosky. This Mosk is approached by no less than six gates, which lead into a vast central court, from which lead out numerous colonnades and

chapels. El Azhar is the University of Egypt, and the most frequented place of resort for students in the Mohammedan world. At the present time there are said to be nearly eleven thousand students, who are taught by some three hundred sheyks or professors. The course of instruction is a narrow one, being principally in the tenets of the Korân, and of the Mohammedan law, religious and secular, which have the Korân for their base. The students are classified according to their nation or their birthplace, and when engaged in study sit around their respective teachers on mats or carpets spread on the floor of different portions of the great court and its appendages, and separated from each other by screens of perforated woodwork. The various groups of students, coming as they do from such far distant parts of the earth which accept the creed of Islam, and exhibiting such different shades of colour and varieties of costume, afford a most lively and interesting spectacle, and one which no visitor to Cairo should fail to see.

(Concluded.)



THE ANCIENT MOSK OF TULUN, CAIRO.

TO A WAYSIDE BROOKLET.

(Sketch from Nature.)

PON the watery way

The waning moon looks down with fitful beam;
 And pattering raindrops trembling on the spray,
 In runnels stream.

And hush'd is Nature's breath;

Save for the wailing of the south wind's sigh,
 Bidding a long farewell to all beneath
 The lowering sky:

Save for thy gurgling song,

Charming the ear of night, O little brook,
 Gushing and bubbling blithesomely along
 Thy wayside nook.

No summer rill art thou,

Lingering 'mid primrose-bank, serene and clear,
 But underneath the black and leafless bough,
 And hedgerow sere.

Thy turbid wavelets glide,

Swollen with tears from many a passing cloud,
 And tinged in hue as Tiber's yellow tide,
 Thy tiny flood!

Nathless, O tinkling rill,

Thy voice methinks 'midst shadows whispering,
 Rings gladsome as the many-throated trill
 Of birds in spring!

So life's dark stream flows on

By earth defiled, perturbed by grief and care;
 Yet, tho' each scene that cheer'd in days long gone
 Shows sad and bare,

Within the weary breast

Low murmurs echo, rippling o'er the clay,
 Breathing of "pastures fair," of hope and rest,
 Far—far away!

ARABELLA STUART.

IN a princely mansion standing in a deep and lovely valley, near the foot of lofty hills, covered with woods, and in the shadow of the Peak, with the beautiful Derwent meandering like a silver band through the forest glades—the gay voices of song-birds and the soft cooing of doves for music—lived about three hundred years since a little girl, in whose happy face it would have been hard to read the sad destiny that afterwards awaited her. Arabella Stuart, for such was the name of our little heroine, was the daughter of Charles Stuart (brother of the Earl of Darnley), and Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of the famous Countess of Shrewsbury, of whom I will tell you some other time. In her early childhood Arabella lost both her parents, and was brought up almost entirely at Chatsworth, by her grandmother, with whom she was the object of the tenderest care and solicitude, and who used to call her “my sweete juyll.”

Queen Elizabeth granted to the Countess a pension of £200 a year towards Arabella’s education, which was not neglected, as is shown by the following little postscript in French, written at the end of a letter from Gilbert Talbot, her uncle, to Lord Burghley, the Lord Treasurer, and which was possibly intended to be brought under the notice of the Queen :

“Je priez Dieu Monsr. vous donner en parfaicte et entière santé, tout heureux, et bon succès, et serez preste à vous faire tout honneur et service.”

“ARABELLA STEWART.”

The Lord Treasurer was evidently much impressed with this proof of Arabella’s learning, and took a great interest in her, for immediately after, he formed plans for her establishment, which if they had been carried out would have entirely altered the current of her life, for by her affinity with Elizabeth and James I. she was placed very near the throne, too near indeed, for her own happiness and security, as she was always regarded with distrust by both these sovereigns. Lady Shrewsbury was often anxious that the Queen should entirely adopt

her little charge, doubtless hoping she would eventually declare her her heir; but Elizabeth's known disinclination to appoint any successor at all, joined to her vanity and jealousy of any one dividing the notice she considered her due, prevented her doing so, though perhaps at one time she might have been disposed to accede to Lady Shrewsbury's wish.

In 1594, Elizabeth had really some cause for an exhibition of her dislike to poor Arabella, as a Roman Catholic priest, called Father Parsons, took upon himself to write a pamphlet making public all the reasons why Arabella should become Queen on Elizabeth's death; and by dragging forward her name in every court of Europe, made her an object of importance in quarters where until then she had been little thought of. Now Elizabeth, although she knew that Arabella was innocent of all this sensation, could not help venting her anger on our heroine. She had also an additional source of discontent in the marriage which King James had projected for the Lady Arabella with Esmé Stuart, whom he had made Duke of Lennox, and whom before he had children of his own he had treated as his heir. Elizabeth with her usual envy disliked the idea of Arabella marrying any one, and when a little later a son of the Earl of Northumberland wanted to make her his wife, she became very angry, and one of the last acts of her life was to put Arabella in confinement for this offence; the idea of the marriage was however abandoned, and the Queen, thinking she had punished Arabella enough, contented herself with releasing her. Soon after this, in 1603, the Queen died without even at the last making known her wishes as to who should succeed her; certainly these could never have been directed to James, the son of a woman she had put to death and hated, and himself a man of whom she had always spoken with contempt. This uncertainty caused Arabella to become a mark for the dislike and distrust of the vindictive James; a feeling which was heightened by the misplaced endeavours of those who wished to see her in a higher position than the one she at present occupied.

Elizabeth's ministers, however, had decided to support the claim of James, and the fond old Countess now saw the crown, with which in so many happy day-dreams she had decked the brow of her darling, snatched away and given to the son of Mary Stuart, of whom for sixteen years she had been the jailer, and towards whom she has never been accused of unnecessary kindness. The old Countess would

not give up all hope : James was so little liked in his manners and habits, and moreover the people were scarcely prepared for his arrival ; whereas, the Lady Arabella was born among them, and, in fact the poor Countess convinced herself by a thousand reasons that what she wished for must come to pass.

James now arrived, and scarcely was he seated on the throne, when danger again threatened Arabella, by a conspiracy, into which Sir Walter Raleigh was accused of entering, with the object of placing her on the throne. During Raleigh's trial her name was mentioned, at which the Lord Chancellor rose, and vindicated her, saying : " She is as innocent of all these things as I or any man here, only she received a letter from my Lord Cobham to prepare her, which she laughed at, and immediately sent it to the king." Evidently she had not raised the suspicious king's alarm this time, as about this period he made her an allowance of £800 a year, and £200 to pay some of her more pressing debts. Though, as I have said, she had from the first been no great favourite with James, still she lived in the Court of his Queen, Anne of Denmark, who appears to have treated her with great kindness, and on the birth of her daughter Princess Mary, in 1605, the Lady Arabella was chosen godmother.

The King of Poland now proposed for Arabella Stuart's hand, but was refused by James, who, it would seem after Queen Elizabeth's refusal to let her marry his protégé, Esmé Stuart, had also taken the same resolve as she had done, and made up his mind that Arabella should not marry at all ; however, the young lady soon after took this matter into her own hands by secretly allying herself to William Seymour, second son of Lord Beauchamp, and grandson of the Earl of Hertford.

This event happened early in 1609, but for a little while the lovers contrived to avoid discovery, and gave themselves up to the happiness of one another's society ; their manner, however, finally betrayed them to the sharp eyes of the suspicious James, though he did not seem wishful to acknowledge what he knew or guessed, and pretended to be vastly scandalised at what he was pleased to call Seymour's presumption and Arabella's trifling. Frightened at this outburst, the unhappy pair dared not tell the truth, but trusted to future events to set matters straight. Court-ceremonial does not stop, though the hearts of all the actors in the pageants may be breaking, and so our

poor Arabella found, for from her position she was obliged to appear in many a gay scene with but a heavy heart; she and her husband dared see little or nothing of one another, but were both obliged to act their parts. Often must her thoughts have escaped from her gay surroundings, and flown back to the quiet leafy shades of her old homes of Chatsworth and Hardwick, and often must she have longed for the advice and sympathy of her grandmother, for whose loss two years since, in 1607, she had mourned most truly. The news of Arabella's marriage oozed out soon after this; James's wrath followed quick upon the discovery, and the hapless wife was hurried off to Lambeth, to the custody of Sir Thomas Parry, and her husband lodged in the tower; whence he was summoned before the Privy Council and upbraided for presumption in daring to ally himself with the royal blood, "without the king's leave."

Things were not at their worst yet, for Arabella walked in the garden daily; Seymour was a prisoner on parole at the tower, and though they could not see one another, they could and did write to assure each other of their affection. This correspondence did not long escape the knowledge of their enemies, and the king resolved upon sending Arabella Seymour to the Bishop of Durham, with injunctions to keep a strict watch over her. Poor girl! the idea of this journey, which would separate her so far from the husband of her love, came as a great trial to her; her spirits gave way and when she had to begin her journey she was so unwell that she could only travel in a litter. When Highgate was reached her physician found her so much worse, that he hastened back to the king and said his patient could not proceed.

After much discussion, and very much against his will, James agreed to allow her to remain a month at Highgate, and again after that another month was granted, at the end of which time the preparations for proceeding on the journey to Durham again commenced; but, wonderful to tell, this time with no despair on Arabella's part, as she even declared her willingness to go, and her tranquillity quieted the suspicions of her keepers. But Arabella was not in such an obedient frame of mind as she tried to make others believe, for the very day before the journey was to be undertaken, she, assisted by one of her attendants, on pretence of paying a last visit to her husband, attired herself in a most elaborate disguise; put on gentlemen's clothes; a peruke with long locks, a black hat, a black cloak, russet boots with red tops, with a

rapier by her side, and stole out about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At a little distance she met a confederate waiting with horses, which were quickly mounted, and at six o'clock Blackwall was reached, where a boat and servants were ready for her. Arabella embarked, and was taken to Lee; here she found a French vessel waiting to receive her, but as there were no signs of Seymour's arrival, she did not wish to leave, knowing that if he had not failed in his escape he would not delay in making his appearance at the rendezvous. The servants, who had no considerations of this sort to occupy them, and conscious of the danger of being overtaken by a king's ship, insisted on joining the French vessel. Seymour meanwhile had escaped and arrived at Lee only to find his wife gone; in despair, he at length met with a ship from Newcastle, this he bribed to alter its course and it finally deposited him in Flanders. But in London now all had been discovered, the escape of Lady Arabella and the flight of Seymour; in hot haste the fugitives were pursued, couriers urged to vie with the wind in swiftness, and postmasters roused at all hours for horses. Alas! now comes the dark page of my poor heroine's story—left tossing on the sea, with no loving husband near to support her, gazing eagerly along the expanse of waters for some sign of his coming, her heart sunk, for no sound but the flapping of the sails, the mournful plashing of the waves, caught her ear, and when at length a vessel did appear, raising her hopes—alas! only to extinguish them for ever, it was a king's ship, and the seal of her misfortune.

She was brought back this time to even stricter ward in the gloomy tower, whence her lord had fled to join her and seek in a foreign land the happiness denied them in their own. She was arraigned for the great and heinous offence of marrying the man she loved, without the king's consent! Her aunt, Mary Countess of Shrewsbury, was imprisoned as having aided her; Seymour's grandfather, the Earl of Hertford, brought to London to be interrogated, and finally imprisoned; and Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, ordered to consider himself a prisoner in his own house. Lady Arabella had now no friend left; she had tried to hope while hope seemed possible, but now the blackness of despair came over her; her mind refused to bear the weight of agony; in vain she tried to rally her flagging powers; in vain she wrote pathetic petitions to the king—all with no effect; gradually she sank into a state of helpless idiocy; the light of her once brilliant

intelligence was quenched in utter darkness, and, after lingering on in this wretched manner for four years, she expired on the 16th of September, 1615, of a broken heart; the innocent martyr to the ambition of her so-called friends, and the petty jealousies and distrust of her royal relatives; being thus one more instance that proximity to a crown, even when united to every virtue, does not necessarily bring unmixed happiness.

L. M. C. LAMB.

COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

All replies must be signed with initials, and sent to the EDITOR, ECCLES-FIELD, SHEFFIELD, by the 20th of June. Each set must be accompanied by a separate paper giving full name and address, and stating whether the competitor is over or under 14 years of age. The marks will be published in August. It is also requested that care shall be taken to pay the full amount of postage, and that the replies, if written on more than one sheet, shall be fastened together.

QUESTIONS ON GEOLOGY.—JUNE.

1. EFINE the term "fossil," and explain the importance of fossil shells in the classification of strata in chronological order.
2. Define the terms "Pleistocene," "Pliocene," "Miocene," and "Eocene."
3. What name is given to the period of the newest or latest formed fossiliferous strata, and how is it distinguished from the Pleistocene period?
4. Mention any examples of this newest period in the British isles.
5. Give a short account of the Danish "Kitchen middens." To what geological period are they assigned? and mention any other example of the same period in Denmark.
6. State shortly the character of the fossil remains found in the lacustrine mud of the Swiss lakes. To what geological period is this mud assigned?

N.B. Competitors are asked to consult 'The Student's Elements of Geology,' by Sir Charles Lyell (Murray, price 9s.); and a reference to the same author's 'The Antiquity of Man' will also be found useful in answering the questions set during the ensuing months.

The following are the marks obtained by the several competitors for answers to questions set in April.

The full number of marks in each class was fixed at 120.

Class I., over 14 years of age.

A. L. F., 83.
 *A. M. S., 125.
 A. W. D., 70.
 A. M. G., 94.
 A. F. F., 118.
 B. E. B., 120.
 C. F. D., 82.
 C. M. Y., 120.
 C. D. H., 92.
 C. L. G., 64.
 D. E. D. P., 71.
 E. L., 89.
 E. C. E., 107.
 E. M. S., 90.
 E. E. S., 93.
 E. E., 72.
 E. B. C., 64.
 E. I. G., 73.
 E. T. M., 112.
 E. M. P., 79.
 E. B., 83.
 E. H., 95.
 E. & B. B., 82.
 E. I. N., 65.

F. C. G., 89.
 F. M. W., 80.
 F. S. G., 75.
 G. F., 84.
 G. M., 79.
 G. H., 87.
 G. A. R. D., 89.
 H. M. B., 97.
 J. C., 70.
 J. H. & E. W., 88.
 K. M. B., 117.
 K. M. W., 84.
 K. M. C., 65.
 K. A. W., 76.
 L. L., 79.
 L. S., 82.
 L. F. H. B., 71.
 M. A. E., 87.
 M. H., 84.
 M. A. P., 88.
 M. C., 109.
 M. M. S., 79.
 †M. D., 91.

M. G., 76.
 M. E. R., 72.
 M. I. M., 65.
 M. C. I. B., 73.
 M. E., 75.
 M. E. F., 64.
 M. E. D., 91.
 M. H. G., 88.
 M. E. P., 68.
 M. B. P. & K. P., 70.
 M. F. G., 82.
 M. M. D. S., 83.
 M. H. J., 86.
 M. A., 72.
 M. L., 85.
 M. R., 56.
 N. P. F., 110.
 R. W. L. P., 51.
 S. H. W., 78.
 S. L. H., 96.
 *T. A. A., 125.
 V. E. C., 55.
 W. G. S., 73.

Class II., under 14 years of age.

B. A. M., 69.
 C. K., 92.
 C. V., 108.
 C. M. A., 96.

D. J. M., 62.
 E. F., 87.
 E. M. P. B., 97.
 G. P., 72.

J. M. F. B., 68.
 G. D. N., 52.
 M. E. M., 83.
 M. E. G., 69.

* The Examiner feels again obliged to add extra marks beyond the usual 120 obtainable each month, in order to meet the case of competitors who are evidently expending an unusual amount of time and labour over the preparation of their answers, illustrating them by carefully drawn diagrams and numerous examples. It is impossible to overlook the very high standard of merit that has been attained in these instances, but at the same time the Examiner is far from wishing to dishearten those competitors who have not leisure for equally careful and laborious preparation, and yet are making substantial progress in their knowledge of the subject of the questions. He therefore begs it may be clearly understood that 120 marks must still be taken as representing a set of answers full, substantially correct, and solving within reasonable limits the main points raised by the questions.

† There being two M. D.'s, the Examiner distinguishes them as in the April list.

PRINCE DRAKELING.

(From the German.)



PRINCE Drakeling swam, with full-blown pride,
 Across the duck-pond's sheeny tide,
 And inly thought—"this lake so fine
 My kingdom is, by Right Divine;
 And, in yon noble flat-topped stone,
 The world may see my royal throne."



The Prince made haste his throne to gain,
 And gazed across his wide domain.
 A humble subject paddled near—
 "Approach," said Drakeling, "banish fear."

Two suppliant arms were raised on high—
 "I'll hurt thee not, thou may'st draw nigh."



A crawfish climbed up on the rock,
 Which gave the Prince's nerves a shock,
 Yet still the evil-looking thing,
 Bent very low before the King;
 "That's right, my Son, but from that stone
 Thou must descend, it is my throne."



The crawfish on the royal seat
 Serenely stayed, nor would retreat;
 "I say, my friend! do you not hear?
 Prince Drakeling 'tis, screams in your ear!
 Get down, you rogue, or I'll use force,
 And sweep you off without remorse!"

The crawfish nipped him by the leg—
 “What are you at? Let go, I beg!”



Let go! let go! you wretched wight!”
 But still the crawfish held on tight—
 “Help! help! Rebellion! Treason! Ho!
 (h, pardon! pardon! let me go!”



In vain.—In spite of kicks and cries,
 The crawfish clung fast to his prize,
 And held on till they reached the bank;
 Then loosed his hold and gently sank.
 The Prince slunk home with head hung down—
 Sighed sadly—and—*resigned the crown.*

B. Y. G. A.



THE GRASSHOPPER.



ONE day a grasshopper was singing in a field where the grass was rather long and he could not be very easily seen. People say they sing with their legs, making a noise by rubbing their knees together, which would be a funny sort of singing, if it is true.

I don't know how that may be, but he was singing a merry song which meant—

“A grasshopper leads a jolly life,
He dances and sings all day.”

He never got beyond that; he was too idle to try to learn any more; he didn't like work of any sort, and that's the truth of it.

Well, while he was singing, a cock sparrow was sitting on a tall piece of hemlock near him, looking out for something to eat, and when he heard the song he said to himself, “Oho! Mr. Greenshanks, I'll be after you. Won't you make me a nice supper?” So he listened and listened till he saw exactly where he was, and then he flew down to catch him.

But the grasshopper had his eyes wide open, and he had seen what the sparrow was about, and so he got himself ready for a spring.

Now a grasshopper can jump one hundred and fifty times his own length. If a man could do the same, he could jump—let me see—three hundred yards, I think. But I can't do figures, I am too old.

(Interpolation, with a kiss. “Oh, no, Mr. Pip, you're not too old for anything.”)

Well, as the sparrow flew down, the grasshopper made a spring, and jumped such a distance that the sparrow was thrown “all of a heap,” as people say. He fluttered back to his hemlock, and began to stare with his beak wide open, and looked as if he was saying, “Well! of all the jumps I ever saw! Well, to be sure!” and then he lifted up his claw and scratched the top of his head; and then he cleaned his beak against the hemlock, as birds do when they are considering anything very much, and thought what he should do next.

And just then the grasshopper began to sing his merry song again, and the sparrow said to himself, "Oh, there you are, are you; you chirping monkey? I'll have you yet." So he determined to go cunningly to work, and pretend not to have seen him, or to have meant any harm; and he looked round quite carelessly, as it were, and as if he didn't know there was such a thing as a grasshopper in the world, and began to sing his own little song in a sort of jaunty manner. But he took care to listen, and take notice exactly where the sound came from, and then he hopped down on the grass, and began to pick up seeds, and scratch his head, and look quite unconcerned. But all the while he kept his eye on the place where the grasshopper was, and he hopped nearer and nearer, and at last got so close to him that he thought he could reach him with one good hop more. But now you'll see what happened to him.

"There's many a slip
"Twixt the cup and the lip."

While he was getting nearer and nearer to the grasshopper, he was not aware that, all the while, a pussy-cat was creeping up, nearer and nearer to him.

(Interpolation, in great distress, "Oh, please, papa, don't let the cat eat the sparrow!")

Well, you'll see: and so, just as he was going to make another hop and gobble up poor little Greenshanks, the pussy-cat had got within half a yard of him, and was getting ready for her spring.

But people should always mind their own business first. While she was so busily watching the sparrow, and creeping up to him on her velvety feet, she did not perceive that Toby, the dog who had long had a quarrel with her, was slowly and quietly making his way towards her. But he was though, and in half a second more he would have had her in his mouth.

But ah, ah! Mr. Toby, you were out of your reckoning as much as the cat. Pussy and Toby belonged to the same master, Mr. Smith, and Toby had had many a beating for running after her; and so, when Mr. Smith happened to see Toby creeping towards her, he took up his big stick and determined to stop him. So he followed him very quietly, and had just got so close that he raised his stick to strike him; but he didn't see that he himself had put his foot close

to a wasp's nest, and that all the wasps were buzzing about him. And so, just as he was going to hit the dog, and the dog was going to spring on the cat, and the cat was going to pounce on the sparrow, and the sparrow was going to jump on the grasshopper, one of the wasps crept up and stung him on the leg so sharply that he let the stick fall, clapped his hand to the place, and cried out "Oh!"

The dog turned round and saw the man, the cat turned round and saw the dog, the sparrow turned round and saw the cat; off they all set as fast as their legs could carry them. The man rubbed his leg and the grasshopper clapped his knees together, and sang with all his might—

"A grasshopper leads a jolly life,
He dances and sings all day."

"And, I daresay, if you will go into the hayfield to-morrow morning, you will find him there, singing the same song."

(Conclusion and reward.)

"Oh, thank you, dear Mr. Pip, that's a beautiful story; please tell me another."

FRENCH PLAYS FOR ENGLISH SCHOOLROOMS.



We are beginning to recognise that the way to learn modern French is not to study books of the date of 'La jeune Sibérienne,' or 'Les Siècle de Louis Quatorze,' for excellent as such are as to style, they are useless as far as familiar every-day language goes. Where expressive intonation and fluency of speaking are desired, plays are very useful reading. But the difficulty is what to find.

For young children there are 'Le Théâtre du Petit Château,' by Macé, and the 'Théâtre de la Jeunesse,' of Souvestre, and for older readers we may recommend the beautiful drama of Mdlle. de la Seiglière, by Sandeau.

Some of Scribe's plays do very well for schoolroom reading, such as 'Un Verre d'eau,' though the history cannot be considered as exactly correct, since we find Queen Anne unmarried at the

time when the Duchess of Marlborough fell into disgrace for throwing a glass of water, of malice prepense, over her royal mistress. 'Le Cuisinier et le Secrétaire' is a gay little trifle, as is 'L'Habit vert' of Augier, one of the few by this author which can be put into the hands of the young. It is deeply to be regretted that a writer of such incontestable power, a leader of the school which, compared to that of the Realists, is pure and high minded, should too often deal with plots and characters intensely objectionable. 'Ceinture Dorée' is a fine play, free from anything objectionable, and a very good specimen of M. Augier's talent. The plot is simple; Roussel, a millionaire, enriched by means lawful but scarcely creditable, possesses one child, Caliste, a very attractive heroine, whose ambition is to be loved for herself, and not her wealth. Of course the origin of this wealth is unknown to her, and

accepted as all in the way of business by every one except De Trélan, the one man whom she esteems and loves, and who is deeply attached to her. His refusal to become the millionaire's son-in-law, when Roussel more than hints his willingness to accept him as such, awakens—perhaps rather improbably—the sleeping conscience of the man of business. Finally Roussel finds himself suddenly reduced to poverty by rash speculations, and De Trélan marries Caliste.

'L'Abbé de l'Épée' is a pretty play, but its author, Bouilly, takes great liberties with that well-known philanthropist, and the cause célèbre on which the play is founded. 'La Joie fait peur,' is another which would be totally unobjectionable, if it had not the common fault of French literature—that no one hesitates to lie, if it should suit him to do so. This mars De Trélan's fine character in 'Ceinture Dorée.' "Je vous

le jure!" he exclaims with unhesitating falsehood, in order to save Roussel's character from his daughter's sudden suspicions. 'L'Éillet Blanc' of MM. Daudit and Manuelli has exactly the same defect, pretty little play though it be. Perhaps the well-known proverb of De Musset, like 'On ne saurait penser à tout,' may depend too much on being well acted to answer thoroughly for reading, but it is charming. It may be had with two 'Proverbes Dramatiques,' by Leclerc, in the very cheap collection of plays published under the title of "Théâtre Français," by Schütz, (Bielefeld, Velhagen, and Klasing), which Messrs. Williams & Norgate* supply at about 7d. each. Most of the other plays already mentioned may be had in this series. A few more which may be suitable for schoolrooms will be mentioned at a future time.

M. R.

* Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



AUNT JUDY is glad to be able to recommend an Italian Correspondence Class, the terms of which are very moderate. Applications, enclosing a stamped envelope, must be made to *Signor Guerrieri, Vane Hill Road, Torquay.*

"W. R. D." wishes to purchase a young thoroughbred Newfoundland dog; good temper indispensable, as it is to associate with children. Further particulars can be had on application. 4, *South Grove, Highgate, London, N.*

"Kathleen Mavourneen" asks where she can find any information about the lives of Eadgyth and Adiva or Ælfgifa, daughters of Edward the Elder, beyond the brief account that is given of them in Turner's 'History of the Anglo-Saxons.'

She knows that Eadgyth married Otto, son of Henry I. Emperor of Germany, and that Adiva was given to "a prince near the Alps," but has not been able to identify who the latter was. In the chronicle of Fabius Ethelwerdus, A.D. 875, contained in 'Monumenta Historica Britannica,' it is stated in a note that the king "near the Jura Mountains," whom Adiva married, was Ludovico the Blind, emperor and king of *Arelatenst*. Perhaps some of our readers can explain in what region this kingdom was, or tell "Kathleen Mavourneen" where she can find further information about the sisters.

"Sir Galahad" (1) asks what Edgar Poe meant by "the distant *aidenn*" in his poem 'The Raven.' Probably he took the word from the Greek *aidēs*, meaning "the *dim* hereafter," usually called

Hades. (2) "Sir Galahad" asks for detailed information respecting the battle of S. Lazzaro, fought in 1746, by the king of Sardinia and Imperialists, against the French and Spaniards, the former being victorious. Was S. Lazzaro identical with the battle of Piacenza, fought June 17, 1746? No mention seems to be made in either Austrian or French histories of a battle of S. Lazzaro, under that name. (3 and 4) It is better to make characters of the eighteenth century converse in simple modern English, than to spoil conversations with stilted phrases and obsolete exclamations, more especially if the story is intended for children. Fictitious facts and characters may be introduced into an "historical" tale, if the author acknowledges in the preface that this has been done.

"Avuncular Relative" kindly tells us that a translation of the little German song referred to last month, 'Wenn ich ein Vöglein war,' was given by Coleridge in his 'Something Childish but very Natural,' written whilst he was in Germany, 1798-9.

"E. J. C.," who asked about the quotation, has received the copies sent of the song, and is much obliged for them.

Several correspondents write to say that Quotation II., asked for in May, is from Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' Book I., line 471.

Some "Hens and Chickens" must apply to a printer, or publisher, for exact information in answer to their inquiry, but AUNT JUDY can tell them that the cost of producing good coloured illustrations, is much greater than it would be worth expending on an amateur magazine. The price of the letter-press varies according to the kind of type used, the quality of paper, etc.

"C. E. T. F." has 30 foreign stamps, which she will be glad to change for others. *Miss C. Temple Frere*, 143, *Harley Street, London, W.*

"Ada" asks whether the tune that Miss Ellen Terry sings as Ophelia to 'Oh, how should I your true love know,' is published? and by whom? If not published, "Ada" would be grateful if any one could write her down the air from ear, either in Tonic-Sol-fa, or in the old notation. *Miss A. Martin, Bank House, Chipstead, Sevenoaks.*

The Secretary of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption desires to thank Miss Ivy Selby Lowndes for a box of primroses and violets kindly sent for the benefit of the consumptive patients.

"W. Stewart" offers an old Pompeian vase, four British stone implements, two Roman coins, and some bits of Roman pottery, in exchange for a good collection of foreign stamps, numbering about 1000. Or "W. S." will sell his antiquities for half a guinea. *The Rowans, Parsonage Road, Withington, Manchester.*

"Iris" offers to sell lawn-tennis aprons, embroidered in crewels, with two large pockets and a bib, at 4s. 6d.; print frocks for babies, 1s.; baby shoes, 6d., and other fancy articles, at reasonable prices. The proceeds will be given to a charity. *Heydon House, Royston, Herts.*

"A. G. Blagden" offers Numbers 1 and 4 of Book I. of 'Lieder ohne Worte,' at 6d. each; and the 'Marche des Troubadours,' by Henri Rontier, at 9d. All in good condition. *Newton Longueville Rectory, Bletchley.*

"B. M. will be glad to sell 6 volumes of 'The Monthly Packet' 1873 to 1878 inclusive, complete, and in good condition unbound, price 30s. 8, *Belvidere Terrace, Brighton.*

"G. and A." wish to hear of a Half-hour Reading Society in which prizes are given. *Miss G. Dawson, Woodleigh Rectory, Mounts, S. Devon.*

"S. C." offers to give away some very handsome silver-spangled *Hamburgh* cocks. The birds have been petted by her ever since they were hatched, and

therefore she does not wish to kill them. Address, care of the *Editor*.

There are a few vacancies for contributors to a *MS. Magazine*. The writers must be over fourteen years of age. Rules can be obtained from the Honorary Secretary, *Miss Ida Meynell, Sidford House, Dawlish*.

"F. M. T." wishes to hear of some one who will exchange books for a village Library. For lists of books and further particulars apply to *The Vicar, Wroton, Banbury*.

"H. W." wishes to hear of a Drawing Society into which a girl of twelve years old can be admitted. *Orby Vicarage, Burgh, R. S. O., Lincolnshire*.

Members are wanted for a Foreign Reading Society, in which prizes are given. Six hours' reading required per week. Rules can be had on application to the Secretary, enclosing a stamped envelope. *Miss E. J. Westall, Claverton Lodge, Belmont Park, Lee, S.E.*

"M." will be glad to receive orders for pincushions, shaped like miniature footstools, 6d. each; rolls of patterns for worsted work, 1s.; crewel designs ready traced, or worked. The proceeds are for a charity. *Hempstead Rectory, Stalham, Norfolk*.

"C. F. B." asks for contributions of the best parts of old kid gloves, to use in making sides for round pincushions the size of a florin. Scraps of ribbon as bows for straw frames also acceptable.

"C. F. B." is selling pincushions and frames, in order to collect money towards paying the passage of a poor child to New Zealand. She will be glad to sell babies' socks 1s. a pair, for the same object. *Catherington House, Horndean, Hants*.

Report of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Cots at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street, London, May 15, 1879.

There is nothing particular to say about the Freddy, aged two years, who

now occupies the 'Aunt Judy' Cot, in the Victoria Ward.

The little girl in the Helena Ward is named Elizabeth, is four years old, and has a bad throat. As steam is good for her complaint, her cot is enclosed with curtains, and these shut in the vapour which may be seen streaming forth from a small apparatus. Elizabeth looks a quaint little creature, and has, we believe, plenty to say to intimate friends, but is very reserved to strangers.

If any one wants to see an interesting child in the Louise Ward, let him find out Herbert, aged seven, who has a diseased knee, and a painfully delicate face. Almost every morning he says, "Nurse, you'll please excuse me, if I cry when my leg's dressed to-day; I won't cry to-morrow." But, alas! to-morrow brings the same dread, for the leg is extremely painful, and so the sad little speech is again uttered. However, he tries to console himself by looking forward to the time when he—the patient—will be a man and a surgeon, and his present doctor, or some one just like him, will be a little boy, and have his leg dressed. Not that Herbert would like to give pain to others, because he has so much to bear himself. "I won't make any one cry if I can help it," he says, thinking of his future medical practice.

No vegetables have at present (May 15th) arrived, but flowers in abundance have been sent to the Hospital. A short time since there was a Flower Mission Service, or something of the kind, at a church at Slough, and so many flowers were afterwards sent for the wards in one day, that they could not possibly be all used there, so numbers of little bunches were tied up and distributed the next morning to the out-patients.

Sometimes those gifts of charity which seem the smallest are in reality the greatest and best. Why? because they have been the most valued treasures which the senders had to give. The other day, a scrap-book arrived from a little boy of six. There was nothing remarkable about it, but in the child's eyes it was exceedingly precious, and he had taken more care of it than of any other of his small possessions. However, he made up his mind that it should go to the sick children of our Hospital, and

so it arrived. Did the little man's heart swell uncomfortably, we wonder, as he watched his treasure being wrapped up to go? Was a tear dropped upon it? very likely; for it is not easily and all at once that the great lesson is learned, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

One of the eight canaries, mentioned in the last report, has met with a violent death, having received a fatally severe peck from one of its companions. We might vary the old 'Cook-robin story,' and sing—

Who pecked the canary?
 "I," said its fellow,
 "With my beak so yellow,
 I pecked the canary."

It is whispered that the Hospital funds are about to be enriched by a legacy of 2,000*l*. This is a cheering report, and its truth may, we are told, be relied upon.

Contributions to the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Account in Aid of the Building Fund, received to May 15, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
A White Rose (for five months)	0	5	0
Hester (monthly)	0	1	0
Nellie (monthly)	0	1	0
Miss Hetty Pepper, Leeds (quarterly)	0	10	0
Abracadabra (monthly)	0	0	4
Mary and Florence (monthly)	0	0	6
Five young Bees (monthly)	0	1	0
Four little Ripples (monthly)	0	1	6
The Sandy Cat (monthly)	0	1	0
"Mayflower"	21	0	0

	£	s.	d.
The Misses Ward (monthly)	0	5	0
ditto (collected)	0	6	0
Miss Louise B. Starkie (collected in pence)	1	0	0
Four Little Geese	0	1	0
June 3rd	0	2	6
J. H. E. in memoriam, June 3rd	0	2	6
Two Brownies	0	4	0
Mother 10s., Dora 2s. 6d., the Twins 1s., Elizabeth 1s.	0	14	6
A. M. (omitted in May)	0	1	0
Our Birdie	0	2	6
A Goat, a Buck, two Puppies, two Rabbits	0	1	4
Dorothy 2d., Archie 2d.	0	0	4
Maybloom	0	5	0
Pompey and Sally.	0	1	6
A Brownie, a small frock.			
Carry and Fanny, fresh prim-roses.			
F. M. W., M. G. W., and E. M. W., an Easter offering, some toys.			
Lilly, some flowers.			
The Misses Sutton and Casson, a parcel of clothing.			
Miss Fowkes, a box of wild flowers.			
Miss Emily Caroline Schumann, 3 scrap-books.			
Sunday School Girls of Milton Ernest, Bedford, some spring flowers.			
Master Miller, some bunches of flowers, with scripture texts and picture books.			
Lealy Sunday School, Guildford, some flowers.			

SOLUTION OF QUADRUPLÉ ACROSTIC (p. 441).

S e a - S w A l l o w
 P U e r U l l
 R a m i f i c a t i o n
 I M p r U d e n t
 N e v E r M o r E
 G R e N a d i e R

Correct replies have been sent by "The Teaze," "A. K. P.," "M. A. E.," "H. B.," and "F. G. T. B." Want of space prevents our inserting "The Teaze's" verses. "J. S. C. H." and "Eglah" will see that they were mistaken in not using the diminutive form of "boys." "C. A. L." was wrong in the second light.



"JUMP ON THE BULWARKS, AND THEN FOLLOW ME." *Page 515.*

WE AND THE WORLD.

By J. H. Ewing, Author of 'Six to Sixteen,' &c.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

"A very wise man believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."—*Fletcher of Saltoun in a letter to the Marquis of Montrose.*



THE weather was fair enough, and we went along very steadily and pleasantly that afternoon. I was undoubtedly getting my sea-legs, which was well for me, as they were put to the test unexpectedly. I happened to be standing near Alister (we were tarring ropes), when some orders rang out in Mr. Waters' voice, which I found had reference to something to be done to some of the sails. At last came the words "Away aloft!" which were responded to by a rush of several sailors, who ran and leaped and caught ropes and began climbing the rigging with a nimbleness and dexterity which my own small powers in that line enabled me to appreciate, as I gazed upwards after them. The next order bore unexpected and far from flattering reference to me.

"Hi, there. Francis!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Take that gaping booby up with you. I hear he's 'good at athletics.'"

The sailors who were rope-tarring sniggered audibly, and Alister lifted his face with a look of anxiety, that did as much as the sniggering to stimulate me not to disgrace myself.

"Kick off your shoes, and come along," said Francis. "Jump on the bulwarks, and then follow me. Look aloft—that's up, ye know—never mind your feet, but keep tight hold of the ratlines—so, with your hands, and when you *are* up aloft, don't let one hand go till you're sure of your hold with the other."

Up we went, gripping the swaying ropes with toes and fingers, till we reached the maintop, where I was allowed to creep through the

"Lubber's Hole," and Francis swung himself neatly over the outside edge of the top, and there he and I stood for a few moments to rest.

I cannot say I derived much comfort from his favourable comments on my first attempt. I was painfully absorbed by realising that to climb what is steady, and to climb what is swaying with every wave, are quite different things. Then, in spite of warnings, I was quite fascinated by the desire to look down; and when I looked I felt more uncomfortable than ever; the ship's deck was like a dancing teatray far below; my legs and arms began to feel very light, and my head heavy, and I did not hear what Francis was saying to me, so he pinched my arm and then repeated it.

"Come along—and if the other chaps put any larks on you, keep your eyes open, and never lose a grip by one hand somewhere. So long as you hold on to some of the ship's ropes you're bound to find your way back somehow."

"I'll try," I said.

Then through the confusion in my head I heard a screaming whistle, and a voice from beneath, and Francis pricked his ears, and then suddenly swung himself back on to the ladder of ropes by which we had climbed.

"Lucky for you, young shaver," said he. "Come along!"

I desired no more definite explanation. Francis was going down, and I willingly did the same, but when my foot touched the deck I staggered and fell. It was Mr. Johnson who picked me up by the neck of my slops, saying, as he did so, "Boatswain! The Captain will give an extra lot of grog to drink Mr. O'Moore's good health."

This announcement was received with a cheer, and I heard the boatswain calling to "stow your cleaning-tackle, my lads, and for'wards to the break of the foc'sle. Them that has white ties and kid gloves can wear 'em; and them that's hout of sech articles must come as they can. Pick up that tar-pot, ye fool! Now are ye all coming and bringing your voices along with ye? Hany gentleman as 'as 'ad the misfortin' to leave his music behind, will oblige the ship's company with an ex-tem-por."

"Long life to ye, bo'sun; it's a neat hand at a speech ye are, upon my conscience!" cried Dennis, over my shoulder, and then his arm

was round it, shaking with laughter, as we were hurried along by the eager crowd.

"He's a wag, that old fellow, too. Come along, little Jack! You're mighty shaky on your feet, considering the festivities that we're bound for. Step it out, my boy, or I'll have to carry ye."

"Are you coming to the foc'sle?" said I, being well aware that this was equivalent to a drawing-room visitor taking tea in the kitchen. "You know it's where the common sailors, and Alister and I have our meals?" I added, for his private ear.

"Thank ye for the hint. I know it's where I hope to meet the men that offered their lives for mine."

"That's true, Dennis, I know; but don't be cross. They'll be awfully pleased to see you."

"And not without reason, I can tell ye! Didn't I beard the lion in his den, the Captain in his cabin, to beg for the grog? And talking of beards, of all the fiery — upon my soul he's not safe to be near gunpowder. Jack, is he Scotch?"

"Yes."

"They're bad to blarney, and I did my best, I can tell you, for my own sake as well as for the men. I'm as shy with strangers as an owl by daylight, and I'll never get a thank ye out of my throat, unless we've the chance of a bit of sociability. However, at last he called to that nice fellow—third mate, isn't he? and gave orders for the rum. 'Two water grog, Mr. Johnson,' says he. 'Ah, Captain,' I said, 'don't be throwing cold water on the entertainment; they got their share of that last night. It's only the rum that's required to complete us now.' But he's as deaf to fun as he is to blarney. Is he good to you, little stowaway?"

"Oh, very," said I. "And you should hear what the men tell about other captains. They all like this one."

"He has an air of uprightness about him; and so has that brother-in-adversity of yours, more polish to him! He must be a noble fellow, though. I can't get over his volunteering, without the most distant obligation to risk his life for me—not even a sailor. And yet he won't be friendly, do what I will. As formal as you please—that's pride, I suppose—he's Scotch too, isn't he? Blarney's no go with him. Faith, it's like trying to butter short-bread with the thermometer at zero. By Jove, there he is ahead of us. Alister,

man! Not the ghost of a look will he give me. He's fine-looking, too, if his hair wasn't so insanely distracted, and his brow ridged and furrowed deep enough to plant potatoes in. What in the name of fortune's he doing to his hands?"

"He's *washing* them with a lump of grease," said I. "I saw Francis give it him. It's to get the tar off."

"That indeed? Alister! *Alister!* Have ye no eyes in the back of ye? Here's Jack and myself."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Alister stiffly.

"Oh, confound your *sir*-liness!" muttered Dermot, and added aloud, "Is that pomatum for your hair?"

Alister laughed in spite of himself.

"More like hair-*dye*, sir," said he, and rubbing desperately at his fingers, he added, "I can't get them decent."

"Ah, let them rest!" said Dermot. "It's painting the lily to adorn them. On ye go; and mind ye keep near to us, and we'll make a land-lubber's parliament in a corner to ourselves."

My first friend had thawed, and went cheerfully ahead of us, as I was very glad to see. Dermot saw it too, but only to relapse into mischief. He held me back, as Alister strode in front of us, and putting out his thumb and finger, so close to a tuft of hay-coloured hair that stood cocked defiantly up on the Scotchman's crown that I was in all the agony he meant me to be for fear of detection; he chattered in my ear, "Jack, did ye ever study physiognomy, or any of the science of externals? Look at this independent tuft. Isn't the whole character of the man in it? Could mortal man force it down? Could the fingers of woman coax it? Would ye appeal to it with argument? Would hair's grease, bear's grease——"

But his peroration was suddenly cut short by a rush from behind, one man tumbling over another on the road to the forecastle. Dennis himself was thrown against Alister, and his hand came heavily down on the stubborn lock of hair.

"It's these fellows, bad manners to them," he explained, but I think Alister suspected a joke at his expense, and putting his arms suddenly behind him, he seized Dennis by the legs and hoisted him on to his back as if he had been a child. In this fashion the hero of the occasion was carried to a place of honour, and deposited (not too

gently) on the top of an inverted deck tub, amid the cheers and laughter of all concerned.

Round another tub—a shallow oak one, tidily hooped with copper—which served as spittoon, a solemn circle of smokers was already assembled. They disturbed themselves to salute Dennis and to make room for others to join them, and then the enlarged circle puffed and kept silence as before. I was watching the colour come and go on the Irish boy's face, and he was making comical signs to me to show his embarrassment, when Mr. Johnson shouted for the grog-tub to be sent aft, and the boatswain summoned me to get it and follow him.

The smokers were not more silent than we, as the third mate slowly measured the rum—half a gill a head—into the grog-tub. But when this solemnity was over and he began to add the water, a very spirited dialogue ensued; Mr. Johnson (so far as I could understand it) maintaining that “two water grog” was the rule of the ships on their line, and the boatswain pleading that this being a “special issue” was apart from general rules, and that it would be more complimentary to “the young gentleman” to have the grog a little stronger. How it ended I do not know; I know I thought my “tot” very nasty, and not improved by the reek of strong tobacco in the midst of which we drank it, to Dennis O'Moore's very good health.

When the boatswain and I got back to the fore-castle, carrying the grog-tub, we found the company as we had left it, except that there was a peculiarly bland expression on every man's face as he listened to a song that the cook was singing. It was a very lovelorn, lamentable, and lengthy song, three qualities which alone would recommend it to any audience of Jack Tars, as I have since had many occasions to observe. The intense dolefulness of the ditty was not diminished by the fact that the cook had no musical ear, and having started on a note that was no note in particular, he flattened with every long-drawn lamentation till the ballad became more of a groan than a song. When the grog-tub was deposited, Dennis beckoned to the boatswain, and we made our way to his side.

“Your cook's a vocal genius, anyhow, bo'sun,” said he. “But don't ye think we'd do more justice to our accomplishments, and keep in tune, if we'd an accompaniment? Have ye such a thing as a fiddle about ye?”

The boatswain was delighted. Of course there was a fiddle, and I was despatched for it. I should find it hanging on a hook at the end of the plate-rack, and if the bow was not beside it it would be upon the shelf, and there used to be a lump of rosin and a spare string or two in an empty division of the spice-box. The whole kit had belonged to a former cook, a very musical nigger, who had died at sea, and bequeathed his violin to his ship. Sambo had been well liked, and there were some old hands would be well pleased to hear his fiddle once more.

It took me some little time to find everything, and when I got back to Dennis another song had begun. A young sailor I did not know was singing it, and the less said about it the better, except that it very nearly led to a row. It was by way of being a comic song, but except for one line which was rather witty as well as very nasty, there was nothing humorous about it, unless that it was funny that any one could have been indecent enough to write it, and any one else unblushing enough to sing it. I am ashamed to say I had heard some compositions of a similar type at Snuffy's, and it filled me with no particular amazement to hear a good deal of sniggering in the circle round the spittoon, though I felt miserably uncomfortable, and wondered what Mr. O'Moore would think. I had forgotten Alister.

I was not likely soon to forget his face as I saw it, the blood swelling his forehead, and the white wrath round his lips, when he gripped me by the shoulder, saying, in broader Scotch than usual, "Come away wi' ye, laddie! I'll not let ye stay. Come away out of this accurst hole. I wonder he doesna think black burning shame of himsel, to stand up before greyheided men and fill a callant's ears with filth like yon."

Happily just indignation had choked Alister's voice as well as his veins, and I don't think many of the company heard this too accurate summary of the situation. The boatswain did, but before he could speak, Dennis O'Moore had sprung to the ground between them, and laying the fiddle over his shoulder played a wild sort of jig that most effectually and unceremoniously drowned the rest of the song, and diverted the attention of the men.

"The fiddle's an old friend, so the bo'sun tells me," he said, nodding towards the faces that turned to him.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Why, I'm blessed if it isn't Sambo's old thing."

"It's your honour knows how to bring the heart out of it, anyhow."

"My eyes, Pat! You should ha' heerd it at the dignity ball we went ashore for at Barbadoes. Did you ever foot the floor with a black washerwoman of eighteen stun, dressed out in muslin the colour o' orange marmalade, and white kid shoes?"

"I did not, the darlin'!"

As the circle gossiped, Dennis tuned the fiddle, talking vehemently to the boatswain between whiles.

"Bo'sun! ye're not to say a word to the boy (sit down, Alister, I tell ye!). I ask it as a favour. He didn't mince matters, I'll allow, but it was God's truth, and no less, that he spoke. Come, bo'sun, who's a better judge of manners than yourself? We'd had enough and to spare of that. (Will ye keep quiet, ye cantankerous Scotchman! Who's harming ye now? Jack, if ye move an inch, I'll break this fiddle over your head.) Bo'sun! we're periahing for our grog, are ye aware?"

The diversion was successful. The boatswain, with a few indignant mutterings, devoted himself to doling out the tots of grog, and then proposed Dennis O'Moore's health in a speech full of his own style of humour, which raised loud applause; Dennis commenting freely on the text, and filling up awkward pauses with flourishes on Sambo's fiddle. The boatswain's final suggestion that the ship's guest should return thanks by a song, instead of a sentiment, was received with acclamations, during which he sat down, after casting a mischievous glance at Dennis, who was once more blushing and fidgiting with shyness.

"Ye've taken your revenge, bo'sun," said he.

"Them that blames should do better, sir," replied the boatswain, folding his arms.

"A song! A song! Mr. O'Moore!" shouted the men.

"I only know a few old Irish songs," pleaded Dennis.

"Ould Ireland for ever!" cried Pat Shaughnessy.

"Hear! hear! Encore, Pat!" roared the men. They were still laughing, when one or two of those nearest to us put up their hands to get silence. Sambo's fiddle was singing (as only voices and fiddles

can sing) a melody to which the heads and toes of the company soon began to nod and beat—

“La, lè la la la, la la la, lè lè la, lè
Lè, le lè la la, la la la, lè—lè la lè,”

hummed the boatswain. “Lor’ bless me, Mr. O’Moore, I heard that afore you were born, though I’m blessed if I know where. But it’s a genteel pretty thing!”

“It’s all about roses and nightingales!” shouted Dennis, with comical grimaces.

“Hear! hear!” answered the oldest and hairiest-looking of the sailors, and the echoes of his approbation only died away to let the song begin. Then the notes of Sambo’s fiddle also dropped off, and I heard Dennis O’Moore’s beautiful voice for the first time as he gave his head one desperate toss and began :

“There’s a bower of roses by Bendemeer’s stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the night long.
In the time of my childhood ’twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses, and hear the bird’s song.”

One by one the pipes were rested on the smokers’ knees; they wanted their mouths to hear with. I don’t think the assembled company can have looked much like exiles from flowery haunts of the nightingale, but we all shook our heads, not only in time but in sympathy, as the clear voice rose to a more passionate strain :

“That bower and its music I never forget;
But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?”

I and the oldest and hairiest sailor were sighing like furnaces as the melody recommenced with the second verse :

“No, the roses soon withered that hung o’er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer was gone.”

If making pot-pourri after my mother’s old family recipe had been the chief duty of able-bodied seamen, this could not have elicited

more nods of approbation. But we listened spell-bound and immoveable to the passion and pathos with which the singer poured forth the conclusion of his song :

“ Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year ;
Thus bright to my soul—as ’twas then to my eyes—
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer !”

And then (as somebody said) the noise we made was enough to scare the seagulls off the tops of the waves.

“ You scored that time, Mr. O’Moore,” said the boatswain. “ You’d make your fortune in a music-hall, sir.”

“ Thank ye, bo’sun. Glad I didn’t give ye your revenge, anyhow.”

But the boatswain meant to strike nearer home. A ship’s favourite might have hesitated to sing after Dennis, so Alister’s feelings may be guessed on hearing the following speech :

“ Mr. O’Moore, and comrades all. I believe I speak for all hands on this vessel, when I say that we ain’t likely to forget sech an agreeable addition to a ship’s company as the gentleman who has just given us a taste of the nightingale’s quality ” (loud cheers). “ But we’ve been out-o’-way favoured, as I may say, this voyage. We mustn’t forget that there’s two other little strangers aboard ” (roars of laughter). “ They ’olds their ’eads rather ’igh p’raps, for *stowaways* ” (“ Hear ! hear !”), “ but no doubt their talents bears ’em out ” (“ Hear, hear !” from Dennis, which found a few friendly echoes). “ Anyway, as they’ve paid us a visit, without waiting to ask if we was at ’ome to callers, we may look to ’em to contribute to the general entertainment. Alister Auchterlay will now favour the company with a song.”

The boatswain stood back and folded his arms, and fixed his eyes on the sealine, from which attitude no appeals could move him. I was very sorry for Alister, and so was Dennis, I am sure, for he did his best to encourage him.

“ Sing ‘ God save the Queen,’ and I’ll keep well after ye with the fiddle,” he suggested. But Alister shook his head. “ I know one or two Scotch tunes,” Dennis added, and he began to sketch out an air or two with his fingers on the strings.

Presently Alister stopped him. “ What’s yon ?”

“‘The Land o’ the Leal,’” said Dennis.

“Play it a bit quicker, man, and I’ll try ‘Scots, wha hae.’”

Dennis quickened at once, and Alister stood forward. He neither fidgeted nor complained of feeling shy, but as my eyes (I was squatted cross-legged on the deck) were at the level of his knees, I could see them shaking, and pitied him none the less, that I was doubtful as to what might not be before me. Dennis had to make two or three false starts before poor Alister could get a note out of his throat, but when he had fairly broken the ice with the word “Scots!” he faltered no more.

The boatswain was cheated a second time of his malice. Alister could not sing in the least like Dennis, but he had a strong manly voice, and it had a ring that stirred one’s blood, as he clenched his hands, and rolled his Rs to the rugged appeal:

“Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!”

Applause didn’t seem to steady his legs in the least, and he never moved his eyes from the sea, and his face only grew whiter by the time he drove all the blood to my heart with —

“Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward’s grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!”

“God forbid!” cried Dennis impetuously. “Sing that verse again, me boy, and give us a chance to sing with ye!” which we did accordingly; but as Alister and Dennis were rolling Rs like the rattle of musketry on the word *turn*, Alister did turn, and stopped suddenly short. The Captain had come up unobserved.

“Go on!” said he, waving us back to our places.

By this time the solo had become a chorus. Beautifully unconscious, for the most part, that the song was by way of stirring Scot against Saxon, its deeper patriotism had seized upon us all. Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Sons of Erin, we all shouted at the top of our voices, Sambo’s fiddle not being silent. And I maintain that we all felt the sentiment with our whole hearts, though I doubt if any but Alister and the Captain knew and sang the precise words:

"Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him on wi' me!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"'Tis strange—but true; for truth is always strange—
Stranger than fiction."—*Byron.*

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows."—*Gray.*

THE least agreeable part of our voyage came near the end. It was when we were in the fogs off the coast of Newfoundland. The work that tired one to death was not sufficient to keep one warm; the cold mist seemed to soak through one's flesh as well as one's slops, and cling to one's bones as it clung to the ship's gear. The deck was slippery and cold, everything, except the funnel, was sticky and cold, and the fog-horn made day and night hideous with noises like some unmusical giant trying in vain to hit the note Fa. The density of the fog varied. Sometimes we could not see each other a few feet off, at others we could see pretty well what we were about on the vessel, but could see nothing beyond.

We went very slowly, and the fog lasted unusually long. It included a Sunday, which is a blessed day to Jack at sea. No tarring, greasing, oiling, painting, scraping or scrubbing but what is positively necessary, and no yarn-spinning but that of telling travellers' tales, which seamen aptly describe as spinning yarns. I heard a great many that day which recalled the schoolmaster's stories, and filled my head and heart with indefinable longings and impatience. More and more did it seem impossible that one could live content in one little corner of this interesting world when one has eyes to see and ears to hear, and hands for work, and legs to run away with.

Not that the tales that were told on this occasion were of an encouraging nature; for they were all about fogs and ice, but they were very interesting. One man had made this very voyage in a ship that got out of her course as it might be where we were then. She was too far to the north'ard when a fog came on, as it might be the very fog we were in at that moment, and it lasted, lifting a bit

and falling again worse than ever, just the very same as it was a-doing now. Cold? He believed you this fog was cold, and you might believe him that fog was cold, but the cold of both together would not be a patch upon what it was when your bones chattered in your skin and you heard the ship's keel grinding, and said "Ice!" "He'd seen some queer faces—dead and living—in his time, but when *that* fog lifted and the sun shone upon walls of green ice on both sides above your head, and the Captain's face as cold and as green as them with knowing all was up——"

At this point the narrator was called away, and somebody asked, "Has any one heard him tell how it ended?"

"I did," said Pat Shaughnessy, "and it spoilt me dinner that time."

"Go on, Pat! What happened to them?"

"The lowest depths of misfortune. Sorra a soul but himself and a boy escaped by climbing to a ledge on the topmost peak of one of the icebergs just in the nick of time to see the ship cracked like a walnut between your fingers. And the worst was to come, bad luck!"

"What? Go on, Paddy! What did he and the boy do?"

"They just ate each other," faltered Pat. "But, Heaven be praised! a whaler fetched off the survivor. It was then that he got the bad fever though, so maybe he dreamt the worst."

I felt great sympathy with Pat's evident disrelish for this tale, but the oldest and hairiest sailor seemed hardly to regard it as worth calling an adventure. If you wanted to see ice that was ice, you should try the coast of Greenland, he said. "Hartic Hexploration for choice, but seals or blubber took you pretty far up. He remembered the Christmas he lost *them two*. (And cooking one leg over the other, he drew a worsted sock from his foot, and displayed the fact that his great toe and the one next to it were gone.) They lost more than toes that time too. You might believe it gave you a lonelyish kind of feel when there was no more to be done for the ship but get as much firewood out of her timber as you could, and all you had in the way of a home was huts on an ice-floe, and a white fox, with a black tip to its tail, for a pet. It wouldn't have lasted long, except for discipline," we young 'uns might take notice. "Pleasure's all very well ashore, where a man may go his own way a long time, and show his nasty temper at home, and there's other folks about him doing double duty to make up for it and keep things together; but when you come to a handful

of men cast adrift to make a world for themselves, as one may say, Lord bless you ! there's nothing's any good then but making every man do as he's bid and be content with what he gets—and clearing him out if he won't. It was a hard winter at that. But regularity pulled us through. Reg'lar work, reg'lar ways, reg'lar rations and reg'lar lime-juice, as long as it lasted. And not half a bad Christmas we didn't have neither, and poor Sal's Christmas-tree was the best part of it. 'What sort of a Christmas-tree, and why Sal's?' Well, the carpenter put it up, and an uncommon neat thing he made too, of pine-wood and birch-broom, and some of the men hung it over with paper chains. And then the carpenter opened the bundle Sal made him take his oath he wouldn't open till Christmas, whatever came, and I'm blessed if there wasn't a pair of bran-new socks for every soul of the ship's crew. Not that we were so badly off for socks, but washing 'em reg'lar, and never being able to get 'em really dry, and putting 'em on again like stones, was a mighty different thing to getting all our feet into something dry and warm. 'Who was Sal?' Well poor Sal was a rum 'un, but she's dead. It's a queer thing, we only lost one hand, and that was the carpenter, and he died the same day poor Sal was murdered down Bermondsey way. It's a queer world, this, no matter where you're cruising! But there's one thing you'll learn if you live as long as me; a woman's heart and the ocean deep's much about the same. You can't reckon on 'em, and God A'mighty as made 'em, alone knows what's at the bottom; but as our doctor used to say (and he was always fetchin' things out and putting 'em into bottles) it's the rough weather brings the best of it up."

This was not a cheerful story, but it was soon driven out of our heads by others. Fog was the prevailing topic; yarns of the fogs of the northern seas being varied by "red fogs" off the Cape de Verd Islands; and not the least dismal of the narratives was told by Alister Auchterlay, of a fog on Ben Nevis, in which his own grandmother's uncle perished, chiefly, as it appeared, in consequence of a constitutional objection to taking advice, or to "going back upon his word," when he had made up his mind to do something or to go somewhere. And this drew from the boatswain the sad fate of a comrade of his, who had sailed twice round the world, been shipwrecked four times, in three collisions, and twice aboard ships that took fire, had Yellow Jack in the West Indies, and sunstroke at the Cape, lost a middle finger from frost-bite in the

north of China, and one eye in a bit of a row at San Francisco, and came safe home after it all, and married a snug widow in a pork-shop at Wapping Old Stairs, and got out of his course steering home through a London fog on Guy Fawkes day, and walked straight into the river, and was found at low tide next morning with a quid of tobacco in his cheek, and nothing missing about him but his glass eye, which shows, as the boatswain said, that "Fogs is fogs anywhere, and a nasty thing too."

It was towards dark when we had been fourteen days at sea, our own fog suddenly lifted, and the good news flew from mouth to mouth that we might be "in about midnight." But the fog came down again, and I do not think the whole fourteen days put together had felt so long as the hours of that one night through which the fog-horn blew, and we longed for day.

I was leaning against the bulwarks at eight o'clock the next morning. White mist was all around us, a sea with no horizon. Suddenly, like the curtain of a theatre, the mist rose. Gradually the horizon-line appeared, then a line of low coast, which, muddy-looking as it was, made one's heart beat thick and fast. Then lines of dark wood; then the shore was dotted with grey huts; then the sun came out, the breeze was soft and mild, and the air became strangely scented, and redolent of pine forests. Nearer the coast took more shape, though it was still low, rather bare and dotted with brush-wood and grey stones low down, and always crowned with pines. Then habitations began to sparkle along the shore. Red roofs, card-board-looking churches, little white wooden houses, and stiffish trees mixed everywhere. And the pine odour on the breeze was sweeter and sweeter with every breath one drew.

Suddenly I found Alister's arm round my shoulder.

"Isn't it glorious?" I exclaimed.

"Aye, aye," he said, and then, as if afraid he had not said enough, he added with an effort: "The town's built almost entirely of wood, I'm told, with a population of close on 30,000 inhabitants."

"What a fellow you are!" I groaned; "Alister, aren't you glad we're safe here? Are you ever pleased about anything?"

He didn't speak, and I turned in his arm to look up at his face. His eyes, which always remind me of the sea, were looking away over it, but he brought them back to meet mine, and pressed my shoulder.

"It is bonnie," he said, "verra bonnie. But eh, man! If strange land shines like yon, heo'll oor ain shores look whenever we win Home?"

CHAPTER IX.

"One, two, three, and away!"

WE three were fast friends when our voyage ended, and in planning our future we planned to stick together, "Like the three leaves of the Shamrock," as Dennis O'Moore said.

The Captain would have kept Alister as one of his crew, but the Scotch lad had definite plans for looking up a cousin on this side of the Atlantic, and pushing his fortunes by the help of his relative, so he did not care to make the return voyage. The Captain did not offer the berth to me, but he was very kind, and returned my money, and gave us a written paper testifying to our good conduct and capabilities. He also gave Alister his address, and he and the other officers collected a small sum of money for him as a parting gift.

That afternoon we three crossed the harbour, and went for a walk in the pine woods. How I longed for Charlie! I would have given anything if he could have been there, warmed through by the hot sun, refreshed by the smell of pines, resting his poor back in the deep moss, and getting excited over the strange flowers that grew wild all round our feet. One never forgets the first time one sees unknown flowers growing wild; and though we were not botanical, like Charlie, we had made ourselves very hot gathering nosegays by the time that Dennis summoned us to sit down and talk seriously over our affairs. Our place of council was by the side of a lake, which reflected a sky more blue than I had ever seen. It stretched out of sight, and all about it were pines—pines. It was very lovely, and very hot, and very sweet, and the little black flies which swarmed about took tiny bits out of our cheeks, and left the blood trickling down, so cleverly, that one did not feel it—till afterwards. We did feel the mosquitos, and fought with them as well as we could, whilst Dennis O'Moore, defending his own face with a big bunch of jack-in-pulpits striped like tabby cats, explained his plans as follows:

Of course we had no notion of going home awhile. Alister and I had come away on purpose; and for his own part it had always

been the longing of his soul to see the world. Times out of mind when he and Barney were on board one of these emigrant ships, that had put into the bay, God-speeding an old tenant or acquaintance with good wishes and whisky and what not, he had been more than half-inclined to give old Barney and the hooker the slip, and take his luck with the outward bound. And now he was here, and no blame for it, why would he hurry home? The race of the O'Moores was not likely to become extinct for the loss of him, at the worst; and the Squire wouldn't grudge him a few months' diversion and a peep at the wide world. Far from it; he'd send him some money, and why not? He (Dennis) was a bit of a favourite for his mother's sake, and the Squire had a fine heart. The real difficulty was that it would be at least a month before the Squire could get a letter and Dennis could get his money; but if we couldn't keep our heads above water for a month we'd small chance of pushing our way in the world.

It is needless to say that I was willing to fall in with Dennis O'Moore's plans, being only too thankful for such companions in my wanderings. I said so, and added that what little money I had was to be regarded as a common purse so long as it lasted.

When Alister was appealed to, he cast in his lot with no less willingness, but it seemed that he must first look up a relation of his mother's, who lived in Halifax, and to whom his mother had given him a letter of introduction. Alister had never told us his history, and of course we had not asked for it; but on this occasion some of it crept out. His father had been the minister of a country parish in Scotland, but he had died young, and Alister had been reared in poverty. Dennis and I gathered that he had well-to-do relatives on his father's side, but, as Dennis said, "more kinship than kindness about them." "Though I wouldn't wonder if the widow herself had a touch of stiff-neckedness in her," he added.

However that might be, Alister held with his mother, of course, and he said little enough about his paternal relations, except one, whom he described as "a guid man, and *terra canny*, but hard on the failings of the young." What youthful failings in our comrade had helped to snap the ties of home, we did not know, but we knew enough of Alister by this time to feel sure they could not have been very unpardonable.

It was not difficult to see that it was under the sting of this man's reproaches that the lad had taken his fate into his own hands.

"I'm not blaming him," said Alister in impartial tones; and then he added with a flash of his eyes, "but I'll not be indebted to him!"

We had returned to the town and were strolling up the shady side of one of the clean wooden streets when a strange figure came down it with a swinging gait, at a leisurely pace. She (for, after a moment's hesitation, we decided that it was a woman) was of gipsy colouring, but not of gipsy beauty. Her black hair was in a loose knot on her back, she wore a curious skull cap of black cloth embroidered with beads, a short cloth skirt, a pair of old trousers tucked into leather socks, a small blanket with striped ends folded cunningly over her shoulders, and on her breast a gold cross about twice as large as the one concealed beneath the Irish boy's shirt. And I looked at her with a curious feeling that my dreams were coming true. Dark—high-cheeked—a blanket—and (unless the eyes with which I gazed almost reverentially at the dirty leather socks deceived me) moccasins—she was, she must be, a *squaw*!

Probably Dennis had come to the same conclusion, when, waving the tabby-coloured *arums*, he said, "I'll ask her what these are," and gaily advanced to carry out his purpose.

"Ye're daft," said Alister getting red.

"It's a North American Indian!" said I.

"It's a woman, anyhow!" retorted Dennis over his shoulder, with a twinkle of his eyelashes that drew from Alister in his broadest accent, "The lad's a pairrfect libberirteen!" an expression which he afterwards retracted and apologised for at considerable length.

Within a few feet of the *squaw* Dennis lifted the broad-brimmed hat which I had bought for him directly we landed, and then advancing with a winning smile, he asked the name of the flowers in very good Irish. The *squaw* smiled too, she touched the flowers, and nodded and said something in a soft, rapid and unknown tongue, which only made Dennis shake his head and smile again, on which she spoke in a language still dark to Alister and me, but not so to Dennis, who to our amazement, replied in the same, and a dialogue so spirited ensued, that they both seemed to be talking at once. Alister's face was a study when Dennis put out his hand towards the gold cross, and all

but touched it, and then (both chattering faster than ever) unbuttoned his throat and drew out his crucifix to show her. His last act was to give her half the tabby-striped *arums* as they parted. Then he lifted the broad hat once more and stood bareheaded, as the squaw came slowly down the wooden causeway, not without one glance at us as she passed. But at the bottom of the street she turned round to look at Dennis. His hat was still in his hand, and he swung it round his head crying, "A Dieu, Madame!"

"A Dieu!" said the squaw, and she held up the tabby-striped *arums*. Very mingled feelings seemed to have been working in Alister's mind, but his respect for the fruits of education was stronger even than his sense of propriety. He forgot to scold Dennis for his unseemly familiarity with a stranger, he was so anxious to know in what language he had been speaking.

"French," said Dennis. "There seems to be a French mission somewhere near here. She's a good Catholic too, but she has a mighty queer accent, and awful feet!"

"It's a grand thing to speak with other tongues!" said Alister.

"If ye want to learn French, I'll teach ye all I can," said Dennis. "Sh—sh! No kindness whatever. I wish we mayn't have idle time for any amount of philology!"

At the top of the hill we parted for a time, and went our ways. Alister to look up his relation, I to buy stationery and stamps for our letters home, and Dennis to convert his gold ring into the currency of the colony. We would not let him pawn his watch, which he was most anxious to do, though Alister and I pointed out how invaluable it might prove to us (it was a good hunting-watch and had been little damaged by the sea), because, as he said, "he would feel as if he was doing *something*, anyhow."

Alister and I were the last to part, and as we did so, having been talking about Dennis O'Moore, I said, "I knew it was French when I got nearer, but I never learnt French, though my mother began to teach me once. You don't really think you'll learn it from him, do you?"

"With perseverance," replied Alister, simply.

"What good will French be to you?" I asked.

"Knowledge is a light burden, and it may carry ye yet," was Alister's reply.

When we met again, Dennis was jingling some money in his pocket, which was added to the common fund of which the miser's legacy had formed the base. I had got paper and stamps, and information as to mails, and some more information which was postponed till we found out what was amiss with the Scotch leaf of our Shamrock. For there were deep furrows on Alister's brow, but far deeper was the despondency of his soul. He was in the lowest possible spirits, and with a Scotchman, that is low indeed. He had made out his way to his cousin's place of business, and had heard a very satisfactory report of the commercial success, but—the cousin had gone “to the States.”

Alister felt himself very much ill-used by fate, and I believe Dennis felt himself very much ill-used by Alister, that evening, but I maintain that I alone was the person really to be pitied, because I had to keep matters smooth between the two. The gloom into which Alister relapsed, his prophecies, prognostications, warnings, raven-like croakings, parallel instances, general reflections and personal applications, as well as his obstinate notion that he would be “a burden and a curse” to “the two of us,” and that it would have been small wonder had the sailors cast him forth into the Atlantic, like the Prophet Jonah, as being certain to draw ill-luck on his companions, were trying enough; but it was no joke that misfortune had precisely the opposite effect upon Dennis. If there was a bit of chaff left unchaffed in all Ireland, from Malin Head to Barley Cove, I believe it came into Dennis's head on this inappropriate occasion, and he forthwith discharged it at Alister's. To put some natures into a desperate situation seems like putting tartaric acid into soda and water—they sparkle up and froth. It certainly was so with Dennis O'Moore; and if Alister could hardly have been more raven-like upon the crack of doom, the levity of Dennis would in our present circumstances have been discreditable to a paroquet.

For it was no light matter to have lost our one hope of a friend in this strange land; and yet this was practically what it meant, when we knew that Alister Auchterlay's cousin had gone to the States. But the idea of kinship at last suggested something more sensible than jokes to Dennis O'Moore.

“Why, I've a cousin of my own in Demarara, and I'd forgotten him entirely!” he suddenly announced.

"You haven't a cousin in New York, have you?" I asked, and I proceeded to explain, that having done my business, I had been drawn back to the harbour by all the attractions shipping has for me, and had there been accosted by the mate of a coasting-vessel bound for New York with salt fish, who was in want of hands both to load and man her. The *Water-Lily* had been pointed out to me from a distance, and we might go and see her to-morrow morning if we liked. With the prospect of living for at least a month on our slender stocking, the idea of immediate employment was very welcome, to say nothing of the attraction of further adventures. Alister began to cheer up, and Dennis to sober down. We wrote home, and posted our letters, after which we secured a decent sleeping-room and a good meal of broiled salmon, saffron-coloured cakes, and hot coffee, for a very reasonable sum; but, moderate as it was, it confirmed us in the conviction that we could not afford to eat the bread of idleness.

Next day we were early at the wharf. The *Water-Lily* was by no means so white as she was named, and the smell of the salt fish was abominable. But we knew we could not pick and choose when we wanted employment, and wanted to be together; and to this latter point we had nailed our colours. With Alister and me the mate came to terms at once, but for a time he made difficulties about Dennis. We "stowaways" had had so much dirty work to do in all weathers for the past fortnight, that we looked sailor-like enough, I daresay; and as it had honestly been our endeavour to learn all we could, and shirk nothing, and as the Captain's paper spoke well of us, I think the mate got a very good bargain—for we were green enough to take lower wages than the customary rate on the strength of a long string of special reasons which he made us swallow. This probably helped towards his giving in about Dennis. The matter about Dennis was that he looked too much of the fine gentleman still, though his homespun suit had seen salt water, and was far from innocent of tar and grease, for he had turned his hand to plenty of rough work during the voyage, partly out of good-nature, and partly to learn all he could get the sailors to teach him. However, his coaxing tongue clinched the bargain at last; indeed the mate seemed a good deal struck by the idea that he would find it "mighty convenient" to have a man on board who was a good scholar and could help him to keep the log. So we signed articles, and went to our duty.

The Water-Lily was loaded, and we sailed in her, and we got to New York. But of all the ill-found tubs that ever put to sea, I should think she might have taken the first prize. We were overhauling her rotten rigging, taking off, putting on, and mending chafing gear every bit of our time, Sunday included. The carpenter used horrible language, but for his vexation I could have forgiven him if he had expressed it more decently, for he never had a moment's rest by day; and though a ship's carpenter is exempt from watches and allowed to sleep at night as a rule, I doubt if he had two nights' rest between Halifax and New York.

As Dennis put it, there was "any amount of chicanery about the whole affair." Some of our pay was "set against" supplying "duds" for Dennis to do dirty work in; Alister was employed as sailmaker, and then, like the carpenter, was cheated of his rest. As to food, we were nearly starved, and should have fared even worse than we did, but that the black cook was friendly towards us.

"Dis Water-Lily ob ours a leetle ober-blown, Dennis, I'm tinkin'," said Alfonso, showing all his white teeth. "Hope she not fall to pieces dis voyage."

"Hope not, Alfonso. She hasn't lost her scent, anyhow!" At which allusion to our unsavoury cargo Alfonso yelled with laughter.

For our favour with the cook (and it means hot coffee, dry socks, and a sly warm at the fire being in favour with the cook) we had chiefly to thank Dennis. Our coal-black comrade loved jokes much, but his own dignity just a little more; and the instinctive courtesy which was as natural to Dennis as the flow of his fun, made him particularly acceptable to Alfonso.

And for the rest, we came to feel that if we could keep the Water-Lily afloat to the end of her voyage, most other considerations were minor ones.

(To be continued.)



MOTHER MOLLY.

By the Author of 'The Rose Garden,' 'Through Rough Waters,' &c.

XIV.

IZZY AND HER MOTHER.



HERE was no doubting that—in spite of the hard fare—the bracing air of the moor and the delight of the flowers were doing grandfather good. He was at least as well as he had been before that day in Charles churchyard, and sometimes Molly thought better. He grew able to walk as far as my stream, and liked to sit in the wood and watch the squirrels, or to shew us all the creatures that made their home in a hollow tree. There was not one of us that did not gain a quickened ear and a more watchful eye, by the time we had been for two or three weeks on the moor.

And how beautiful it was! What grand forms of clouds would roll up and across the great wastes! To be sure, the end of it was often a violent thunderstorm; but even that, when 'twas not too near, (and I could turn my mind from the remembrance of what had happened at Widdecombe a hundred years before, when the church was almost smitten to pieces by thunderbolts, and more than sixty people were injured,) even that had a beauty of its own, in the purple masses and lurid lights against which the old towers stood unmoved, or the smoke from the peat-burning curled softly.

Izzy knew all the stories of the moor, and would tell them to me if she could be found in the mind for them. 'Twas she who had the Widdecombe history by heart, and about the man who was playing cards in his pew when the thunderbolt came and dashed him against the granite pillar. All the pixie tales I knew as well as she, having learnt them from Betty, but 'twas new to me to hear of the poor Cavalier who was hid in the pixie house near Sheepstor, and kept there safely till he could escape. And in return I told her all I knew about Plymouth siege, and the stout mayors who held the town, and promised her, if she was a good girl to Madge, I would

give her a little book. This pleased her so mightily that I never doubted she could read till something shewed me the contrary.

"Well, then," I said, "your mother can read it to you."

"She can't read neither," said Izzy, with great cheerfulness.

"Then who will teach you?"

"Nobody. But mother will learn me to spin."

I carried this straightway to Molly, who was as eager as I on the subject, and said she had been remiss not to have thought of it before. And went at once in pursuit of Mrs. Coombes.

She was standing near a heap of turf, which had been out the day before, and brought back by Jack and the short crooks which were used for that and for faggots. Thirza did the work of a man about the farm, and her most feminine occupation was spinning yarn. At this moment this was her employment, and old Shep, the dog, lay stretched by her side. As usual when she saw us, she moved away; but, Molly calling her, she stopped and faced us, keeping her eyes, however, fixed on the yarn.

"Nan and I are tired of being idle, Mrs. Coombes," said Molly, brightly. "Will you let us teach little Izzy to read?"

She got no answer of any sort. Thirza stood as immovable as if she had not heard.

"We may not be here very long," urged Molly, "but there will be time enough to do something. And she is so quick, I am sure she will learn easily if she will only try."

"Izzy don't waant nothin' from you, miss," said the woman, sullenly, "not yer larnin' nor nothin'. Let her bide as she be."

The pretty bright colour on Molly's cheek grew into crimson, she being quite unused to have her kindnesses rejected. But she said no more than,—

"Don't you wish her to learn to read? 'Twill be easier for her now than later."

"What's her got to do wi' you?" cried Thirza, with a passionate gesture. "Her's my chile, and her was well content with her mawther till you comed. What's her to do with voine ways? An' now it's always runnin' after wan or t'other. A'm zick of it."

Izzy came rushing up at this moment, and her mother, as if wanting a vent for her anger, pushed her from her with violence. Betty, who had heard the loud voice, emerged from the house, with

bits of bread-dough sticking to her hands, and an eager air of enquiry.

"Whatever be talking about, Thirza?"

"A woan't have my Izzy made a voine lady," she said, still passionately.

"'Tweed take a dale o' makin'," said Betty, sarcastically. "Be that all?"

"I'm very sorry," said Molly in a low voice. "I did not believe 'twould make her a fine lady to learn to read. Please don't think so unkindly of us, Mrs. Coombes." And then she took my hand and drew me quietly away. Izzy ran after us, but Molly stopped her. "Go back to mother," she said, so decidedly that the child stood still and stared with her finger in her mouth.

Grandfather was in the kitchen, and we went there, and heard the two women's voices going loudly on. I was very angry with Thirza, and said,—

"She's a horrid woman!"

"No, Nan," said Molly sadly, "only a jealous one. The poor thing has but one love, and wants to shut it up tight in her heart."

Presently the voices died away. Grandfather got up and walked up and down, as was his custom sometimes. Then the two women came in, Betty first and Thirza following with her face pale.

"Thirza's sorry her spoked zo," said Betty briefly, and her sister-in-law took up the word, though keeping her eyes turned away from Molly.

"Her zays," she said, motioning with her hand, and speaking in a hard and strained tone, "that a'm my ohile's worst enemy. A' doan't rightly knaw; but Izzy shan't niver zay et. Ef you'll larn her, miss, a'll thank 'ee."

Mother Molly looked at her and hesitated. I think there was something more she wanted to say, but waited for.

"If you like her to learn, we will do our best," she said, gently. "Will you talk to her quietly about what we all wish, and persuade her to be a good girl?"

She glanced—for the first time—quickly at Moll, and nodded, with a gleam of light on her face. From what Molly had said, I suppose she thought we were all trying to separate her child from her, and a consciousness of her own deficiencies made her heart sore and angry.

To be sure, such a design had never entered our heads, but it brought Mrs. Harty's hen to my mind.

But 'twas all very well for Moll to tell her to talk to Izzy. Izzy would pay no attention. The child had never been taught to restrain herself, or to do what she did not like. She came into the kitchen, peeped over my shoulder at the primer which had been brought for Madge's benefit, and then danced to the window to stick some flowers she had gathered into the panes. Her mother, half-triumphant, as I fancied, coaxed in vain. Betty called to her in anger to "let alone they davered old flowers," the culprit only fled outside the door. It was quite an unexpected ally which brought her back, a voice, not one of ours, which was heard saying, in grave and emphatic tones,—

"Walk in, yu walk in, or I'll lirrurp ee!"

The women stared at each other, Izzy came running in.

"However can he say it!" she cried breathlessly.

"He learnt it. Polly is wiser than you and learns his lessons," I said, with a catch at a moral of which I was very proud afterwards. The child put her finger into her mouth and stood thinking.

"You can learn me too," she said suddenly, sitting down on a little stool at Molly's side.

Her mother glanced at the two as I did. I was thinking how pretty our Moll was looking, with the fresh apple-blossom colour on her cheeks, and her eyes so good and sweet; but the woman must have had other thoughts in her head, for her hands were closely linked together, and there was quite a scowl on her brow, and she turned and went out as though she could not bear it. A little after, something took me towards the same door, but I paused, for though Betty was opening and slamming the doors of the oven, I heard a sound that was more like quick sobs than hard breathing. And it could only have been Thirza. There was no one else about the place. And later on, the door being half-closed, I saw a bit of blue stuff pushing through by the hinge, and was sure she had come there to hear the lesson. All this made me wonder, though I was angry and impatient with her, and of course when we had gone to bed—which was always early—I told Molly. She listened very attentively, and when I had finished, said, "Poor soul!" which I thought was more pity than she deserved. But Molly went on,—

"It makes me think more of what had already crossed my head.

Perhaps she would like to learn herself. What do you say, Nan? If you would teach Izzy, I would take her mother, and the poor thing might not have such a sore heart about strangers. Do you think it would do?"

It was difficult to say. She was not an inviting pupil, but I liked Molly to consult me, and I liked occupation, and so I agreed. Molly never told me what she said to Thirza or Thirza to her. All that I knew was that the lessons began, and that, once begun, the mother shewed an almost passionate eagerness to learn, which was certainly not shared by the child. I doubt whether I ever had a better opportunity of getting or losing patience. Izzy was not dull, but a fly on the window-pane was enough to call off her attention, and it sometimes seemed as if she were absolutely deaf to reasoning. I think only two motives affected her—a rough affection for me, and a fear of Harry's contempt. And these carried her through her letters, but seemed to fail altogether when we got to Ba-bi-bo.

XV.

AMONG THE CLATTER.

It was a strange isolation from the rest of the world in which we found ourselves on the moor, no news nor information of any sort of what was going on; nothing from America, no particulars of the terrible magazine explosion at Vienna, and above all, no tidings as to the fleets of France and Spain off Plymouth. 'Twould not have been impossible to have gained these tidings had John Coombes been another sort of man, for when the shortest way was known, there was Bickleigh not so far away, and letters, no doubt, waiting for Molly; but she had made us promise not to adventure there again, and John Coombes seemed to consider no news fit to stand in the way of his summer work or the housing his scanty crops. Had it been otherwise, he might have walked to Boringdon Hill, and seen with his own eyes what the Channel had to tell. And at last, to our great joy, a man did call in who had passed by there, and by his account, though 'twas now the end of August, there were the ships just as we had left them, sometimes going off, but returning and menacing yet not seeking to enter the port. 'Twas most unaccountable.

The only change in our days came on Sunday. Then, when the weather permitted, as many of us as could walked down to Shaugh Church-town, helped by Jack, who was furnished with a pillion. And there sometimes a crumb of news would fall to Betty in the churchyard after the service, though nothing about what we most wanted to hear, what had become of Sir Charles Hardy's fleet and the Invincible.

Excepting for this, I believe that Harry and Madge and I, and I may almost say grandfather, were as happy as the days were long. The moor air is meat and drink together, and life more wholesome than it could be in the town. Harry's round face was as brown as might be, and we were out for hours in the day, learning the secrets of the moor, the cries of the birds, and the voices of other things which until then we never knew had voices at all. Mrs. Coplestone had fancied we should find it a savage and dreary place, whereas 'twas soon full of friends. Only we were obliged, after that foggy adventure, to say where we were going, or to keep with the turf-cutters, or to take little bare-footed Izzy as our guide, a concession which it was always hard for Harry to stomach. But she won her way, even with him, on these expeditions. She knew every inch of the ground for miles round, and when she understood we wanted flowers or insects, could shew us the most likely places as cleverly as any trained naturalist. All the birds she knew, and the time of their coming and going, though she gave them strange names, which puzzled us. For bog-crossing, I never saw one so light or so clever in the way she sprang. She would go where neither of us dared venture, if there was a rare heath or something which I knew grandfather would like, and 'twas impossible to think there was more danger for her than for the birds themselves. And she had endless stories of the snows of winter, and the wild-fowl which come flying down from the north.

Harry had a liking, more than I, for the cairns and menhirs which lie scattered all about this country, more especially on the tors. I was as good a climber as he elsewhere, but the smooth slippery stones always went against me, and I hated to see him perched on the top of one, besides that I felt humiliated in not getting there myself. And he always would have it he could see so much from the top, more than was reasonably possible, considering the height.

'Twas for one of these cairns, of which he had heard from Betty, that we set out one day, he and I and Izzy. Molly, grandfather, and Madge started at the same time for the wood, where, so still was the day, we could hear the wood-pigeons, or, as Izzy called them, the culvers, cooing. We carried jumping-poles, having bogs to cross, but they were mostly those we had been over before, and knew pretty well.

All the same, I know Molly never saw us go without a qualm.

For a wonder the sky was a clear and steady blue, with only a few dazzling clouds down towards the south. 'Twas most beautiful to watch the great sweep of the hills, with their soft rich colouring, owing to the peat and the masses of heather, and the green of the ferns kept tender with much moisture. And Izzy had the delight of baffling a stoat which would have had a rabbit but for her interference, which set her in the highest of spirits. We went up and down, for that is the feature of our moors, which have dips and vales in them, and running streams, and a constant change, and we crossed a couple of bogs, and marked some fine bog-asphodel still in flower, which we resolved to get for grandfather on our way back, and all this while had seen no one except one man riding a pony in the distance. 'Twas like a vast playground, all our own, except for the birds and beasts, with which none of us would have parted.

But climbing at length over a ridge of hill, I stood still with amazement to see such a strange dwelling as seemed as if it must have been fitted for some of the pixie race rather than ours. It was a little shanty made of turf, built roughly up from the ground, with a hole from which the blue smoke was curling, and not much besides to mark it as a human habitation. Round it was a potato-plot, carefully weeded and hoed, and a goat was tethered on the moor at a little distance. Izzy put up her finger, and made a sign to us that we were to pass by as quietly as we could.

"He don't like to have folk about."

"He? Who's he?"

"Him that lives in there. Now, run."

We obeyed this direction by running past until we were breathless, as if it were the lair of some wild beast which might be expected to pounce out upon us as we fled by.

"Mother thinks he's one of the Old Men come again," said Izzy, panting.

We knew who were meant by the Old Men—the ancient inhabitants of the moor, the remains of whose dwellings are to be found in the hut circles which may be traced in many directions, and are thickly set with old traditionary stories. Harry turned up his nose at the notion; but all the same, there was something very mysterious in this strange dweller in the solitudes, and we stood still and watched for some time with the hope that he would appear at the low hole which served him for doorway.

"He never comes out," said little Izzy, with a sigh of disappointment, "only by night."

"Then he'd get stogged," said Harry, the matter-of-fact.

Izzy shook her head.

"He won't never be stogged," she said, significantly. "Let's run down here, there's a plashet at the bottom."

We were in the wildest spirits, nothing came amiss to us, and the black bread I had brought, with a bottle of milk, tasted delicious. We left crumbs behind us for the birds.

"Dear little things!" Izzy said, "they can't never have tasted it before. I shall give them a good piece."

And when once this idea had got into her head, I had some difficulty in persuading the child to eat anything herself.

Presently we saw before us the tor on which were the stones which Harry was seeking, and began to climb more steadily towards them between the heather and ferns which lay around us for miles. As we got near, the stones seemed to take strange fantastic shapes, crowning the height as they did, and thrown out by the soft blue sky behind them, and 'twas not difficult to fancy some of the old stories true. There was plenty of green whortle about, but not yet ripened, which we felt to be hard.

Harry gave a whoop of delight when he got up to the stones, which seemed to me the least part of it all. There was a quantity of clatter—as they call the loose stones—underneath, and then two or three granite blocks heaped on each other, and a logan stone which might have cracked nuts for us if we had had them to crack. As far as the eye could see, the hills swept on and on, reaching into

blue distances, and with that strange loveliness and silence which hangs round them.

With the stones before him 'twas needful, of course, that Harry should be on their top as soon as possible, and crying out that the view up there was worth ever so much more, and that he was sure he could make out where Plymouth Sound must be, which was almost as good as seeing it, and made me long to shake him. The name of the place seemed to set Izzy in one of her moods, which came sometimes without our knowing why. She stood with her finger in her mouth, frowning, and pushing one shoulder up from her coarse frock; and Harry, who thought nothing of it, but loved to tease, began to mock her with never having seen more water than filled the Black Pond. This pulled her the wrong way more than ever, for she could never bear being laughed at, and she scowled at him, and would have flung a stone but that I took it from her. She stood quiet then, and I thought 'twould be over in a minute, for these passions of hers never lasted, but the next instant she had sprung up towards him and caught his foot and dragged him down upon her. He was sitting idly across the top stone with his legs dangling, and, never dreaming of such an attack, was quite unprepared for it. The two rolled down together upon the clatter, which gave them a hard reception, and there was a scream from Izzy which told that she at least was hurt.

All had passed so quickly that I had scarcely time to start forward before they were down, and 'twas a most dreadful moment while they both lay still, and I saw the blood streaming from Harry's forehead. I rushed at him the first, and got his head on my knee, and pressed my handkerchief on the wound, and called to him to speak, for he was white and motionless. But in a minute or two he lifted his hand, and turned his head, and I tied the handkerchief round, and laid him down where he was, for there was a little shade from the stones, and went to pick up the child, hoping that Harry was coming to himself.

But to move her was beyond my power, she cried out so sharply when she was touched. I was not sure whether all her bones might not be broken, and was dreadfully conscious that I was helpless, and terrified lest Harry might bleed to death while I was minding her.

(To be continued.)

CATS.

By M. F. O'Malley, Author of 'Dogs of Legend and Romance,' &c.



WHAT animal has been so evil spoken of as the “harmless necessary cat”? Alas, poor pussy! Branded with the epithets, “selfish,” “treacherous,” and “cruel;” stoned by boys, worried by dogs, with a past dark with mysterious tales of infant’s breath sucked by night, of attendance at witches’ Sabbaths; not all his fame who turned the miller’s son into the Marquis of Carrabas; not all her renown who made the fortune of poor Dick Whittington; not all the graces of our own domestic pets, can suffice to rescue thy reputation from ignominy, or thy fate from hardship.

And yet what creature better deserves to be our own familiar friend than that whiskered and dainty-pawed being, who, from the depths of the softest arm-chair in the room, purrs applause of her own perfections and quiet content with the universe? What philosophical meditations are passing through the brain of that “Domestic Sphinx,”*

* Vide an amusing article in the ‘Spectator’ for March 30th, 1878.

as she blinks with that impenetrable gaze? Of one thing be certain, she is not contemplating *our* virtues, for she obviously considers us as a lower race, born to minister to her convenience.

"Selfish! conceited! unloving animal!" exclaims the cat-hater. "How different to a dog, who adores his master as a god, and licks the hand that tortures him!" Suppose Puss were to turn round and say,

"Well! and don't you human beings seek your own comfort and convenience? What right have you to cry out if cats do the same? Isn't your very admiration of the dog's devotion under ill-usage a proof of the selfishness of your disposition? What you desire is a domestic slave who will flatter you and fawn on you however much he be ill-treated, and you have not the brains to see the superior value of that affection which is bestowed on you as a deliberate recognition of your amiable qualities, instead of being merely the result of your position as master of the house. Cats are reasonable creatures. Love us and be consistently kind to us, and we will love and caress you, but don't kick us downstairs one day, and then the next day, when your are in a better temper, expect us to come purring to your side! We

'Have a freedom in our love,
And in our souls are free!'

And you need never expect to turn a cat into a foolish, cringing, superstitious worshipper."

And, indeed, Mrs. Puss, there is much justice in your remarks, for can any one of us lay his hand upon his heart, and say he has never been guilty of considering himself the most interesting being in the universe to himself? Should we not also be loth to ask any sacrifice of personal convenience from some of our acquaintances who declaim against the cat as the incarnation of selfishness? But, indeed, to selfish people nothing is more surprising than the selfishness of others.

A viler slander is that "cats are not to be trusted!" Doubly black it seems to those who are now mourning the memory of a beloved Angora, who died not long ago. Let us hope he is now in the land where,

"Worthies of the whiskered race,
Elysian mice o'er floors of sapphire chase,

'Midst beds of aromatic *marum* stray,
 Or raptured rove beside the milky way.
 Kittens than eastern houris fairer seen,
 Whose bright eyes glisten with immortal green,
 Shall smooth for tabby swains their yielding fur,
 And, to their mews assent shall sweetly purr;
 There, like Alcmena's, shall Grimalkin's son
 In bliss repose,—his mousing labours done,
 Fate, envy, curs, time, tide and traps defy,
 And caterwaul to all eternity."

Dear 'Guy Fox' (not '*Fawkes*,' be it observed, for, as the old cook said, "his tail was like a fox's brush")! Most handsome, amiable and wise-looking of long-furred pussies! So gentle was he, that a two-year-old baby naïvely said of him, "I don't mind hurting Guy, for I'm sure *he* won't so'atch."

Undoubtedly the inference to be drawn is that some other cat *would*, and this wholesome awe was inspired by 'Spottie,' a cat not beautiful in person, nor amiable in disposition, but highly intelligent, and a living example of how great a libel is pronounced upon her race by those who say, "Cats care for places, not people." Spot hates



with a deadly hatred, men-servants, children, and all animals except her own kittens, but she is devoted to her mistress, whose wanderings she has shared for the last ten years. When packing-up begins she becomes much excited, and runs about uneasily until the basket in which she travels is brought out, when she gets into it of her own accord, lies down, and purrs contentedly. On arriving at her new abode, she smells carefully round the room, then lies down

on the hearth-rug and takes possession of the place. Once, when paying a two days' visit in the country, she not only made herself perfectly at home, but drove away the cat of the house. On another occasion, when her mistress was staying with a neighbour, Spot found her way to the house, and made her appearance one evening purring loudly with joy at having discovered her owner. In vain was she taken home and, to all appearance, carefully shut up, in five minutes there she was again, and there she insisted on remaining. This fact shows a likelihood in the story that when the Duke of Norfolk was shut up in the Tower in Queen Elizabeth's reign, his favourite cat found out where her master was imprisoned, and made her way to him down the chimney.

Spottie is of a nervous and jealous disposition, and sulks in the most absurd manner when any other animal is petted by her mistress. Imagine her disgust when a baby made its appearance on the scene. "Such a tiresome, ill-behaved little creature, too," thought Mrs. Puss, "not pretty and delightful like my darling kittens, about whom not half so much fuss is made." The baby's crying appeared to be a trial to feline nerves, for Spot, after complaining of it once or twice, would always punish the wailing infant by tapping it with her paw, taking good care to keep her claws well sheathed.

When her mistress is ill, Spot lies, night and day, at the foot of the bed, a most tender and sympathetic companion. Once, however, she got up there with muddy paws and was turned off; a proceeding which so much ruffled her feelings that she sulked for a whole fortnight, at the end of which time she kindly consented to extend the paw of forgiveness.

Another of her quaint ways is a habit of tapping at the door to be let in. First comes a gentle scratch, then distinct tapping, getting gradually louder and louder, and at shorter and shorter intervals, until, if no attention is paid her, she noisily and impatiently rattles the handle of the door. She was able to open the door of the back kitchen in one house, by pressing on the latch.

Mrs. Spot is very capricious in her maternal affection. Some of her kittens she adores, and it is most touching to see her call them when any dainty, game bones, or the like, is given to her, and place the food she would herself so much enjoy before them. Then, while the little creatures are eating in a rude and greedy manner (for,

like all spoilt children, they are very ill-behaved), their fond mamma gazes at them with a most ludicrous expression of admiration and devotion. On the other hand, some of her offspring have not been favourites, and these she treated with the most fashionable indifference, handing them over to the care of human beings, allowing them to be nursed by a good-natured black cat who had kittens of her own, or even pressing the amiable 'Guy Fox' into her services.

It was most absurd to see this tender-hearted animal stretched out on the hearth-rug, nursing one of the kittens between his paws, while the other bit his ears, played with his splendid tail, and otherwise tormented him. Meanwhile Spottie, comfortably seated in an arm-chair, would look on with an air of contemptuous indifference. Did one of the little creatures meet with any of the ills which kitten-flesh is heir to and mew for help, Spot would preserve her disdainful neutrality, and never stir to see what was the matter, while Guy would rush to the rescue, lick, croon over, and comfort his injured nursling, and say, as plainly as though he could speak, "There, there, my darling, never mind; tell your poor old Guy where you are hurt!"

And yet, with every opportunity of watching the various shades of feline disposition, people are found to say of cats, "Most *pussies* have no character at all," or rather to give all cats credit for a nature full of deceit and malignancy. In the words of a writer in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' "It" (the cat) "possesses an innate malice and a perverse disposition, which education teaches it to conceal but never to subdue!"

Yet we can but pity those who lose all the pleasure they might enjoy by sympathy with cats, while as to kittens they are infallible preservatives against ennui, and serve the purpose of kings' jesters in the Middle Ages. There is no created being so enchanting as that ball of fluff. Its round and innocent face, its diminutive size, its deliciously soft fur, its ridiculous antics, its inimitable grace, all make it the most fascinating of young animals. We repeat;—much to be pitied are the haters of the feline race.

But, if cats have their detractors, they have always had some enthusiastic admirers. In ancient Egypt the cat was a sacred animal, the goddess Sekket or Pasht having a cat's head. It is to be observed, however, that in the art of the Ancient Empire, this divinity was

represented with the head of a lioness, and that the cat is then absent from the sculptured fauna on the tombs, which seems to point to it as having been introduced to the valley of the Nile not earlier than at the period of the eleventh or of the twelfth dynasty. In fact all evidence goes to show that the cat was domesticated much later in the history of man than the dog, the horse, or the ox, and hence perhaps that charming independence which makes the cat live with us, but not of us, for good or ill, a "*bête incomprise*," a domestic Sphinx.



The cats of ancient Egypt who, during their lifetime, had received divine honours in the temples of Pasht or of Bast, were embalmed after their death, and some of their mummies brought from Thebes may be seen in the British Museum. Egyptian women were sometimes described as "cats" on their tombs, in token that they had lived under the protection of Pasht. Nowadays it is scarcely complimentary to call a woman a "cat," though many have been the disagreeable remarks of misogynists on the resemblance between cats and women in treachery, caprice, and other vices! But in ancient Egypt the cat at least was not misunderstood, though doubtless then as now men exercised their wit at the expense of the "weaker sex."

Herodotus tells us that when a fire broke out the Egyptians thought less of putting it out than of saving their cats. "These animals, however, slipping by the men, or leaping over them, rush headlong into the flames." [Query. Is this story designed to prove the cat's attachment to the home where it has lived?]

Cambyse gained Pelusis, which had resisted successfully all previous attacks, by means of the following stratagem. He gave to each of his soldiers a live cat instead of a buckler, and the Egyptians suffered themselves to be vanquished rather than hurt the objects of their veneration. Diodorus Siculus tells us that a Roman soldier in Egypt who killed a cat, was torn in pieces by the infuriated mob.

"*Mau*," as the cat was called (evidently cats then spoke the same language as they do now), is represented in many of the mural paintings at Thebes and elsewhere. She wears an ornamental collar, her ears are pierced and decorated with golden earrings, and she occupies a post of honour beneath the chair of the lady of the house. Egyptian cats were trained to retrieve, and in the British Museum there is a picture taken from a tomb at Thebes which represents their skill in this attainment. A gentleman accompanied by his wife and family is seated in a papyrus punt among the reeds; he is killing waterfowl with a heavy throw-stick something like the boomerang of the Australians. His favourite cat retrieves the wounded birds from the thickets on the bank, and is depicted as holding at the same time three wild-duck—with her mouth, her front and her hind claws. In another Theban picture the sportsman is in the act of throwing the stick, and the cat stands "at attention" beside him. In yet another of the Theban tombs are some pictures of fables about animal life, in which cats are shown playing on flutes, or a town is besieged by rats and defended by cats.

When at last death came to close poor *Mau's* eyes, great was the distress of the household where she had been a trusted and valued friend. She was interred with many ceremonies, and the family shaved their eyebrows in token of mourning.

Nowadays in Cairo a certain quantity of meat is daily distributed to the cats, which assemble in crowds, and make day hideous with their howlings while waiting for their dinner. This custom originated in the time of Khalif el Daher Beybars, a cat lover, who in 1260 A.D. bequeathed a garden for the maintenance of homeless and starving cats.

The Arabs and modern Egyptians are fond of cats, and Puss may be said to have more than nine lives in the East, for besides the ordinary Mohammedan prejudice against the taking of animal life, she is shielded by some curious superstitions. The Arabs fancy that Jinns take the form of cats, and relate many extraordinary tales to this effect. The Egyptians call the youngest of twins a *barassy*, and believe that such a person has the power of taking the form of a cat in order to satisfy any craving for certain meats or drinks. M. Prisse d'Avennes, while living at Luxor, killed a cat which had committed many depredations in his larder. The next day a druggist of the

neighbourhood came to him, and in much agitation implored him not to destroy cats, as his youngest daughter was a *barassy*, and often visited M. d'Avennes' house in feline form in order to steal his dessert!

Lady Duff-Gordon gives an amusing account of a glimpse she had of this superstition when living at Thebes. She says,

"Do you remember the German story of the lad who travelled in order to 'learn how to shiver and shake.' Well, I who never '*gruselte*' (quaked) before had a touch of it a few mornings ago. I was sitting here quietly drinking tea, and four or five men were present, when a cat came to the door. I called 'bis! bis!'^{*} and offered milk; but puss, after looking at us, ran away.

"'Well dost thou, lady,' said a quiet sensible man, a merchant here, 'to be kind to the cat, for I daresay he gets little enough at home; his father, poor man, cannot cook for his children every day;' and then in an explanatory tone to the company: 'That's Alea Nasserree's boy Yussuf; it must be Yussuf, because his fellow-twin, Ismaeen, is with his uncle at Negadah.'

"'*Mir gruselte*' (I shuddered), I confess; not but what I have heard things almost as absurd from gentlemen and ladies in Europe, but an 'extravagance' in a kaftan has quite a different effect from one in a tail-coat.

"'What! My butcher-boy who brings the meat—a CAT?' I gasped.

"'To be sure, and he knows well where to go for a bit of good cookery, you see. All twins go out as cats at night if they go to sleep hungry; and their own bodies lie at home like dead meanwhile, but no one must touch them or they would die. Why, your own boy, Achmet, does it. Ho, Achmet!'

"Achmet appears.

"'Boy, don't you go out as a cat at night?'

"'No,' said Achmet tranquilly, 'I am not a twin. My sister's sons do.'

"I inquired if people were not afraid of such cats.

"'No there is no fear; they only eat a little of the cookery. No, they are not afreets, they are beni-Adam.'

"The notion fully accounts for the horror the people here feel at the idea of killing a cat."

^{*} Arabic for Puss.

But indeed your true Moslem *ought* not only to spare but to love cats, for a charming story is told of Mahomet and his cat Muezza.

One day the prophet was lost in reverie; Muezza, curled round inside his wide sleeve, purred herself comfortably to sleep. (By the way, a cat's purring is an excellent accompaniment to meditation.) Some little time went by; the seer dreamed—perchance of Paradise—the cat slept, a truly Oriental picture of repose.

But this happy state of things could not last for ever. Mahomet had business to transact, he must go out; but how stir without awaking Muezza? Moved by a happy inspiration, he took a pair of scissors which happened to be within reach, cut off his sleeve, and went out, rejoicing that he had not disturbed his favourite.

The Persian cat with its long fur and splendid tail is a beautiful animal. It is called '*puschak*,' pronounced by the Afghans '*pischik*.' Our "puss" doubtless belongs to the same family of words. The Lithuanians, an old Aryan-speaking race, call the cat '*puije*.' The Sanscrit word for cat is '*māryāra*,' derived, says Mr. Max Müller, from the root '*mrj*,' to clean, the animal that cleans itself. The Indian names are 'house-wolf,' 'rat-eater,' 'foe to mice.' Darwin says that mention is made of the cat in a Sanscrit document 2000 years old, so that it has been domesticated for some time in India. Apparently it is not very well treated there now, for Mr. Shaw, the traveller in Central Asia, says, "Cats are a favoured race in Toorkistān, not the scared, half-starved things that disappear round corners in Indian houses; but sleek, well-fed creatures, which know how to purr and scorn to steal. While I write there are four of them lying in all positions on the rug in front of my fire . . . At Kashgar the cats are taught to fetch and carry; well-trained ones bring a long price." Mr. Shaw brought a white cat away with him when he left Kashgar, but lost her on the march home. A year later, when he was returning to Eastern Toorkistān, he found his cat in the possession of a tribe of wandering Kirghiz, who had picked her up in the desert. In exchange for some tea, he got her back again, with interest in the shape of a kitten!

That amusing traveller, the Abbé Huc, tells us of a use to which cats are put in China. He stopped at a cottage once to ask the time of day. The boy to whom he spoke replied, "The sky is clouded, I do not know whether it is yet noonday, but if you will wait a moment I will see." Whereupon he disappeared into the house, to

reappear with a large cat, into whose eyes he was steadfastly gazing; and answered that it was not yet noon. He then proceeded to inform M. Huo of a somewhat startling fact in natural history; viz., that the pupils of a cat's eyes gradually contract after sunrise and quite disappear at noonday, enlarging again by degrees until the evening!

But the cat is not only supposed to be useful as a clock in China, but is employed in a more practical manner. Cat's flesh is highly estimated as an article of food; that of black cats being supposed to be more nourishing and highly flavoured than that of cats of other colours. "Black cats' eyes" are among the dainties mentioned in the carte of a Chinese restaurant. M. de Champfleury says that the large cats fed upon rice, which are highly esteemed for the table in China, resemble those kept in Parisian shops and salons. Little did this learned and amusing author guess that in a year from the time he wrote, the people of Paris would be only too glad themselves to eat their whilom pets. Cats are much scarcer in Paris since the days of the siege, when many a poor 'Minette' was sacrificed to feed her hungry owners. Before 1870 every shop-counter, restaurant, and café had its large, long-furred, well-fed pussy.

But to return to the East. In both Chinese and Japanese porcelains, cats are represented as domestic pets. Japanese artists excel in the delineation of the cat, seizing with peculiar felicity her grace, suppleness, and quaintness.

In the art of the ancient Assyrians and Babylonians the cat has no place, nor is she mentioned in the Bible.

The Greeks commonly used the disagreeable marten for the purpose of destroying rats and mice, though the cat must have been a common domestic animal with them, for Theocritus, in one of his dialogues, makes a mistress call a tardy slave, "as lazy and fond of her ease as a cat!"

The cat is not represented in Roman art until a late period of history; but she appears in Pompeian mosaics. A Roman lady of the second or third century was called Lucconia Felicula (equivalent to Pussy) and had a cat engraved upon her seal, so it is evident that by that time the Romans had discovered the charming qualities of the "most beautiful and entertaining of domestic animals."*

In the Middle Ages the cat was not very common in Europe, as is

* 'Spectator.'

shown by the constant recurrence of the Whittington legend in different forms. In the time of Howel the Good of Wales, A.D. 948, the price of a newly-born kitten was fixed at one penny; after it got its sight, but before it had caught a mouse, at two pence, and after this important event at four pence. Be it remembered the value of money in those days was far greater than it now is. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the king's granary, the criminal was to forfeit a milch-ewe with her fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as would entirely cover the cat up to the point of her tail if she were suspended by that member.

St. Anselm used as a great favour to lend his pet cat to different monasteries, which suffered from the devastations of mice. An old chronicler describes him as setting out to pay a visit to a distant convent with Puss on the saddle in front of him.

Doubtless the quiet gentle ways of the cat must have made her popular in the convents, where, in those rude times, so many tender natures took refuge. We can fancy some sleek, well-fed pussy rubbing herself against the nuns as they made their conserves or worked at their tapestry, or purring quietly beside some diligent monk as he bent over the psalter he was transcribing.

We may as well relate here the tales of some convent cats. The monks of a monastery in Cyprus trained their cats to wage war against snakes. At the sound of a bell, twice a day, the cats would troop home to be fed, and then rush out to the chase again. Both monastery and cats were destroyed by the Turks, but the promontory where the convent stood is still known as 'Cape Gatto,' or 'delle Gatte.' General Cesnola relates that as he was passing the Cape his mule was startled by the sudden flight from a bush of what appeared to be a cat. His guide assured him that both there and near to Acrotiri there are wild cats, which hunt and destroy the asps abounding there.

The convent bell reminds us of a story told by Mr. Ross, in the 'Book of Cats.' "Once upon a time there was a monastery, a cat, and a dinner-bell." Every day at a certain hour the bell was rung and the monks and the cat had their meal together. One day, however, when the bell rang, Puss found herself shut into a room at the other end of the building, where no one heard her piteous mews for release. Some hours afterwards the door was opened, and off she

ran to the refectory, but, alas! found there nothing but bare tables. Presently the monks were astonished by the loud ringing of the dinner-bell, and hurrying to the spot, found the cat swinging on the bell-rope. She had learned by experience that bell-ringing was always followed by dinner, and doubtless imagined this to be an unerring law of nature.

Still more wonderful is the tale of another convent cat. This ingenious animal discovered that when a certain bell rang the cook would leave the kitchen to answer it, the monks' dinner remaining unguarded. Strange to relate, whenever the bell rang and the cook turned his back, the contents of one of the plates of food would disappear, and no one could find out either how it went, or who had rung the bell. At last a watch was set, and it was discovered that the cat first rang the bell, the handle of which hung outside the kitchen door, then jumped through the window, seized her booty, and having done so, fled in haste. The monks, so far from punishing this clever robber, made capital out of her misdeeds by allowing visitors, on the payment of a fee, to see her perform this trick.

But cats have been dear to dignitaries of the Church as well as to poor Carthusian monks. Lady Morgan describes a dinner with an archbishop at Naples, where several large Angora cats, introduced by the names of Pantalone, Otello, Desdemona, etc., had their places on chairs near the table. "On the bishop requesting one of his chaplains to help Desdemona, the butler stepped forward and observed, 'My lord, la signora Desdemona will prefer waiting for the roasts.'"

The author, when leaving Canada as a child, gave a favourite cat to the old Bishop of Toronto. This fortunate animal, who rejoiced in the name of Touton, found her lines cast in pleasant places. For twelve or thirteen years she was the spoilt child of the episcopal abode. Not content with her velvet cushion in front of the bishop's study fire, she would often insist upon occupying the poor old gentleman's arm-chair, where she reclined in state, the bishop having to content himself with a small hard uncomfortable seat.

More illustrious churchmen have had their feline favourites. Cardinal Wolsey's cat always sat beside him when he gave audience as Chancellor. No doubt puss felt and looked to the full as important as the magnificent prelate himself.

Another great Church statesman, Cardinal Richelieu, always kept

some kittens in his ante-chamber. When weary of his labours, or oppressed with melancholy, he rang for the kittens, and solaced himself by watching their absurd gambols.

Nor is it surprising that the cat should attract great leaders of men (we have seen how Mahomet loved his Muezza), for no creature can better exemplify the whole art of government. Her sharp and terrible claw, hidden beneath the velvet softness of her paw; the unfathomable mystery in which she shrouds her thoughts and feelings; the unalterable patience with which she waits her opportunity, followed by the sudden spring with which she pounces upon her prey; the gentle and caressing manners with which she wins the hearts of those whom she desires to attach to herself—these are all lessons worth the study of those who desire to rule and guide their fellow men.

Chateaubriand, as statesman and poet, was doubly attracted by the cat, for to the sensitive nature of the poet the cat is much akin. Only those fail to understand her to whom life is a species of race-course; all hurry, noise, and bustle, and for whom the word thought only exists in the dictionary. Chateaubriand had a magnificent puss called 'Micetto,' given him when he was ambassador at Rome, by Pope Leo XII. When seeing the reverse side of life's medal, as an exile in London, he found in their mutual love for cats a bond of sympathy with the poor Irish widow in whose house he lodged. In the 'Memoires d'Outre Tombe,' he writes: "We had the misfortune to lose two elegant pussies, white as ermine, with black tails." But with some of the proverbial ingratitude of exiles towards the land which has sheltered them, Chateaubriand afterwards said that he found English cats as dull and stupidly respectable as English people.

(To be continued.)



DEBBY'S WASH-TUB.



DEBBY was standing by the garden gate, her brown right hand shading her eyes from the autumn sunshine, and a frown of perplexity on her comely face.

"Why Bess," she said, turning to her little daughter, who lay on the grass beside her playing with the twins; "Mary bides too long, I fear thy grandmother is ill again, else she should be here now."

Bess looked up, her merry freckled face composed and sobered in her desire to afford her mother sympathy, and puckered with her puzzled inability to throw any light on the matter.

"Bess," continued her mother after a minute's silent gazing down the dusty lane and across the flat country to the wide fens, and distant line of blue sea beyond them, and round again westward to the gently swelling undulations, for lack of higher called hills, which rose behind the cottage, and its half-acre of garden ground; "Bess—I'll go myself there, mayhap Mary is idling by the way, or else the mother may have taken a bad turn, anyhow I'd best go; if father comes in before I'm back, get his supper for him, my woman, and put the babes to bed, I'll be home by darkling anyway."

Bess drew herself up and promised to be a faithful housekeeper in her mother's absence; then, having received full directions as to "father's supper," she drew the twins into her lap, and sat talking to them and watching her mother's trim figure as she crossed the stubble fields and finally disappeared in a green lane which skirted the nearest slope. Soon she put the fat rosy babies down on the grass and giving them some daisies to play with, she went on with the work in which she had been helping her mother. They had been busy since dinner-time, wringing out a twisted pile of white clothes from two large wash-tubs standing out on the grass. The clothes were not only finer in quality, but also exceeding in quantity what Debby's little household required, for she was a laundress. In the beginning of the week as usual, her husband had driven into the village and brought out her washing, whereupon she and Mary, a young neighbour whom she got in to help her, had set to work and washed all in the first day, and now, on the second, little Bess found

herself left in command of the two great tubs, one piled high with snowy coils of linen ready for bleaching, while the other was half full of clothes waiting to be wrung out.

Bess set to work valiantly, twisting and twirling as her mother did, but in spite of her efforts it was beginning to grow dark and cold before the tub was nearly empty; and she debated in herself whether she should finish them all, or carry in what were ready, and put the twins to bed.

She decided upon the latter plan as being the most prudent, besides that, her little arms were red and aching painfully from the unusually hard work. It took many little journeys before all the clothes were carried in, and the big tub stood empty on the grass, even then too heavy for her to drag into the cottage. The other, half full of water and steeping clothes, she left as it was. Meanwhile she had carried the two little brothers into the warm firelit kitchen, while she finished putting the clothes away.

When her story was heard eagerly by her mother and father, and many a one besides—when every event of that long lonely evening, and still longer, lonelier night, was fraught with deep interest for all connected with her, Bess recalled a number of little things she had hardly noticed at the time. It was just after sundown, she said, that she first noticed the bells. She had often listened at the gate to the full-toned chimes from St. Enoch's belfry, and then, when they died away, run in to tell her mother to expect father now—for he always came home just after the bells stopped. On this particular evening she had given the babies their supper, and tucked them into their big cot bed. They were sleepy and needed no rocking, so there was perfect silence when the bells struck up. Bess ran out to the gate to listen to them, and she often described the cool darkness, and the heavy sweet smell from the clove-pinks and bushy gillyflowers under the kitchen window, wafted to her as she leaned on the low gate, in a peace and quiet, which was suddenly broken, for the bells, instead of chiming out over and over again the quaint measure whose words she had so often murmured to herself, and sung to the babies,

“Lord, through this night,
Be still our light,
With thy strong arm
Shield us from harm;”

instead of their wonted chime, the bells clashed wildly, as if in terrible confusion, and were answered by storm-bells from the watch-towers along the shore, and then the clanging fire-bell in the town-house with its long slow notes, which little Bess remembered, for it had rung the winter before when the parsonage went on fire. What could it all mean? she could not understand as she swung gently and slowly backwards and forwards on the gate, and looked out into the dark and moonless night for some sight of her father. Surely he wouldn't be long now—oh, why didn't mother come, or Mary? it was so very late to stay away like this, surely some one would come—and her lips quivered as she looked out into the field through which her mother had passed.

As she waited on, not feeling the damp dews falling thick on the grass, and the cold autumn night breeze, new sights and sounds struck her with astonishment and uneasy fears. First she saw a very bright blaze dart up from one of the watch-towers on the sea-wall, and when she tried to make out whether it was the tower of which her father was day watchman, two more blazed forth to the south of it. Her heart beat quick as the terrible meaning of the beacon-lights flashed upon her—"Had the dykes given way?" even while she stood trembling and not knowing what to do, a dull noise like very distant thunder smote her dazed senses. It came near, a roaring, rushing, tearing sound; broken now and then by a crash as of some building falling, or what seemed the cry of many voices, only confused, and so far away. Now little Bess began to take in what the bells and the beacons meant—and looked the danger in the face. In these olden days to a child born and bred on the sea-coast of Lincolnshire, such dangers could not be unknown. Every village, almost every family had its traditional histories of the floods of this year and that, when various thrilling escapes had been made, and these narratives were invariably prefaced with true and thrilling accounts of how the belfries rocked again, and the beacon-fires blazed high to warn the country folk.

So she realised with a strange thrill of awe what the danger was. Already, she fancied she could see by the faint remaining twilight the steel grey waters creeping over the drained meadows on this side of the river, and now—and now her straining eyes *could* see a dark heaving something, just curled with white, stretching across the river

like a wall and seeming higher as it approached—Just for a moment when she fairly made out the shadowy terror, poor little Bess felt cold and sick with fear. She held tightly on to the top bar of the gate, and called "Mother, mother!" but her own voice startled her, it sounded so strange in the darkness, and she dared not break the silence, again; little use if she had, poor child; there was no one to hear her call. But she felt as she took in the sense of their danger that there was not an instant to be lost. In virtue of her twelve years, poor little woman, she had been entrusted with the care of her little brothers, and she bethought herself how to save them. She knew that their only deliverance lay in a boat, but what boat would come to them so far out of the way? She also knew that the greatest danger lay in the cottage itself, for even though by climbing on tables and shelves, she managed to keep above the water, yet if (as was more than likely) the flood were to undermine the cottage walls, and they should fall—there would be no hope of escape.

So she set her little brains to work to think of some substitute for the unattainable boat, she had heard of a boy floating for a whole night on the top of his mother's kitchen dresser, but she knew she had not strength to drag theirs out of the house. She turned to the open door through which the warm friendly light of the fire came flickering and cheering the desolate little heart. She was on her way in to see what other things might serve her need, when she tripped against and almost fell into the big washing-tub which she had just emptied. As she picked herself up a sudden bright idea seized her, and she scrambled into it. Yes, plenty room, she could hold the poor little twins in her arms and keep them warm; there was a little water in the bottom of the tub, only a little, and she would put a blanket in to keep them dry. A cheerful feeling came to her in the hope of deliverance, although by means so untried and indirect. It was well for her, poor little girl, that she was ignorant of the dangerous current running in the river, that although the waters would in all probability carry the tub inland, yet very soon after the tide turned, which would be about ten (it was almost eight now), there would be an ebb of the flood, and the poor little ship with its precious freight would be hurried into the general stream and probably be dashed to pieces against some ruin in the way. Of course they might be found and rescued ere long, but little Bess had not

even pictured this to herself, her one thought being to take the first and as she thought the only means that lay in her power.

Then she turned into the kitchen, and put on the babies' hoods and wrapped knitted shawls round them. They were very sleepy and lay quiet in their cot again while she carried out a pillow and some bread and milk in a basin which they had left from their supper; first she put in a blanket to line the new cradle, and then the other things. Already she heard the water swishing in the grass of the flat meadow between them and the river, there was not a minute to spare, she ran to the kitchen and catching up a baby carried him gently out and laid him on the pillow, then back for the other. They stirred a little, missing their warm nest, but she was not long in shutting the cottage door to keep out the waters, and the wicket gate to keep themselves in as long as might be; then she clambered into the tub, and seating herself with the two babies on her knees she drew the hanging ends of the blanket over and round them, and had scarcely done so when a little rush of water and a splash on the side of the tub told her that her preparations had not been made a moment sooner than was needful. The little brothers were only half awake and soon slept again as she had tried to sing to them. She did remember as the words, "Shield us from harm," passed her lips, how grandmother had told her that our Father which art in Heaven was with people here too, and even children who wanted Him to take care of them, and she hoped He was beside her in the dark, to take care of her and the little ones all alone on the water. For the water was rising, rising round her, and she felt the tub move a little to one side, and then losing hold of the bottom altogether, it was right up, floating along, hurried by the turbulent waters over the top of the low gate and out of sight of the cottage. Now Bess began to feel the strength of the current, although they were not in the centre where she could see and hear it running like a mill race.

One of the babies was wakened by an angry little dash of water which fell on its face. Bess comforted it as well as she could, and in her anxiety to reach the bread and milk in the hope of quieting it before the other wakened, she started hastily forward, not knowing how this would destroy the balance of the unwieldy boat; it ducked forward with her movement, and she saw or rather felt in the darkness the cold muddy water lipping up to the very edge of the vessel. Sick

with fright and this new danger, little Bess tried hard for a while to carry her head straight and sit bolt upright in the tub, but at last she gave up the effort—a dull dreamy feeling had been creeping over her, and she could no longer keep her head up—she felt herself sinking back and the babies slipping from her grasp, and then she forgot where she was.

* * * * *

She was dimly conscious for a minute of being very, very tired, of hearing the babies crying somewhere near, but she could not reach them. Then came voices and a blaze of light, and all the time a loving voice called "Bess! my little Bessie!" and she was going to say, "Yes, mother!" but her voice would not make any sound, and she could not lift her head. So she just lay still and felt the tears running down her cheeks, and oh! she wanted so much to go to her mother, but she couldn't rise, and it was very cold and dark, and everything went away but the lapping and splashing of the water round the tub.

* * * * *

Don't you know the end of my story? How the boat came alongside of the tub, and the two rough sailors who were rowing were filled with compassion when they saw the pitiful crew it contained—the two wailing babies, and the white still face of the little girl, tear-stained and as pale as death; her cold limbs cramped, that the babies might be safe and comfortable. And when John Grey and Debby found the children they had gone out to seek floating to them over the flood, yet alive, John handed the babies to their mother and clasped his little daughter to his heart. Her mother called her by name lovingly and passionately, but the white lips did not move nor the tired eyes open.

It did not take long for them to reach the grandmother's cottage on the hill, and there every loving attention was paid to little Bess. And at last the warmth and sweet rest seemed to thaw her cold limbs, and the stiffness relaxed, the faint pulse grew stronger and her lips quivered. She opened her eyes and saw her mother, and managed to whisper the words she had for so long tried to say, "Yes, mother!"

When she had slept and eaten some breakfast, her father took her on his knee for a little, before crossing the wasted fields to see

whether the cottage stood, and every one told their story. Debby, how she had sent Mary home, when she found her mother too ill to be left, and how wretched she was when the alarm was raised and she could not go to her darlings. Then John told how, just as he had taken his last outlook and was inspecting the sluices, fearing that the rising storm and spring tide might over-strain them, one of the men under him came rushing with pallid lips to tell how the wall had given way, midway between them and the next town on the north. Crash after crash followed, and it was impossible to make any defence. The water rose higher and higher round the tower, and with some trouble they got their two boats clear and hurried towards the town; here John was delayed for a time in aiding the many terror-stricken people, who called from windows and the roofs of some of the lower houses, for aid. After several journeys backwards and forwards to the Town House, whose upper story was high enough in all likelihood to escape flooding, he at last steered for his own little home. There all was dark and no one to be seen nor any light, for the creeping waters had put out the fire. He flashed his lantern light in at the window, which was half submerged, and, not seeing any sign of wife or child, he concluded they had escaped in time to the house on the hill. Here he found his wife, and it may be imagined with what anxious hearts they went out together to seek and to find their precious children.

"Bessie," said her grandmother from the bed where she had been lying listening to all their talk; "thee'll not forget, anyhow, that though the waves of the sea be mighty, yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier."

"No, grannie," said little Beas, "I'll never forget that."

MONS MEG.



IVÀN SUSÀNIN.



THIRTY-FIVE versts [verst, a Russian measure, equal to about two-thirds of an English mile] from the town of Kostromà, there is a village named Koròbovo. It is inhabited by about one hundred free peasants, who pay no taxes, and are exempt from all duties incumbent on peasants in general, such as the making of the roads, serving in the army, etc. In one word, they are free from the burdens of social life, while they enjoy all the privileges it affords. These happy people are called Belopàshtzi, which means free agriculturists. They are the descendants of a peasant, Ivàn Susànin, who sacrificed his life for his emperor in the following manner :

In the year 1613, when the Russians had unanimously elected Michael Fèdorowich Romànof to be their Czar, the Poles were their most bitter enemies. Having heard of this election, and foreseeing that it would frustrate their plans of subjugating the Russian empire, the Poles resolved to destroy the newly-elected Czar. Michael Fèdorowich was then sixteen years old. His father was prisoner at Warsaw; his mother had been forced to become a nun, and lived a melancholy life in a monastic cell, while he resided on one of his estates in the vicinity of Kostromà. To this estate the Poles sent a detachment of soldiers, who were to murder young Michael. The assassins arrived in the village of Domnino, belonging to the Romanofs. It was but a verst distant from the village near which the manor, the residence of the Czarevich, was situated. Happily they did not know the way to that village, and meeting the peasant Ivàn Susànin, they questioned him about the way to the residence of the newly-elected Czar, telling him, in order to avoid his suspecting them of any bad design, that they had been sent by friends of the Czarevich, who wished to be the first to congratulate him on his unexpected accession to the throne. But Susànin was clever and sharp-sighted; he soon guessed that he had to do, not with the friends of his master, but with his most bitter enemies. He saw by their costume that they were Poles; this was sufficient to make them an object of dread to a Russian. Feeling

that the life of his sovereign depended on his wariness and discretion, he resolved at once to save it at the price of his own. Skilfully hiding the joy he felt when he heard that his young master had been elected Czar of Russia, he answered the questions of the Poles by telling them that he knew the estate of the Romanofs well, that he had often been there, and was willing to lead the cherished guests of his master to the very door of his dwelling. Deceived by the frank, simple-hearted manner in which the peasant told his tale, the Poles believed him and accepted him as their guide. And where did he lead them?—Just in the opposite direction to that which they ought to have followed. Moreover, he contrived to send a messenger to the young Czar to inform him of the impending danger. For many hours the Poles followed their guide, never stopping to take rest, and came at last to a dense forest, which no human foot had ever traversed. Susànin led them on and on, pretending to have lost his way in the darkness. At last the miscreants began to guess that their guide was cheating them, and told him so in angry words. “No,” answered the undaunted Susànin, foreseeing the excruciating death that awaited him; “no, it is not I who have deceived you; you have deceived yourselves. How could you think that a Russian would betray his emperor? He is saved now; you are very far from his residence.”

The assassins, seeing that they were all doomed to perish in this dense wood, through which no human foot had trodden a path, and the ground of which was covered with deep snow, threw themselves with indescribable rage upon the faithful servant of the Romanofs, and killed him in a most cruel way. For this self-sacrifice of Susànin the Czar rewarded his children most generously. He gave them a large tract of land, on which they built the village of Koròbovo, and granted them and all their descendants the privileges above mentioned, which were to distinguish them from all other peasants. We must, however, mention that the descendants of Susànin do not bear his name. Ivàn had no son. His only daughter, Antonida, was married to a man named Bogdàn Sabinin, and had two sons, Daniel and Constantine; therefore the descendants of the heroic Ivàn bear the name of Sabinin.



COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

All replies must be signed with initials, and sent to the EDITOR, ECCLES-FIELD, SHEFFIELD, by the 20th of July. Each set must be accompanied by a separate paper giving name and address, and the necessary information as to age. Marks will be published in September.

QUESTIONS ON GEOLOGY.—JULY.

1.  HAT do the fossils of the Pleistocene period tell us as to the climate of England at that time?
2. What light has the exploration of the caverns of Dordogne and Aude in South France and of Liège in Belgium thrown upon the probable existence of man in the Pleistocene period?
3. How do the flint implements of the Pleistocene period differ from those of the Recent period?
4. What relation do the extinct fossil animals and birds of the Pleistocene period in South America, Australia and New Zealand bear to the species now living in the same countries?
5. Describe the deposition of mud by the river Nile. To what depth is it annually deposited? Compare it with the "loess" of the valley of the Rhine.
6. Mention any fossils of the Pleistocene period which have been found in Scotch "till."

The following are the marks obtained by the several competitors for answers to the questions set in May. The full number of marks in each class was fixed at 120.

Class I., over 14 years of age.

A. L. F., 89.
A. M. S., 110.
A. W. D., 76.
A. M. G., 109.
A. F. F., 107.
A. M. P., 70.
B. E. B., 120.
C. F. D., 74.
C. M. Y., 120.
C. D. H., 97.
C. L. G., 68.
E. L., 101.
E. C. E., 106.
E. M. S., 90.

E. E. S., 108.
E. E., 80.
E. B. C., 84.
E. T. M., 103.
E. M. P., 84.
E. B., 83.
E. H., 93.
E. & B. B., 72.
E. I. N., 62.
F. O. G., 96.
F. M. W., 83.
F. S. G., 80.
G. F., 103.
G. M., 77.

G. H., 95.
G. A. R. D., 102.
H. M. B., 111.
J. C., 67.
J. H. & E. W., 83.
K. M. B., 114.
K. M. C., 66.
K. A. W., 76.
L. L., 73.
L. S., 93.
M. A. E., 76.
M. H., 84.
M. A. P., 98.
M. C., 120.

M. M. S., 100.
 †M. D., 103.
 M. G., 74.
 M. E. R., 72.
 M. I. M., 73.
 M. C. I. B., 64.
 M. E., 56.
 M. E. F., 80.

*M. E. D., 62.
 M. H. G., 83.
 M. E. P., 93.
 M. B. P. & K. P., 70.
 M. P. F., 109.
 M. H. J., 92.
 M. A., 61.
 M. L., 89.

M. R., 49.
 M. F. V., 109.
 S. H. W., 81.
 S. L. H., 95.
 T. A. A., 120.
 V. E. C., 66.
 V. A. F. S., 81.
 W. G. S., 90.

Class II., under 14.

B. A. M., 60.
 C. V., 115.
 C. M. A., 98.
 D. J. M., 86.

E. F., 85.
 E. M. P. B., 109.
 G. P., 80.

J. M. F. B., 95.
 G. D. N., 68.
 M. E. G., 75.

L. S. will find the information she asks for in both the books recommended in the June number. She cannot do better than get Lyell's 'Elements of Geology,' of which a new edition was published in 1878.

M. P. F.'s surmise as to the April marks is right. The Examiner mistook her first initial for N.

† Distinguished as in the April list.

* No name or initials sent with this paper. The Examiner concludes from the writing that the answers were sent by M. E. D.

THE RIVER.



IVER, river, sparkling river,

Boldly dashing, gaily plashing,

Brightly flashing on thy way;

How thy rippling wavelets quiver,
 Silvered in the sunbeam's ray!

'Mid the palace-chambers gliding,

Chambers hung with curtains green,

Rustling leaves, that dance and shiver

In the summer's noontide sheen!

Now around the mill-wheel singing

Labour's rough and cheerful song;

Now in narrow'd channel stealing

As the stream of Time, along;

Now, 'mid sunny pastures flowing,

Where the bull-rush lifts its head;

Far athwart the distance gleaming,

Like a burnish'd silver thread;

Now within thy shadow'd mirror

Doubling tree, or star, or cot,

Welcom'd by the golden king-cup

And the blue forget-me-not.

River, river, toiling, smiling,

All things blessing in thy day,

On thy swift and silent current,

Bear, O bear, my grief away!

H. S. E.



A SOLDIER'S CHILDREN.



OUR home used to be in a hut in the dear old camp, with
lots of bands and trumpets and bugles and dead marches,
and three times a day there was a gun,
But now we live in View Villa, at the top of the village,
and it isn't nearly such fun.

We never see any soldiers, except one day we saw a Volunteer, and
we ran after him as hard as ever we could go;

And there's only been one funeral since we came, an ugly black thing,
with no Dead March, and dreadfully slow.

There is a man in uniform to bring the letters, but he's nothing like
our old Orderly, Brown,

I told him, through the hedge, "Your facings are dirty, and you'd
have to wear your belt if my father was at home," and oh, how
he did frown!

But things can't be expected to go right when Old Father's away, and he's gone to the war;
Which is why we play at soldiers and fighting battles more than ever we did before.
And I try to keep things together: every morning I have a parade of myself and Dick,
To see that we are clean, and to drill him and do sword-exercise with poor Grandpapa's stick.
Grandpapa's dead, so he doesn't want it now, and Dick's too young for a real tin sword like mine.
He's so young he won't make up his mind whether he'll go into the Artillery or the Line.
I want him to be a gunner, for his frock's dark blue, and Captain Powder gave us a wooden gun with an elastic that shoots quite a big ball.
It's nonsense Dick's saying he'd like to be a chaplain, for that's not being a soldier at all;



Besides, he always wants to be Drum-Major when we've funerals; to stamp the stick and sing RUM—TUM—TUM—
To the Dead March in Saul that's the name of the tune, and you play it on a drum).
Mary is so good, she might easily be a chaplain, but of course she can't be anything that wants a man;
She likes nursing her doll, but when we've battles she moves the lead soldiers about, and does what she can.

She never grumbles about not being able to grow up into a General, though I should think it must be a great bore.

I asked her what she would do if she were grown up into a woman, and belonged to some one who was wounded in the war;

She said she'd go out and nurse him: so I said, "But supposing you couldn't get him better, and he died; how would you behave?"

And she said if she couldn't get a ship to bring him home in, she should stay out there and grow a garden, and make wreaths for his grave.

Nurse says we oughtn't to have battles now Father's gone to battle, but that's just the reason why!

And I don't believe one bit what she said about it's making Mother cry.

Only she does like us to put away our toys on Sunday, so we can't have the soldiers or the gun;

But yesterday Dick said, "I was thinking in church, and I've thought of a game about soldiers, and it's a perfectly Sunday one;

It's a Church Parade; you'll have to be a lot of officers and men, Mary 'll do for a few wives and families, and I'll be Chaplain to the Forces and pray for every one at the war."

So he put his night-gown over his knickerbocker suit, and knelt on the Ashantee stool, and Mary and I knelt on the floor.

I think it was rather nice of Dick, for he said what put it into his head

Was thinking they mightn't have much time for their prayers on active service, and we ought to say them instead.

I should have liked to parade the lead soldiers, but I didn't, for Mother says, "What's the good of being a soldier's son if you can't do as you're bid?"

But we thought there'd be no harm in letting the box be there if we kept on the lid.

Dick could not pray out of the Prayer Book, because he's backward with being delicate, and he can't read.

So he had to make a prayer out of his own head, and I think he did it very well indeed.

He began, "GOD save the Queen, and the Army and the Navy, and the Irregular Forces and the Volunteers!

Especially Old Father (he went out with the first draft, and he's a Captain in the Royal Engineers)——"

But I said, "I don't think GOD save the Queen is a proper prayer, I think it's only a sort of three cheers."

So he said, "GOD bless the Generals, and the Colonels, and the Majors, and the Captains, and the Lieutenants, and the Sub-lieutenants

and the Quartermasters, and the non-commissioned officers, and the men;
 And the bands, and the colours, and the guns, and the horses and the wagons, and the gun-carriage they use for the funerals; and please I should like them all to come home safe again.
 (Don't, Mary! I haven't finished; it isn't time for you to say Amen.)
 I haven't prayed for the Chaplains, or the Doctors who help the poor men left groaning on the ground when the victories are won;
 And I want to pray particularly for the very poor ones who die of fever and miss all the fighting and fun.
 God bless the good soldiers, like Old Father, and Captain Powder, and the men with good-conduct medals, and please let the naughty ones all be forgiven,
 And if the black men kill our men, send down white angels to take their poor dear souls to Heaven.
 Now you may both say Amen—and I shall give out hymn four hundred and thirty-seven."

There are eight verses and eight Alleluias, and we can't sing very well, but we did our best.
 Only Mary would cry in the verse about "Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest!"
 But we're both very glad Dick has found out a Sunday game about fighting, for we never had one before;
 And now we can play at soldiers every day till Old Father comes home from the war.

J. H. E.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

" F. L." very kindly sends "Kathleen Mavourneen" some further information on the subject of Edward the Elder's

daughters. He first says that there were nine of them, so it is not surprising to find that William of Malmesbury has made a confusion between two of their husbands, by representing that Louis III., the blind king of Arles, was identical with "the Prince near the Jura Mountains." Louis III., grandson of Louis II., and son of Boso I., was born in 879; succeeded to the kingdom in 890;

was crowned Emperor by Pope Benedict IV. in 900, died 923. He wrested the kingdom of Italy for a time from Berenger I.; who, however, surprised him at Verona in 904, and put his eyes out, permitting him then to return to Arles. Berenger was murdered himself at Verona in 924. The kingdom of Arles (*Regnum Arelatense*) comprised the eastern basin of the Saône; the lower basin of the Rhone; i.e. Franche Comté, South Burgundy, Dauphiné, Savoy, Vivarais, and Provence; Switzerland to the Reuss; Valais, Geneva, Bugey, Basle, Aargau, and the Lyonnais.

The names of Edward's nine daughters were Eadgifu, married to Charles the Simple; Eadchild, to Hugh the Great, Count of Paris; another Eadgifu, to Louis of Arles; Eadgyth, to Otto I.; Ælfgifu, to some Prince near the Alps; another, whose name is lost, to Sihtric, King of Northumbria; Eadflæd, Æthelchild, and Eadburh, who all became nuns.

"Etichen" regrets that amongst the "French Plays for English School-rooms," recommended last month, the names of some which she likes very much were omitted. "Etichen" does not give us the title of the volume in which the plays are published, but the names of them separately are as follows: 1 Geraldine, 2 Gustave Vasa, 3 Richard Whittington, 4 Le Chemin de Fer, 5 La Reine des Fées, 6 La Bague de Diamants, published by Relfe Brothers, 150 Aldersgate Street, London. The plays cost 9d. each separately, or 5s. in a volume. "Etichen" says the plots are simple, and the plays are suitable for being either read or acted by very young children.

"M.A.B." offers eleven pieces of music, second-hand, but in good condition, for sale at half price. The proceeds to be given towards a font for a new church in a London district. Address, care of the Editor, *Ecclesfield, Sheffield*. The names of the pieces are as follows: Storm at Sea (song), 1s. 3d.; Victor's Homeward March 2s.; Waves, 2s.; Merry Harvest Valses, 2s. 9d.; Lily Wreath Valses, 2s. 9d.; Weber (song), 1s.; Flowers, a carol, 1s. 3d.; (two copies) Our Father's Love (song), 1s. 6d.; Princesses of England, 2s. 3d. All of the above by Mrs. Hayea. 'The Border Valses,' 1s. 9d., by H. E. Fourdrinier.

"Tulip" will be glad to exchange 40 good crests for good photographic or coloured scraps. She will also be glad to hear from "P. L. M." (who advertised

in November), if the latter has not disposed of all her scraps. Address, *The Hall, Shipton on Swale, Thirsk, Yorkshire*.

"A. S." has two wood-doves to exchange. Offers to be sent to 33 *Hertford Street, Mayfair, London, W.*

"Moonbeam" offers 45 crests, monograms, and coloured addresses for 30 or more different varieties of buttons. Address, *A. E. T. F., 143 Harley Street, London, W.*

The Secretary of a successful MS. magazine offers to admit six more members over 14 years of age. Yearly subscription, 2s.; prizes given half-yearly and monthly. Further particulars can be had on sending a stamped and addressed envelope to *Miss A. Cresswell, Lugehay House, Teignmouth*.

"Portia" offers the numbers of 'The Monthly Packet' from January to June, 1879, in good condition, at half-price, 6d. each. *Ambassador's Court, St. James's Palace, London*.

"Y." offers a dark crimson ice-wool shawl 24 inches square at 3s. 6d.; a dozen sheets of letter paper with pen and ink sketches from 'Alice in Wonderland' at the top at 2s. Proceeds for a charity. *Y., 2, Wood Hill Place, Bath*.

"E. E. H." will be thankful to receive Christmas cards, coloured pictures or woodcuts, and coloured scraps for a children's scrap book. The proceeds to be given to a charity. Postage must be paid. 6 *Royal Parade, Cheltenham*.

"M. H. B." offers to admit members into an Amateur Drawing Club, which will commence on July 1. Rules can be obtained on sending a stamped envelope to *Miss M. H. Barker, Oakdale, Broomhall Park, Sheffield*.

Quotations wanted:

- (1.) "I sat in the school room of sorrow;
The master was teaching there."
- (2.) "Enough! high words abate no jot or tittle
Of what, while life still lasts, shall still
be true;
Heaven's great ones must be slandered by
earth's little,
And God makes no ado."
- (3.) "Evil tracketh wrong,
As echo after song."

"M. S. S." Tennyson's allusion in
'Gareth and Lynette' to the

"— letters like to those the vexillary
Hath left, crag carven, o'er the streaming Gelt,"
has reference to an inscription roughly
carved by a standard-bearer of Agricola's
second Legion on a rock near the river
Gelt. Camden in his 'Britannia' says:
"Near Brampton runs the little river
Gelt; on the banks of which, on a rock
called Helbeck, is this gaping inscription,
set up by an ensign of the second Legion,
called Augusta, under Agricola the Pro-
prætor."

"VEX. LEG. II. AVG.
SVB. AGRICOLA."

A good drawing and description of
the rock are given by Dr. Bruce in his
'Lapidarium Septentrionale,' published
by the Society of Antiquaries, Newcastle-
on-Tyne, part iii. p. 234. 'The Gelt
is a tributary of the Irthing, which
again, is a tributary of the Eden on
which Carlisle stands. Mr. Tennyson's
comparison is as accurate and full of
meaning as his minutest details invari-
ably are. No doubt he has seen the
'Written Rock' as it is now called,
and had the bold Roman letters in his
mind, when he likened the inscription
that Gareth saw, to that engraved by
Agricola's standard-bearer.

"Mnemosye" sets 'AUNT JUDY' too
hard a task, by asking her to solve the
disputed question, as to whether the
story of William Tell is true or fabulous.
But if "Mnemosye" reads what is said
by Mr. Baring Gould, in his 'Curious

Myths of the Middle Ages,' on the
subject, she will learn that the story is
told in Icelandic Sagas, and by Persian
and Danish writers long before the date
of the Swiss hero, and therefore it seems
impossible to claim for Tell more reality
than for many other household myths.

"May Flower," as secretary of a Girl's
Essay Club, will be glad to admit
members from ten to fourteen years of
age. Prizes given half-yearly. Rules
can be had on sending a stamped envelope
to *Miss May Beauchamp, Tanner's Hall,
Edmonton, London.*

"A. G. Blagden" offers dancing acro-
bats at 1s. a pair; babies' shoes at 9d.
and 1s.; and two comforters at 1s. Pro-
ceeds for a Church Restoration Fund.
Newton Longueville Rectory, Bletchley.

"AUNT JUDY" has sent "Cord's" kind
answer direct to the enquirer by post.
The address was correctly given, but
the name was an assumed one, which is
the cause of the note being returned.

"E. B." asks if there is a society in
which members lend books to each other?
She is anxious to borrow a copy of Lyell's
'Elements of Geology,' for a few months,
and will gladly undertake to pay the
cost of carriage, and take good care of
the work. Address, *Finchcocks Park,
Staplehurst.*

"C. F. B." returns sincere thanks to
those who have kindly supplied her with
scraps of kid and ribbon for her pin-
cushions. She will be glad of orders for
them, prices 6d. and 8d. each, according
to size. *Catherington House, Hornsea,
Hants.*

"Bluebell" offers linen collarettes and
cuffs worked in crewels at 6s.; piqué frock
trimmed with embroidery for a child of
four years, 12s. 6d.; pink and white
Canadian cloud, and needle-books worked
in crewels, 1s. 6d. each. Proceeds towards
maintaining a cot in the Hospital for In-
curable Children, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.
Address, *56 Gordon Square, London.*

"G. R." must send a fuller address, or the advertisement cannot be inserted.

"Mushroom." 'The Veiled Picture,' and 'Constancy,' by Gounod. (Cramer, Regent Street.) 'Unspoken,' and 'The Golden Shore,' by A. S. Gatty. (Boosey, Regent Street.)

"By and by." Ciro Pinsuti. (Lamborn Cook, 63 New Bond Street, London.)

"AUNT JUDY" is sincerely sorry to hear that illness prevents "M. A." from continuing to answer the Geological Questions.

Report of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Cots at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street, London, June 12, 1879.

Little Elizabeth, or "Tiny" as she prefers to be called, is still the 'AUNT JUDY' child in the Helena Ward, but as she is now well enough to be up and among the convalescents, we suppose she will not be with us much longer. She is in no hurry to go, but when asked why she wishes to stay, the only answer she will vouchsafe to give is, "'Cause I do."

Daniel, a rickety child of three years old, is the occupant of the Boy's Cot, and very stern would be the visitor who could study his perfectly round face, brimming over with fun and good humour, without a smile. His poor limbs may be of little value for ordinary use, but he can twist them about strangely, and can hold his face as easily with his feet as other people can hold theirs with their hands.

Alfred, a boy of six, is one of the most interesting cases in the Victoria Ward just now. He is a peculiar-looking child. "Is he extremely wise and shrewd for his age, or very much the reverse?" you are tempted to ask, for his face looks weak and dull at one moment, and mischievously bright the next. But the great puzzle is to know what is the matter with him.

His one great enemy is the sun. If he incautiously walks into any part of the ward where a sunny ray from a window can catch him, his eyes begin to roll about and turn upwards, and then back he falls, suddenly and helplessly. One would imagine he must have had a sun-stroke at some time, and that this strange weakness was left by it, but no such attack can be heard of in his case. He shall be mentioned in the next Report if still in the hospital.

Generally speaking, the little convalescents play very peacefully and happily together, but now and then disputes arise, and high words are to be heard. The other day, the following conversation took place between two little girls; whom we will call Mary and Annie:

Mary. "I wish I had a bob!"

Annie (rather older and inclined to patronise). "A what?"

Mary. "A bob—a shillin'."

Annie. "If you means a shillin', why can't you say so? Bob's a wicked word."

Mary. "'Taint a wicked word. My father says it."

Annie. "Your father's wicked then."

Mary. "Oh! you story! he ain't. I'll tell him what you say. You shan't be landlady when 'Erbert and me's married." (Herbert is the boy mentioned in the last report, as promising not to cry "to-morrow.")

Annie (contemptuously). "Landlady, indeed! I'm goin' to be the 'ead lady o' the 'Ospital, when you and 'Erbert's married."

Mary (with equal scorn). "Do you s'pose 'Erbert and me's goin' to live in a 'Ospital, along with a lot o' sick children? And if we did, you wouldn't be the 'ead lady, nor a Sister, you'd only be the man what carries in the coals."

And now these foolish children happened to see that a lady-reader was within hearing, and was looking very much amused at the nonsense they were talking,

and so the dispute came to a sudden end. Very likely the little girls were the best friends possible in half an hour's time, for after all, the quarrel was no serious one.

In last week's newspapers there appeared an account of an Order of Merit by the Queen for instituted nurses, called the 'Order of St. Katherine.' Those who have been chosen to receive the honour have £50 a year for three years, and may be sent by the Queen to nurse any patient she fixes upon, but if not wanted for such service, they continue their usual Hospital work. They wear a ribbon badge or armlet, which has the letters "St. K." in raised gold upon it. Among the nurses to whom the distinction is given, is one who has been for some years a good and faithful worker at our Sick Children's Hospital.

Contributions to the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Account in aid of the Building Fund, received to June 16, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
May Burrows, the Grange (monthly)	0	1	0
W. Hamilton Thompson, Edg- baston (monthly)	0	2	0
Nellie (monthly)	0	1	0
Helen (monthly)	0	1	0
A Tabby Cat (quarterly)	0	3	0
E. M. D (for two months)	0	4	0
M. D. (for two months)	0	2	0
Abracadabra (monthly)	0	0	4
Five young Bees (monthly)	0	1	0
Mary and Florence (monthly)	0	0	6
Four little Ripples (monthly)	0	1	6
Edith H. C. (collected)	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
The Butterfly Club	1	0	0
Wounksy Winnil Wintley	0	2	6
Little Mabel, Colombo	0	0	6
Soapy Sam 2d., Bill 2d.	0	0	4
M. L. (sale of waste paper)	0	10	0
"An old Bogie"	0	0	3
S. B. W., a thank-offering	0	5	0
G. J. O.	1	1	0
"Our little Darling"	0	0	6
Three Daisies	0	1	0
Sybil Hooper (collected), Biarritz (less cost of changing money- order)	0	11	1
A pink and a white daisy	0	3	0
Flossy	0	1	6
"Hilda"	0	7	6
Rocklands, Chudleigh, a box of primroses.			
Miss M. Gatrill, Epping, a scrap-book.			
"Scotty," a hamper of flowers.			
Tame Bulfinches, a hamper of rhubarb.			
Mrs. Herbert Arnes, a hamper of vegetables.			
The Misses Newbolt, some flowers.			
Sunday School Class at Instow, North Devon, two boxes of flowers.			
Marian and Winifred, some flowers.			
Eva, some water-colour draw- ings.			
Alfred and Douglas, some books and shells.			
Bernard Mabson, a scrap-book.			
Beatrice and Beattie Gordon Cameron, a parcel of picture- books, &c.			





"A MAN'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS EMERGED FROM THE HOLE." Page 580.

MOTHER MOLLY.

By the Author of 'The Rose Garden,' 'Through Rough Waters,' &c.

XVI.

THE STRANGER.

IT soon became evident that, in this case, the aggressor had suffered the most, for Harry's hurts resolved themselves into bruises and the cut on his head, and he was quite sure he had no bones broken, and would not let me feel him all over, which I was anxious to do. But with Izzy things were different. When I tried to lift her up she screamed, so that I was certain something serious was the matter, but how to mend it or what to do I could not think. Here we were on the top of a solitary tor, miles from home and help, and though I thought myself strong enough to carry the child, I was afraid to touch her for fear of ignorantly increasing the hurt. I hoped 'twas her leg that was injured, and not worse; and Harry gave me a little comfort by saying he was sure 'twas a good sign that she cried out so loud. But for him, poor fellow, water was sadly needed to staunch the bleeding, and the only plan I could at first devise was to go and fetch some, and then to trust that he would be able to help me with Izzy.

So we took off his coat and folded it as soft as we could for the child's head, and then I ran as fast as I could down the hill, remembering a little stream we had passed, and having the bottle with me. And it was as I ran, turning over all sorts of ideas, that the turf shanty jumped into my head.

At first it did not seem to me as if I could venture to go there. Of course I did not believe Izzy's stories of his being one of the Old Men come to life again, but there was no doubt that there was something mysterious about a being who had chosen such a solitary home, and never allowed himself to be seen of men. I trembled at the bare thought of approaching his door. I felt as if I could have endured anything myself sooner than ask his help.

But when I thought of poor little Izzy's piteous, pain-stricken face, and of the long hours that at best would have to pass before we got her home, and of Harry's unfitness to help me, I felt desperate, and

determined to make my way to the hut. I knew that Harry would be able to keep me in view pretty well till I got to the stream, and though I feared 'twould disappoint him sadly to see me not return at once with the water, I hoped that by my waving and pointing—as I did—he would understand that I had an eye to further help, and was gone to seek it. But now that I was quite alone, and at length out of view of the cairn, the solitude which, with one or two others to share it, had been so delightful, seemed most horrible, and I think I grew more frightened of the man who had chosen it, and longed to run back again. Perhaps it was lucky that I had one or two bogs to cross, and these took my attention in a wholesomer fashion.

I saw the smoke before I saw the hut, and climbed more slowly up the next hill, and when I got to the top stood quite still like a simpleton. 'Twas a very little thing which gave me courage, only the goat looking up and bleating, But at any rate she was a living creature, and the man, whoever he was, must tend her, and I choked down my fears and walked straight to the hut, as I thought Father, if he knew, would have me do. And when I got to the hole where the door should have been, but which was so low that no one could have got in or out except on hands and knees, I said as loud as I could get the voice for, "Please, is any one here?" and then waited in terror.

I heard something moving, but got no answer, and my heart thumped so fast that I grew quite dizzy. Go in I could not. That would have been beyond my powers, but I drew a long breath, and called again as loud as was possible, "Is any one here? There's a child hurt."

A voice replied at once, "I am coming," and a man's head and shoulders emerged from the hole, and drawing himself out on his hands, a tall large man with a thick chestnut-coloured beard, and keen eyes, stood upright and looked questioningly at me.

I stared at him in amazement, because he was so different from what I expected, and so big; but all my fear was gone, and I hurriedly explained what had happened.

"You are only children, and have no one to help you?" he asked.

"No one at all, sir."

He muttered something, I don't know what it was, and then bid me go back at once, and he would fetch some things that might be needed, and follow, which sounded so comfortable and like other human beings,

that I had no sooner got away than I could not keep myself from a great laugh, which, as it turned out, was most silly of me, for I never heard his step behind me, and when he overtook me there was I like a Merry Andrew on the broad grin. My mirth ended abruptly, for I never saw a face change to such sudden anger. The fire seemed to leap from his eyes, and he caught my wrist in his grasp, and held it like a vice. It seemed what he thought was that we were playing off a jest upon him, and that I had been sent with a false tale just to draw him out to be looked at. I felt much ashamed, and could do nothing but tell him all the truth: how scared I had been at first, not knowing what I might see, and then so much relieved that I could not keep myself from laughing, for which I begged his pardon. And I suppose he believed me, for he dropped my hand, and walked on with such great strides that 'twas all and more than I could do to keep up with him.

I took glances at him when I could civilly do so, and saw he was an older man than I at first supposed, and that there was grey in his hair and beard. If it had not been for the beard, which looked most strange, there was nothing so ill about him. His clothes were oddly cut and old-fashioned, it was true, but he had the air of a gentleman, and he neither did nor said anything which could terrify me after that first minute. He spoke very seldom, and it startled me afterwards to remember how soon I had told him everything about ourselves, and the panic at Plymouth, and our flight, and how much we wanted news of Father's ship, and how Dick was in the Volunteers. I thought I must have been forward to have let out so much, but I believe now that he drew it from me with a design, and that for all he had shut himself out from his kind, he could not kill the human interest in his heart, and jumped at this opportunity of learning a little as to what was happening.

As we went along, I noticed that he stooped to gather some little plant or a leaf or two from it, and, seeing me look, he told me that this one was good for bruises and that for inflammation, and, finding I had learnt a little of flowers from grandfather, showed me one or two others and explained, though briefly, their uses.

By this time we had got within sight of the cairn, and it gave me a most dreadful turn that I could see nothing whatever of the two children. I stopped with a cry, and he asked me what was the matter. He said directly:

"One is lying down, and the other is sitting in a cleft of the stones, sideways." I could not believe him, and was very uneasy, till he went on, "He is moving now; in a moment you will see him."

It must have been long acquaintance with the moor, which made his sight so extraordinary, for it was quite true, and it lifted a load from my heart to see Harry's arm moving up and down with a feeble attempt at welcome. The bottle had been filled at a little stream, and I could imagine how the poor boy had been looking and longing, and wondering what had taken me all this while. It was never his way to say much, and when we got up, though he stared at the stranger, he drank the water, and asked no questions. 'Twas little Izzy that took my companion's attention. She was lying pretty much as I had left her, moaning a little, but greatly exhausted with pain, so that 'twas really a piteous thing to look at the child, generally so bright. I expected the sight of the strange man would have made her scream, but it did not, and indeed, he touched her as gently as any woman could have done, though with firmness, and without speaking a word. I saw that above the ankle was very much swelled, and, after he had been feeling there some time, he came and looked at Harry, and bid me take him off a yard or two, and wash the out, and lay on it some leaves he gave me, and bind it up. While I was doing this, Izzy gave such a cry that I ran round.

"She will be easier," he said briefly.

'Twas wonderful to see the lightness of his touch as he laid the cooling plants, and bound it round, and fastened some flat sticks on either side with plaited rushes, which he had brought with him. And then he poured a few drops of cordial into her mouth, and the change in the child's condition was extraordinary. She watched him with her great eyes, without showing any fear when he took her in his arms and bid us follow.

He kept before us all the way, at some little distance, looking round now and then to see if we were safe, and carrying Izzy as if she had been a feather, which did not surprise me, for he had a great appearance of strength. I do believe that Harry was amazed to hear who he was—that is, the dweller of the turf hut, for we knew no more—and that I should have summoned courage to seek his help. But by this time the only wonder was that I should have dreaded it so much, and expected some one so different to rush out at me!

The way he led us did not pass close to his hut, which disappointed us, for I think we both had hopes he might have invited us to see what 'twas like, and our curiosity was reaching a burning height now that there was less fear to temper it. At the same time 'twas getting towards evening, grey clouds were sweeping rapidly across the moor, and the wind had risen high, so that I knew they would be looking for us, and that we should lose no more time on the way than we could help, besides that Harry's head was aching with its hard thump. He and I had plenty of fancies about the stranger, and why he had buried himself in the heart of the moor. He would have it he had lost all his money, and I that he had been crossed in love; but there was one good thing in the making up of our stories, that they beguiled the way for Harry, and took his thoughts off the pain, so that he got hungry under the thinking about them, which seemed to me a most excellent sign.

As I have said, we were led back by a way which was a little different, and it kept us longer out of the sight of our farm than if we had gone straight over the crest of the hill, but when the next rise would have brought us into view of it, our guide stood still and beckoned to us to hurry. When I came up, he placed Izzy very carefully in my arms.

"You can carry the child the rest of the way," he said. "Tell the mother that a bone has been broken in the leg, to apply decoctions of the plant I showed you, and to keep it very carefully bandaged."

"But, sir," I said, "should there not be a doctor to set it, if 'tis broken?"

"I have set it. Follow those directions, and see that the child is quiet. That is all."

And before I had had time to thank him, or to ask one of the questions on the tip of my tongue, he was walking back with the long strides which it was impossible to think of overtaking.

I could have cried. Perhaps I should, if there had not been something else to do, and Izzy in my arms, resting not half so quietly as she had done with him, and the farm so near, where her mother would be sure to go almost wild when she knew what had happened. I sent on Harry, thinking his bandaged head would be something of a preparation for them, and walked gently after, myself, trying not to shake her more than I could help.

Harry, who was getting very mannerless, said afterwards that the

women came flying out like a flock of crows. I know I was very glad to see them, and so was he, if he would have owned it, and I am sure it was well both Betty and Mother Molly were there, for they kept back Thirza when she would have snatched the child from me. And when she heard what was done, and how all depended upon care, she grew quite meek and submissive, though one could see her heart heaving up and down, and her hands knitted. Betty ran in to get the bed ready, charging her sister-in-law to leave her in my arms until I had carried her up; and she said nothing against it, but seemed to put a strong force upon herself. But when I had laid her down, and Mother Molly had got Harry, and Betty and I slipped out of the room, we heard her pulling something against the door, so that we should not get in again, and Betty held up her hands.

"Didn' think her'd ha' ben so vulish! An' now, Miss Nan, yu let me know the rights o't."

When I had told our adventures, with great wondering and some reproaches on Betty's part, for she was one of those who think a little blame belongs only properly to a misfortune, she was very desirous to go and urge on Thirza the necessity of leaving the bandages undisturbed, and of carrying out all the stranger's directions to the letter. But I found this anxiety arose not from any confidence in his surgical powers, but from her conviction that he had said a charm over her leg, which might be baffled by any failure in obedience. Evidently she thought that if Izzy was to break her bones, the favour of one, who if not an Old Man, was at least a wizard, must be of untold advantage, and she gave me great credit for my valour in obtaining it for her. She went off armed with her news to Thirza, and came back in great glee to say she was sure the swelling had already gone down. This seemed to me hardly likely, but Betty reproved me by saying she didn't think much of faith that couldn't put down an "information." The whole household appeared to derive great satisfaction from learning who had been the surgeon, and to have no doubt that all must go on well, so long as his directions were not crossed, and when grandfather, who had been a good deal shocked at finding what was the reason for this confidence, argued mildly against it that evening with John Coombes, John scratched his head, said 'twas the women's business, and turned the subject with most unlooked for quickness.

XVII.

LETTERS, BUT NO NEWS.

WHATEVER was the reason, certainly nothing could have mended better than the broken leg. The child suffered very little pain, and was soon in the highest spirits. Her mother would very gladly have shut us all out of the room, but Izzy had no notion of this, and cried till one of us was sent for. Not Harry. She never asked for him, and I had an idea that she still kept the anger against him which had caused her accident, but Mother Molly thought 'twas more likely shame. Molly indeed was unhappy about the little creature and these violent fits of passion, and tried to talk both to her and her mother, but it was difficult, because Thirza resented anything which sounded like blame of Izzy, and Molly was young herself, and felt it, and did not like to seem to interfere.

But, for one thing, Izzy now was glad of her lessons and took them as a change in the day, so that we got on faster, and she began to be proud of her progress, and to like Molly to tell her stories. We fetched the parrot up to her room by day, and she would lie and laugh till she was red in the face with the way he went on, coughing, so that Betty came up once to ask where John was, for she'd know his hoast anywhere; sneezing, laughing, cackling, barking—there never was such a bird for picking up what he heard! Thirza could not bear him, I am sure she thought there was something not right about the way he could mimic, but then he was a great amusement for Izzy, and that was enough for her. She worked with a sort of dogged perseverance at her reading, and Molly's patience and brightness seemed to have got some hold upon her, for she looked differently at her, and did not keep out of sight as she had done before.

Poor Mother Molly! 'Twas well she had some little thing to cheer her, and that she had never been one to sit down and brood over her own troubles, for otherwise 'twould have been very hard on her to be patient and bright. Here was September come, and she yearning for news of George, and with her heart dragged towards Plymouth, from which a hundred miles might have separated us, for all we heard of it. I begged and prayed her to let Harry and me go down to Bickleigh again, but she would not. She said, laughing, that she would not let us out of her sight any more, and that she

meant to be in the next adventure herself. And we little thought how true her words would be! But, as I was saying, she would not hear of our going to Bickleigh, and it was too great a distance for her to walk, and John Coombes was always saying one of the men would have to go before long, and at last Betty whipped on her cloak and hood one morning, and was off before any of us were up. How Molly's spirits rose! She would not be satisfied without doing Betty's work, and burnt her hand in the baking, but carried it through merrily. She made grandfather listen while she repeated Mr. Whitehead's odes, which were in everybody's mouth at that time, and now seem to have faded quite out of memory. I know we thought them most beautiful,—

“To arms, to arms, ye sons of might,
And hail, with sounds of war, the new-born year!
Britannia, from her rocky height,
Points to the Gallic coast, and lifts her spear.
The immortal hatred, which by turns
Wakes and sleeps, with fury burns:
New cause of just offence has Albion found,
And lo! it bleeds afresh, the eternal wound!”

But grandfather shook his head.

“My dear, I like not immortal hates nor yet eternal wounds,” he said in his quiet way.

“But 'tis poetry, sir,” said Molly, with a smile.

“Is it?” he said doubtfully. “Well, 'tis not the poetry to which I have been used. And though war and bloodshed are not the subjects to bring the finest thoughts from a man, yet even of them I have known verses which would put that poor stuff to shame.”

And he repeated, with his blue eye kindling, Milton's noble sonnet on the Massacre in Piemont.

“But I thank you, my dear, all the same,” he said, laying his hand gently in our Moll's. “You have a good memory, and a pleasant voice.”

He was always fearful of hurting us, was grandfather.

It was Harry who first saw Betty coming toiling stiffly along—her great blue umbrella, with its whalebone ribs, tucked under her arm—and ran to tell Molly, as had been settled between us. She flew out, and waved her letters in triumph, for there were two, and I am sure

she was ready to hug Betty. We would have let her stay by herself, but she would not have it; she called us into the kitchen where grandfather was, and sat down beside him on a little stool, and opened first Mrs. Coplestone's great sheet, out of which fell a little bit for me from Elizabeth, and read with an eager light in her eyes. Harry rested both his elbows on the table, and I stood leaning against the settle, and each of us was longing for some news of Father's ship, and yet ready to be jealous if the Coplestones got it instead of us.

But they had none. Mrs. Coplestone said it one of the first things, guessing I daresay what we should be expecting. The whereabouts of Sir Charles Hardy's fleet was altogether a matter of conjecture, though there was some thought that they were trying to draw off the French and Spanish squadrons, being too few in number to venture an absolute attack; but nothing was really known, so it appeared we had not lost much by being on Dartmoor. But Mrs. Coplestone pitied us with all her power, and Molly seemed to think it most good and kind of her. Exeter was really a pleasant place, and their house in Paul Street all that could be desired. The Volunteers were out, and gave it a great deal of life, having charge of the thirteen hundred prisoners of war who were stowed in the Bridewell, and then she gave us a long list of the names of those gentlemen who had supped with them. The new bridge over the Exe was an extraordinary improvement. Mary and Elizabeth had lessons on the harpsichord, she having always been in favour of giving them the best instruction. She hoped Nan and Harry were not running quite wild, and that Nan remembered not to poke. Molly should recollect that freckles once established were most hard to get rid of, and she enclosed a receipt.

Elizabeth's note had nothing very different in it, except that she gave me a description of Exeter, the long hilly street running throughout, the ancient gates, the old castle, and the grandeur of the Cathedral, the singing-men of which were famous. And she told me that she should never forget their drive from Plymouth, or the terror they were in as to robbers as they drove across Haldon. She should have many things to tell me of, she said, when she saw me again, and supposed I might have some wonderful adventures on my side.

Mrs. Harty's letter had many messages in it from Dick. She wrote

with a great sense of thankfulness that so far they had been preserved, not, it is true, from the fear, but from the power of the enemy; and now they could not but hope that, with the likelihood of the equinoctial storms coming on, they might be left altogether. She could fancy how brown and healthy we had grown by this time, and often looked towards the moor and thought of and longed to see us, but was most glad to think of us safely sheltered there, for the panic and uproar at Plymouth would have been most disturbing to grandfather. Directly it was possible for us to return, Dick would come and fetch us.

Molly's mind was but half set at ease by these letters, which wanted the special news she was hoping for, but still, so far as they went, they were good; and she always gladly took the brightness of things. As for me, it seemed to me as if our stay might come to an end any day, and there was so much not yet done, and I still felt a longing to carry back a bigger adventure to Mary and Elizabeth. We had never yet even been up Dewerstone rock where the ravens were, and even, so 'twas whispered, where a pair of golden eagles had raised their young.

Something else was troubling me, and it troubled Molly also a little. It seemed ungracious towards the strange man who had done so much for little Izzy, never to have given him a word of thanks. When I said this to Betty, she looked mighty mysterious, and said *they* never liked to be thanked, and begged me not to go meddling, for I might set everything crooked. So 'twas evident I should get no help in this quarter.

Molly fancied that very likely he was not so mysterious as people made out. Very few passed by that way, and she thought he might wander about a good deal without many seeing him, and I am sure he seemed too long and too big to spend his days crouched up as was popularly reported. But whatever cause had sent him there, whether disappointment, or loss, or bitterness of spirit, it was sure to be something sad and sorrowful, and made her unwilling that we should add a pang by what might look like ingratitude. She tried to work up John Coombes to going, and taking him a little present, but you might as well have tried to move Pen Beacon. *He* didn't know how his little maid comed to break her leg at all. 'Twarn't a bit like her. Happen, somebody had overlooked her in passin'. Happen, the same

thing would fall out for hisself, if he mixed hisself up with them as didn't want him. And he'd got taties to dig. Leave they sort of folks aloan was his counsel, and give 'em plenty of room in passin'. And in fact, out in those solitary places there is held a very earthy doctrine of indifference which resents any demand for what does not directly affect people's own interests. At any rate, John Coombes opposed a stolid resistance to having anything to do with the dweller in the turf hut, so that at last Mother Molly consented one fine morning, when there seemed no fear of fog, and when she had extracted a solemn promise from us to avoid all stones whatever, and all unnecessary bogs, that Harry and I should go to the hut and carry a cheese as a little offering of gratitude. Thirza was very ready to send the cheese, in spite of Betty's mysterious warnings. I think to her there was a certain sweetness in having her child more dependent on her than she had been of late, and she had lost her angry fear of Molly, and was getting won.

So we set off, with a good deal of importance in our errand, on one of those days when the shadows pass swiftly across the moors, and seem in some strange way to take off something of the solitude of the place. And here and there, where we looked back, we could see in the distance the reapers reaping the scanty plots of corn, and the sheep, just moving dots of white upon the hills, and dips of purple shadows shewing the growth of trees. Harry dropped the cheese so often that I took it altogether at last, which I think he had in his mind, and then what did I do but let it slip between my fingers in a bog, just as I was jumping! It gave me a great fright, but most happily was caught by a tussock of heather. The little hut looked quite deserted and quiet when we got there, no smoke even coming out from it, and only the goat nibbling busily, and we stopped to consult what we should do.

Harry thought I should do just what I had done before, go near and call. So, my fear being very much smaller, I did so, and waited hopefully, remembering I had no answer that time just at first. But we could not hear the smallest sound within, and all our calling brought no answer whatever. Then Harry wanted to go in boldly, but that I could not bear. For I thought, and think still, that there was no one in the hut, and it would have been a great piece of presumption on our parts to invade it, and certainly no way of showing our gratitude. So I sat down on the ground and made the cheese a

and then we put the cheese just before the door-hole, and stuck the writing under it, so that it should not blow away, and went and patted the goat, and walked away, looking behind us a good deal, and perhaps half expecting to see the cheese drawn in by a long arm. But it was not. As far as we could see it at all, there it was a dot against the turf, and we could only speculate as to how the present would be received. We never saw him again, but I may as well mention here all that was known of him, for Izzy, when she got well, went up to his hut, and grew quite familiar there. I suppose he could not shut out a child, especially a child like her, and afterwards, when he got ill, they brought him down to the farm, and Thirza nursed him very tenderly till he died. Nothing was ever exactly known of his history, but after his death there was found near his heart a girl's portrait with a name and a date, and this lies in his grave with him.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST HILL.



LET me lean upon ye, laddie, as ye let me long ago,
When we climbed the hills of heather till the world was far
below;

We were boy and girl then, laddie, yet methinks we're
climbing still,

For though we're getting older, a' our life's uphill.

Do ye mind another climbing when the old folk 'gan to frown?
But we wouldna, for we couldna, turn Love's bonny hill adown;
And I leant upon your heart as now I must and ever will—
Sweet the wooing, sweet the winning, but 'twas a' uphill.

I can almost hear ye talking of the long steep hill of Fame,
How ye'd toil, and climb, and struggle, till ye made yoursel a name,
And I bid ye lean on me, laddie, all up that mountain chill,
Till ye stood upon the top,—but it was sair uphill.

Lift your eyes unto the hills for, laddie, we've another climb,
'Cross the valley we are nearing, out of space and out of time;
Let me lean upon ye, laddie, for your heart is stoutest still,
Ask for help to climb together God's most Holy Hill.

S. H. G.

A HAYFIELD STORY.

(From the German of A. Stein.)



GOOD spirit has taken the grasses under his protection; they owe to him the light green dress which he takes care to adorn so beautifully (especially in the morning) with pearls and jewels—that, whoever sees it, stands still in astonishment and admires its magical brightness.

Grasses, like mankind, have childhood, youth, and old age as the end of all. As long as the blades of grass are children and young, their work is joyous, they adorn the earth, are good and happy, and whisper softly and merrily together. Flowers spring up among them, they make a garden for the beetles, gnats and flies, as well as the charming dragonflies, and many other insects. Everywhere in this garden is life; beautiful little red and green beetles swing themselves on the blades and the fine flower stalks, and the ungainly frog hops about with open mouth among these glories. Everywhere is fragrance, joy and grace. Thus it fares with the garden, so long as the grasses are children and very young. When they grow older, taller and broader, the pearls and jewels no longer adorn them, but hang heavily on them; they bend their care-laden heads towards each other, and their light whisper becomes an audible murmur. They seem now to the beetles and insects, like ancient forests in which the creatures lose themselves, and through which they cannot pass. The glory of youth is gone, age has come. Then the grass blades call to the good spirit who protects them and say, "We were beautiful and young and like the garden of the earth, but now, since we have grown wiser, we should like to be of use like the people round us, who do so much while we stand here idle." The good spirit answers, "Your wish shall be fulfilled; men have youth and old age, but also death, you too shall die and become useful through your death;" and, at his call, the mowers appear, and the grasses bend their heads willingly to the scythe, thinking of the promise—"Through your death you shall become useful."

CATS.—(*Concluded.*)

By M. F. O'Malley, Author of 'Dogs of Legend and Romance,' &c.



LONG list might be given of the men of letters who have appreciated the cat ; for so quiet, unobtrusive, and home-loving an animal cannot fail to be dear to the scholar or the thinker. Maybe she brings to his lonely hearth a feeling of comfort and companionship it would otherwise lack, and she never worries him to take her out a-walking as a dog would do. She may have occasionally disturbed meditation by her exactions of attention, but on the whole it would be difficult to find a companion so friendly and sympathetic and asking for so little in return. The story of Sir Isaac Newton, with his "big hole for the cat and little hole for the kitten," is, by the way, apocryphal.

Dr. Johnson's cat 'Hodge' is as well known to us as his negro, Frank. Boswell tells us how the good old doctor tenderly nursed puss when he was ill, and finding the invalid had a fancy for oysters, daily administered them to him. "A fine cat, sir," said Boswell. "I have had cats I liked better," replied the doctor ; then lest his favourite's feelings might be hurt, hastening to add, "But he is a fine cat, a very fine cat, indeed."

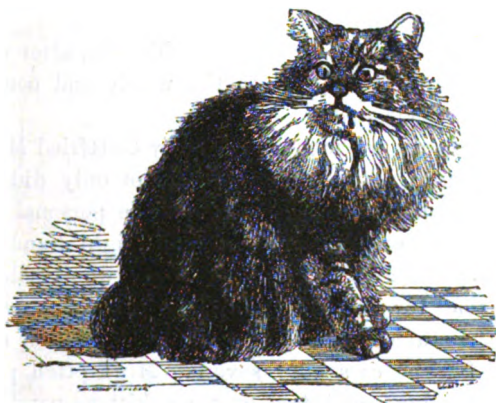
Sir Walter Scott loved cats, as he did all animals, and the Abbotsford puss lived in peace and good fellowship with all the dogs.

Of Canon Kingsley we are told : "Cats were a continual delight to him ; the stable had always its white cat, and the house its black or tabby, whose graceful movements he never tired of watching."

That eccentric character, the Rev. Robert Hawker, would have run a narrow chance of being burnt as a wizard three hundred years ago, for he habitually walked about followed by nine or ten large cats. These cats even accompanied him to church, "For," said the vicar, "all animals, clean or unclean, should find refuge in the Ark." Once, however, a puss so far forgot herself as to catch a mouse during the service, and was thereupon solemnly declared excommunicate. Mr. Hawker writes to a friend, "The nine soft furry friends are all well, and Kit rules them with a steady claw."

Gray's ode immortalised his "pensive Selima," "drowned in a tub

of gold fishes," and other poets' cats have been made famous by their masters' pens. Of such was the splendid long-furred puss which occupied with pomp and dignity a red velvet dais in the centre of Victor Hugo's Paris drawing-room, seeming to expect the homage of every visitor. Tasso addressed a sonnet to his cat, and Petrarch



VICTOR HUGO'S CAT.

loved his feline pet almost as much as he did Laura. That quaint being, the German Hoffeman, composed an autobiography supposed to be written by a cat; and another lover of the grim and the fantastic, Edgar Allan Poe, has left us a tale of a black cat which we recommend a nervous person *not* to read.

Many French poets of this century have been cat lovers, and the great French critic, M. de Sainte-Beuve, allowed his cat perfect liberty to walk about amongst his papers, though woe to the housemaid who dared meddle with them.

But of all cat-literature most touching is a tale told by Madame Michelet. Her father, of whose kindness to all creatures she gives a charming picture, liked cats even better than dogs, because when he and his brother had been two unhappy children scolded and beaten at home and at school, according to the hardening system then in fashion, two cats had been their sympathising friends and comforters. (How often have childish griefs been sobbed out against pussy's soft fur!) The love of cats was handed down to his children, each one of whom had his own cat, which sat in dignified repose under its

master's chair when the family gathered round the fire of a winter's evening. But one mangy-furred beast called Mocoquo, as timid as though conscious of his ugliness, dared not join the happy circle. "My father would have to go to him and take him up, when the grateful animal would gain confidence at the touch of the loved hand, and, nestling against him, hidden beneath his coat, could approach the fireside."

When his master went to America poor Mocoquo, after many furtive glances at the empty chair, fled to the woods and could never be caught or enticed home again.

Amongst cat lovers, we must not pass by Gottfried Mind, a Swiss artist known as the 'Raphael of Cats.' Not only did Mind paint cats in every attitude but he had an intense personal affection for them, and never got over the destruction of eight hundred of these beloved beings by the civic authorities of Berne, when hydrophobia was prevalent in that town. He managed to hide his own favourite Minette, and thus save her in the general massacre, but none the less was his grief for the cats very severe. Mind often painted with Minette upon his knee and two or three kittens perched upon his shoulders. Sometimes he would remain in this attitude for hours together, fearing to disturb his companions; yet to human beings he was by no means so amiable, generally receiving his visitors with every mark of ill-humour.

The great French painter, Delacroix, left many studies of cats, but has never painted a cat in any of his pictures, for in them he always turned his cats into tigers.

The affection of some persons for their cats has lasted beyond the grave. That pink of manners, Lord Chesterfield, left a legacy to his cats and their descendants. A will dated 1828 contains this clause: "I leave to my monkey, my dear amusing Jacko, the sum of 10*l.* sterling. I leave to my faithful dog Shock and to my *beloved cat Tib* 5*l.* apiece as yearly pension.

Still more curious is the will of a certain Madame Dupuis, who died in 1677. It was to this effect: "I pray Mdme. Bluteau, my sister, and Mlle. Calogne, my niece, to take care of my cats and cherish them. They shall have thirty sous a month that they may be well fed. They must have, twice a day, meat soup of the quality usually served on the table; but they must be given it separately, each

having his own saucer. The bread must not be crumbled in the soup, but cut in pieces about the size of hazel-nuts, or they cannot eat it;" and so on, with further details about the preparation of the soup.

It is little wonder that the sanity of this testator was disputed, as also was that of another old French lady, who left her money in a way disapproved of by her family. As this latter had always worn, mounted in a gold ring, the tooth of her deceased cat, her brother tried to prove her insane on this ground alone, but failed to convince the jury that this mark of affection to the dear departed constituted sufficient proof of imbecility.

Cats have sometimes been said to have caused the discovery of a crime. Miss Cornelia Knight, companion to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, tells the following anecdote, which we give on her authority: "An old woman, who died a few years ago, in Ireland, had a nephew to whom she left by will all she possessed. She happened to have a favourite cat which never left her, and even remained by the corpse after her death. After the will was read in the adjoining room, on opening the door, the cat sprang at the throat of the heir and was with difficulty prevented from strangling him. This man died thirteen months afterwards, and on his death-bed confessed that he had murdered his aunt to get possession of her money.

In the list of cat-lovers, (which might have been greatly extended,) we did not mention Sir Richard Whittington, four times Lord Mayor of London. The fact is, that though Whittington was a veritable person, one of the merchant princes of London in the time of Henry IV. and Henry V., Puss is probably a less historical character. The story of a cat making her master's fortune by her valiant deeds among the mice in a far country, is found not only in England, Brittany, Venice, Florence and Denmark, but in Persia, whence it was probably derived; 'Puss in Boots' being another version of the same tale. The legend had attached itself to Whittington before 1603, for it is referred to in a play of that date. A print of the fourteenth century showed Whittington with his hand upon a skull, "but it had to be changed to a cat, for to the world what was Whittington without his puss?" *

An amusing story is told of a modern puss who sailed across the

* 'Cameos from English History,' by Miss Yonge, Part II., p. 249.

seas, but was less lucky than her famous prototype. Mr. Williams, the Polynesian missionary, took a cat with him to the island of Raratonga, but puss not liking her new abode fled to the mountains. One of the new converts, a priest who had destroyed his idol, was one night sleeping on his mat, when his wife, who sat watching beside him, was terribly alarmed by the sight of two small fires gleaming in the doorway and by the sound of a plaintive and mysterious voice. Her blood curdling with fear she awoke her husband, with wifely reproaches on his folly in having burnt his god, who was now come to be avenged on them.

The husband opening his eyes saw the same glaring lamps, heard the same dismal sound, and, in an agony of fright, began to recite the alphabet, by way of an incantation against the powers of darkness. The cat, on hearing the loud voices, felt as much alarm as she had caused, and fled in the darkness leaving the worthy pair much relieved at the success of their exorcism.

A short while afterwards Puss took up her quarters in a retired temple where her mews struck terror into the breasts of the priest and worshippers who came with offerings to the gods. They fled in all directions shouting, "A monster from the deep! A monster from the deep?" to return with a large body of their companions in full war array with spears, clubs, and shields, and faces blackened with charcoal. The cat, however, was too nimble for them and escaped through the midst of their ranks, sending these brave warriors flying in every direction.

That night, however, Puss, tired of her lonely life, foolishly entered a native hut, and, creeping beneath the coverlet under which the whole family were lying, fell asleep. Her purring awoke the owner of the hut, who procured the help of some other models of valour, and with their assistance, murdered poor Pussy in her tranquil and confiding slumbers.

But cats, though thus at first misunderstood, were afterwards welcomed in Raratonga, which was devastated with a plague of rats. The missionaries imported a cargo consisting of pigs, cocoa-nuts, and cats.

By the way, a youthful clerk appointed to make out an invoice of shipments on a Mississippi steamer, was startled by the item of "Four boxes of tom-cats." On inquiry, the mystery was solved. "Why,"

said the indignant sutler, "that means four boxes of Don't you understand abbreviations?"

Whittington's cat, Puss in Boots, and the dear gentle Madame d'Aulnoy's fairy tale, are personal friends to all our children, and even before we knew these famous characters largely into our nursery life and literature. Was not the four-footed creature with which we made acquaintance so friendly and familiar to our baby eyes, her tail a daisy at which to grasp, and her name the first sound our infant to utter? Did not our mothers and nurses amuse us with the 'Cat and the Fiddle,' harrow our feelings with the 'Pussy in the Well,' charm us with the romance of 'Little Kittens?' Nor do English mothers alone sing of babies. The French child is told how—

"Le chat sauta sur les souris,
Il les croqua toute la nuit;
Gentil coquiqui,
Coco des moustaches, mirlo joli,
Gentil coquiqui.

or

A, B, C,
"Le chat est allé
Dans la neige; en retournant
Il avait les souliers tout blancs."

In German this little ditty runs—

A, B, C,
"Die Katze lief in Schnee,
Und wie sie wieder 'raus kam,
Da hat sie weisse Stieflein an,
O jemine, O jemine, O jemine, O jemine."

Possibly ingenious commentators may discover a deeper meaning in the seeming nonsense of these childish rhymes; very probably nature myths about which, according to some people, the ancients were eternally prosing. For instance, 'Pussy in the Well' represents the sun sinking into the ocean, and so on. If we may be thought of this explanation, there is no doubt that it is a weird piece of cat folk-lore, found in many English nursery rhymes. 'Dildrum Doldrum, King of the Cats.' Doubtless many

belong to families with whom AUNT JUDY has from her earliest youth been a loved and honoured friend. These we refer to the AUNT JUDY'S May-day volume, for 1868, where (p. 278) is given a most amusing account of the different versions of this legend, together with its origin in a Scandinavian Trolld-story, to be found in 'Thorpe's Yuletide Stories.'

The cat plays a considerable part in popular superstitions. Chateaubriand tells an uncanny tale about a certain Comte de Combourg, dead three hundred years ago, whose wooden leg—according to the country people—still promenades his castle by night, accompanied by a black cat. Picture the ruined, winding turret-stair; the wooden leg slowly descending *alone*, thump, thump, thump, by its side noiselessly walking a gleaming-eyed black cat!

Certainly a black cat, with its stealthy tread, and the baleful fire of its green eyes, is a sufficiently weird and mysterious-looking animal. There is little wonder that witches and evil spirits were supposed to choose it as a favourite form in which to appear. In 1618 Margaret and Philip Flower were executed at Lincoln for witchcraft. It was asserted that they had procured the death of the eldest son of the Duke of Rutland, by rubbing his glove on the back of an imp named 'Rutterkin,' which lived with them in the form of a cat. The glove was then buried in a dunghill, and as it rotted so had decayed away the liver of the young man. Such an accusation seems inconceivable to us in these days, yet two hundred years ago the greatest and the wisest believed in this and such like horrible nonsense. That pedant, James I., whom the translators of our English Bible were pleased to compare to the "Sun in his strength," and to speak of as "that sanctified person," that "learned and judicious prince. . . . enriched with many singular and extraordinary graces," etc., was a great discoverer and persecutor of witches. When he returned from Denmark to Scotland with his newly-married bride, a great storm arose, and his most Sacred Majesty narrowly escaped being wrecked. It was obvious to the meanest capacity—in those days—that such peril to the Lord's Anointed must have been brought about by witchcraft. Accordingly a wretched old woman named Agnes Sampson was seized and tortured, and after the racking had been sufficiently prolonged, confessed that she, with two hundred other witches, had sailed in sieves from Leith to North Berwick to

hold a banquet with the devil. There they had christened and drowned a black cat, in this manner causing the storm to arise. The scenes with the witches in 'Macbeth,' though to us they seem to contain so strong an element of the grotesque as well as of the unreal, accurately reflect the belief, not only of educated, but of learned and able men in those times, and to a sixteenth or seventeenth century audience must have been full of the deepest horror.

Indeed, of all the tragedies of the past none is more fearful than the persecutions for witchcraft. He who died for a creed, were he Lollard, Gospeller, or Catholic, had the support of an approving conscience, died a martyr, in the sure and certain hope that he should pass from the rack, the scaffold, and the stake, to the glories of Life Eternal. Far otherwise was it with the wretched creatures who, by hundreds and thousands, were tortured and destroyed as wizards and witches. Some miserable helpless old woman, whose only faults were her age, her ugliness, and her imbecility, would be accused of strange and dreadful crimes, for which the only evidence lay in the words wrung from her by torture, and in the affection she had bestowed on the one gentle homely animal which had brought some comfort and companionship to her lone existence. But reason and mercy alike seemed dead in men's breasts when the suspicion of sorcery had been excited. Hated and unpitied, tainted and accursed, the wretched victim died alone; sometimes in the childishness of old age believing herself to be, as she was called, the bond-slave of Satan, about to pass from the cruelty of men to the unsparing wrath of God.

When men thus treated their fellows, it was little wonder that animals fared badly. Accordingly, we find that it was considered quite an amusing spectacle at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth to burn a figure representing the Pope, and containing live cats, whose cries made the "howlings of the divells." Also that on St. John's Day it was customary to throw cats into the big bonfires constructed in the market-places. Cats had, however, their day, for on the festival Corpus Christi it was a mediæval custom to enshrine the finest tom cat of the place wrapped in swaddling clothes like a child, while every knee was bent, and every hand strewed flowers or poured incense.

Many still existing superstitions are connected with the cat. In Suffolk her eyes are supposed to dilate and contract with the flow

and ebb of the tide, while in other parts of England they are thought to wax and wane with the moon. In Lancashire it is said that those who play much with cats never have good health, but in some of the other counties this idea is only supposed to hold good with white cats.



"Kiss the black cat,
And 'twill make ye fat;
Kiss the white ane,
'Twill make ye lean,"

says the rhyme.

Another saying is,

"Whenever the cat of the house is black,
The lasses o' lovers will have no lack."

In Scarborough the sailors' wives were in the habit of keeping a black cat to ensure the safety of their husbands at sea, and these animals were consequently so valuable that no one else could keep them, as they were nearly always stolen. In some places it is considered very unlucky for a black cat to die in the house. An instance of this superstition came under the author's notice the other day, when a Scotch servant wished to turn out a wretched little black kitten, then *in extremis*, into the street, "because it's no lucky for a black cat to die in the hoose."

A most unfortunate belief for poor pussy is that ridiculous idea of the uneducated that cats suck the breath of children. In their love of warmth cats often nestle beside a sleeping child, and are sometimes hunted to death for this imaginary crime.

The wisdom of our forefathers discovered various odd cures in which cats played their part. Such as for epilepsy, three drops of blood from a cat's tail.

To cure a whitlow, put the diseased finger every day into a cat's ear.

To preserve the eyesight, burn the head of a black cat to ashes and have some of the dust blown into the eyes.

The origin of all these superstitions seems very difficult to discover. What, for instance, caused the Huntingdonshire belief that a May kitten makes a dirty cat? In Devonshire a May kitten is supposed to be useless as a mouser, and in Northumberland it is considered very unlucky to keep a kitten born in the month of May.

Endless are the weather predictions of the cat. Should she sneeze it is a sign of rain, and still more infallible is the prognostic if she washes her face beyond her ears. Says Herrick,

“True calendars as pussies are,
Wash 't o'er to tell what change is neare.”

Mr. Ross tells us of an amusing reason given for cats washing their faces after a meal. A cat caught a sparrow and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said,

“No gentleman eats till he has first washed his face.”

The cat, struck with this remark, set the sparrow down and began to wash his face, on which the sparrow flew away. This vexed pussy extremely, and he said,

“As long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterwards.”

Which all cats do even to this day.

Here is another cat and sparrow fable :

“‘I wonder,’ said a sparrow, ‘what the eagles are about, that they don’t fly away with the cats? And now I think of it, a civil question cannot give offence.’ So the sparrow finished her breakfast, went to the eagle, and said : ‘May it please your majesty, I see you and your race fly away with the birds and the lambs that do no harm. But there is not a creature so malignant as a cat; she prowls about our nests, eats up our young, and bites off our own heads. She feeds so daintily that she must be herself good-eating. She is lighter to carry than a lamb, and you would get a famous grip in her loose fur. Why do you not feed upon a cat?’

“‘Ah!’ said the eagle, ‘there is sense in your question. I had the worms to hear this morning asking me why I did not breakfast upon sparrows. Do I see a morsel of worm’s skin on your beak, my child?’

“The sparrow cleaned his bill upon his bosom and said, ‘I should like to see the worm who made that complaint.’

“‘Come forward, worm,’ the eagle said. But when the worm appeared the sparrow snapped him up and ate him, after which he went on with his argument against the cats.”

The cat has figured largely in fable lore from the time of the ancient Egyptians to the present day.

All who know their ‘Tales of a Grandfather’ remember how the

discontented Scottish nobles were brought to book by Lord Gray's fable about the mice and the cat, and how Archibald, Earl of Angus, undertook "to bell the cat," and was called 'Angus Bell-the-Cat,' to his dying day.

Doubtless AUNT JUDY readers are also well acquainted with a charming modern cat parable about "Purring when you're pleased,"* the moral of which cannot be too strongly laid to heart. "Purr



THE DOMESTIC PUSS.

when you're pleased," should become a proverbial expression like "To bell the cat," so much condensed wisdom does it contain.

There are many proverbs having reference to cats. Such as

"When the cat is away,
The mice will play."

"A cat may look at a king."

"Fain would the cat fish eat,
But she is loth to wet her feet."

* 'Parables from Nature,' by Mrs. Gatty. 3rd series.

"When the cat winketh,
Little wots the mouse what the cat thinketh."
"That which comes of a cat will catch mice."
"Care killed a cat."

And yet, as the saying has it, a cat has nine lives, so hard is she to kill. "I would," says Ben Jonson, "that you had ten lives, your own and a cat's!"

There is a well-known expression, "To grin like a Cheshire cat." Whence the idea originated seems to be unknown, but everybody knows the delightful use made of it in 'Alice in Wonderland,' and the picture of that which so surprised Alice, the "Grin without the Cat."

"I have often seen a cat without a grin," said Alice, "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in my life!"

As suitable characters for Wonderland as the 'Cheshire Cat' herself would have been those Kilkenny cats which fought in a saw-pit with such fury that nothing was left of them but the tips of their tails.

Truly an Irish tale!

But as all tales must have an end, we must now conclude those of our cats, having, we trust, said enough to show what a delightful and interesting animal is the Domestic Puss.

M. F. O'MALLEY.



WE AND THE WORLD.

By J. H. Ewing, Author of 'Six to Sixteen,' &c.

CHAPTER X.

"May it please GOD not to make our friends so happy as to forget us!"—*Old Proverb.*

THE 'Water Lily' was re-christened by Dennis, with many flourishes of speech and a deck-tub of salt-water long before we reached our journey's end. The 'Slut,' as we now privately called her, defied all our efforts to make her look creditable for New York harbour, but we were glad enough to get her there at all.

We made the lights of Barnegat at about six o'clock one fine morning, took a pilot on board at Sandy Hook, and the 'Slut' being by this time as ship-shape as we could get her, we cleaned ourselves to somewhat better purpose, put on our shore-togs, and were at leisure to enjoy one of the most charming sensations in the world, that of making one's way into a beautiful harbour on a beautiful morning. The fresh breeze that favoured us, the sunshine that—helped by the enchantment of distance—made warehouses look like public buildings, and stone houses like marble palaces, a softening hue of morning mist still clinging about the heights of Brooklyn and over the distant stretch of the Hudson River Islands, the sparkling waves and dancing craft in the bay, and all the dear familiar maze of spars and rigging in the docks; it is wonderful how such sights, and the knowledge that you are close to the haven where you would be, charm away the sore memories of the voyage past, and incline you to feel that it hasn't been such a bad cruise after all.

"Poor ole 'Water Lily!'" sighed Alfonso, under the influence of this feeling, "you and me's called her a heap o' bad names, Dennis, I 'spects we has to have our grumbles, Dennis. Dat's 'bout whar 't is."

"She's weathered the storm and got into port, anyhow," said Dennis, "and I suppose you think the best can do no more. Eh?"

"Jes so, Dennis."

Alfonso was not far wrong, on the subject of grumbling. It is one of a sailor's few luxuries and privileges, and acts as safety-valve for heats of just and unjust indignation, which might otherwise come to dangerous explosion. We three had really learned no mean amount of rough-and-ready seamanship by this time, and we had certainly practised the art of grumbling as well. That "of all the dirty ill-found tubs," the 'Slut' was the worst we had ever known, our limited experience had made us safe in declaring, and we had also been voluble about the undue length of time during which we had been "humbugging about" between Halifax and New York. But these bygones we now willingly allowed to be bygones, especially as we had had duff-pudding the day before, though it was not Sunday—(Oh, Crayshaws! that I should have lived to find duff-pudding a treat—but it is a pleasant change from salt meat),—and as the captain had promised some repairs to the ship before we returned to Halifax.

We were not long in discovering that the promise was a safe one, for he did not mean to return to Halifax at all. Gradually it leaked out, that when the salt-fish was disposed of, we were not going to take in ballast and go back, as we had thought, but to stow away a "general cargo" of cheap manufactured articles (chiefly hardware, toys, trumpery pictures, and looking-glasses) and proceed with them on a trading voyage "down south."—"West Indies," said the carpenter. "Bermuda for certain," was another opinion; but Alfonso smiled and said "Demerara."

"Cap'n berry poor sailor but berry good trader," he informed us in confidence. "Sell 'm stinking fish and buy gimoracks cheap; sell gimoracks dear to Portugee store in Georgetown, take in sugar—berry good sugar, Demerara sugar—and come back to New York."

Alfonso had made the voyage before on these principles, and was all the more willing to believe that this was to be the programme, because he was—at such uncertain intervals as his fate ordained—courting a young lady of colour in Georgetown, Demerara. I don't think Dennis O'Moore could help sympathising with people, and as a result of this goodnatured weakness, he heard a great deal about that young lady of colour, and her genteel clothes, and how she played the piano, and belonged to the Baptist congregation.

"I've a cousin myself in Demerara, Alfonso," said Dennis.

"Hope she 'm kind to you, Dennis. Hope you can trust her,

'specially if the members walks home with her after meeting.' And Alfonso sighed.

But jokes were far too precious on board the 'Slut' for Dennis to spoil this one by explaining that his cousin was a middle-aged gentleman in partnership with the owner of a sugar estate.

As we had sailed on the understanding that the 'Water Lily' was bound for New York and back again to Halifax, of course we made a fuss and protested at the change. But we had not really much practical choice in the matter, whatever our strict rights were, and on the whole we found it would be to our advantage to go through with it, especially as we did secure a better understanding about our wages, and the captain promised us more rest on Sundays. On one point we still felt anxious—our home letters; so Dennis wrote to the postmaster at Halifax, and arranged for them to be forwarded to us at the Post-office, Georgetown, Demerara. For Alfonso was right, we were bound for British Guiana, it being however understood that we three were not under obligation to make the return voyage in the 'Water Lily.'

An odd incident occurred during our brief stay in New York. It was after the interview in which we came to terms with the captain, and he had given us leave for three hours ashore. You can't see very much of a city when you have no money to spend in it; but we had walked about till we were very hungry, and yet more thirsty, for it was hot, when we all three caught sight of a small shop (or store, as Americans would call it), and we all spoke at once.

"Cooling drinks!" exclaimed Dennis.

"There's cakes yonder," said Alister.

"Michael McCartney," muttered I, for that was the name over the door.

We went in as a customer came out, followed by Michael McCartney's parting words in a rich brogue that might have been old Biddy's own. I took a good look at him, which he returned with a civil comment on the heat, and an inquiry as to what I would take, which Dennis, in the thirstiness of his throat, answered for me, leaving me a few moments more of observation. I made a mental calculation, and decided that the man's age would fit Mickey, and in the indescribability of the colour of his clothes and his complexion he was undoubtedly like Biddy, but if they had been born in different worlds

the expression of his eyes could not have been more different. I had the clearest remembrance of hers. One does not so often look into the eyes of a stranger and see genuine feeling that one should forget it. For the rest of him, I was glad that Biddy had allowed that there was no similarity "betwixt us." He had a low forehead, a broad nose, a very wide mouth, full of very large teeth, and the humourous twinkle in his eye did not atone for the complete absence of that steady light of honest tenderness which shone from Biddy's as freely and fearlessly as the sun shines. He served Dennis and Alister and turned to me.

"Have you a mother in Liverpool?" I asked, before he had time to ask me which "pop" I wanted.

As I have said, his mouth was big, but I was almost aghast at the size to which it opened, before he was able to say, "Murder and ages! Was ye there lately? Did ye know her?"

"Yes; I know her."

"And why would ye be standing out there with the cold pop, when there's something better within? Come in, me boy. So you're acquainted with my mother? And how was she?"

"No, thank you, I don't drink spirits. Yes; your mother was well when I saw her."

"God be praised! It's a mighty long time since I seen the ould craythur."

"Fifteen years," said I.

I looked at Mr. Macartney as I said it, but he had evasive eyes, and they wandered to the doorway. No customers appeared, however, and he looked back to Dennis and Alister, but they had both folded their arms, and were watching us in silence.

"Murder and ages!" he repeated, "it doesn't feel the half of it."

"I fancy it seems longer, if anything, to her. But she has been on the look out for you every day, you see. You've a good business, Mr. Macartney, so I daresay you can reckon. Fifteen times three hundred and sixty-five? Five thousand four hundred and seventy-five, isn't it?"

"It's a fine scholar for a sailor-boy that ye are!" said Mickey; and there was a touch of mischief in his eye and voice which showed that he was losing his temper. I suppose Dennis heard it, too, for he took one bound to my side in a way that almost made me laugh to feel how

ready he was for a row. But I knew that after all I had no right over the man's private affairs, warm as was my zeal for old Biddy.

"And you think I might mind my business and leave you to yours, Mr. Macartney?" I said. "But you see your mother was very kind to me, very kind indeed; and when I left Liverpool I promised her if ever I came across you, you should hear of her, and she should hear of you."

"And why not?" he answered in mollified tones. "It's mighty good-natured in ye, too. But come in, all the three of ye, and have somethin' to eat and to drink for the sake of the old country."

We followed him into a back parlour, where there were several wooden rocking-chairs, and a strong smell of stale tobacco. Here he busied himself in producing cold meat, a squash pie, and a bottle of whisky, and was as voluble as civil about every subject except the one I wished to talk of. But the memory of his mother was strong upon me, and I had no intention of letting it slide.

"I'm so glad to have found you," I said. "I am sure you can't have known what a trouble it has been to your mother never to have heard from you all these years."

"Arrah! And why should she bother herself over me?" he answered impatiently. "Sure I never was anything *but* a trouble to her, worse luck!" And before I could speak again, he went on, "But make your mind aisy, I'll be writing to her. Many's the time that I've all but indited the letter, but I'll do it now. Upon me conscience, ye may dipind upon me."

Could I depend upon his shambling conscience? Every instinct of an honest man about me answered, No. As he had done for fifteen years past, so he would do for fifteen years to come. As long as he was comfortable himself, his mother would never get a line out of him. Perhaps his voice recalled hers, but I almost fancied I could hear her as I sat there.—"I ax your pardon, darlin'. It was my own Mickey that was on my mind."

"Look here, Mr. Macartney," said I; "I want you to do me a favour. I owe your mother a good turn, and it'll ease my mind to repay it. Sit down whilst we're enjoying your hospitality, and just write her a line, and let me have the pleasure of finding a stamp and putting it in the post with my own hands."

We argued the point for some time, but Mickey found the writing-

materials at last, and sat down to write. As he proceeded he seemed to become more reconciled to the task; though he was no great scribe, it was obvious, and he followed the sentiments he was expressing with curious contortions of his countenance which it was most funny to behold. By-and-by I was glad to see a tear or two drop on to the paper, though I was sorry that he wiped them up with his third finger, and wrote over the place before it had time to dry.

"Murther and ages! But it's mighty pleased that she'll be," said Mr. Macartney when he had finished. He looked mighty pleased with himself, and he held the letter out to me.

"Do you mean me to read it?" I asked.

"I did. And ye can let your friends hear too."

I read it aloud, wondering as I read. If pen and ink spoke the truth, Biddy's own Mickey's heart was broke entirely with the parting from his mother. Sorra a bit of taste had there been in his food, or a drop of natural rest had he enjoyed for the last fifteen years. "Five thousand four hundred and seventy-five days—no less." (When I reached this skilful adoption of my calculations, I involuntarily looked up. There sat Mr. Macartney in his rocking-chair. He was just lighting a short pipe, but he paused in the operation to acknowledge what he evidently believed to be my look of admiration, with a nod and a wink. I read on.) Times were cruel bad out there for a poor boy that lived by his industry, but thank God he'd been spared the worst pangs of starvation (I glanced round the pop-shop, but as Mickey himself would have said, No matter!) and didn't it lighten his heart that day to hear of his dear mother sitting content and comfortable at her own coffee-stall. It was murderously hot in these parts, and New York—bad luck to it—was a mighty different place from the dear old Ballywhack where he was born. Would they ever see old Ireland again? (Here a big blot betrayed how much Mr. Macartney had been moved by his own eloquence.) The rest of the letter was rich with phrases both of piety and affection. How much of the whole composition was conscious humbug, and whether any of it was genuine feeling, I have as little idea now as I had then. The shallows of the human heart are at least as difficult to sound as its depths, and Mickey Macartney's was quite beyond me. One thing about the letter was true enough. As he said, it would "plaze the ould craythur intirely."

to the care of the Dock-gate keeper, we had not much spare time left in which to stamp and post it, so we took leave of the owner of the pop-shop. He was now very unwilling to let us go. He did not ask another question about his mother, but he was consumed with trivial curiosity about us. Once again he alluded to Biddy. We were standing outside, and his eye fell upon the row of shining pop-taps—

"Wouldn't she be the proud woman now, av she could see me!" he cried.

"Why don't you get her out to live with you?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I'm a married man, Mr.—bad luck to me, I've forgotten your name now?"

"I didn't trouble you with it. Well, I hope you'll go and see her before she dies."

But when I came to think of it, I did not feel sure if that was what I wished. Not being a woman, how could I balance the choice of pain? How could I tell if it were better for her to be disappointed with every ship and every tide, still having faith in her own Mickey, and hope of his coming, or for the tide and the ship to bring him with all his meanness upon the head she loved, a huge disappointment, once for all!

CHAPTER XI.

"Roose the fair day at e'en."—*Scotch Proverb.*

AFTER leaving New York, we no longer hugged the coast. We stood right off, and to my great delight, I found we were going to put in at Bermuda for repairs. I never knew, but I always fancy that these were done cheaper there than at New York. Or it may merely have been because when we had been at sea two days the wretched 'Slut' leaked so that, though we were pumping day and night, till we were nearly worn out, we couldn't keep the wet from our gimcrack cargo.

Fortunately for us the weather was absolutely lovely, and though it was hot by day, we wore uncommonly little clothing and "carried our change of air with us," as Dennis said. As to the nights, I never can forget the ideal beauty of the last three before

we reached Bermuda. I had had no conception of what starlight can be and what stars can look like. These hanging lamps of the vast heavens seemed so strangely different from the stars that "twinkle, twinkle," as the nursery book has it, through our misty skies at home. We were, in short, approaching the tropics. Very beautiful were the strange constellations of the midnight sky, the magic loveliness of the moonlight, and the phosphorescence of the warm waves, whilst the last exquisite touch of delight was given by the balmy air. By day the heat (especially as we had to work so hard in it) made one's enjoyment less luxurious, but if my love for the sea had known no touch of disappointment on the cold swell of the northern Atlantic, it would have needed very dire discomfort to spoil the pleasure of living on these ever-varying blue waters, flecked with white foam and foam-like birds, through the clearness of which we now and then got a peep of a peacock-green dolphin, changing his colour with every leap and gambol, as if he were himself a wave.

Of living things (and, for that matter, of ships) we saw far less than I expected, though it was more than a fortnight from the time of our leaving Sandy Hook to the night we lay off to the east of the Bermudas—the warm lights from human habitations twinkling among the islands, and the cold light of the moon making the surf and coral reefs doubly clear against the dark waters—waiting, but scarcely wishing, for the day.

As I have said, Alfonso was very black, and Alfonso was very dignified. But his blackness, compared with the blackness of the pilot who came off at St. George's Island and piloted us through the Narrows, was as that of a kid-shoe to a boot that has been polished by blacking. As to dignity, no comparison can be made. The dignity of that nigger pilot exceeded anything, regal, municipal, or even parochial, that I have ever seen. As he came up the ship's side, Dennis was looking over it, and when the pilot stood on deck Dennis fled abruptly, and Alister declares it took two buckets of water to recover him from the fit of hysterics in which he found him rolling in the forecabin.

The pilot's costume bore even more reference to his dignity than to the weather. He wore a pea-coat, a tall and very shiny black hat, white trousers, and neither shoes nor socks. His feet were like flat-

irons turned the wrong way, and his legs seemed to be alipped into the middle of them, like the handles of two queer-shaped hoes. His intense, magnificent importance, and the bombastic way he swaggered about the deck, were so perfectly absurd, that we three youngsters should probably have never had any feeling towards him but that of contempt, if it had not been that we were now quite enough of seamen to appreciate the skill with which he took us safely on our dangerous and intricate passage into harbour. How we ever got through the Narrows, how he picked our way amongst the reefs and islands was a marvel. We came in so close to shore that I thought we must strike every instant, and so we should have done had there been any blundering on his part.

We went very slowly that day, as became the atmosphere and the scene, the dangers of our way, and the dignity of our guide.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said Dennis, as we hung over the side, "If it's for repairs we've put into Paradise, long life to the old tub and her rotten timbers! I wouldn't have missed *this* for a lady's berth in the West Indian Mail, and my passage paid!"

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

This was indeed worth having gone through a good deal to see. The channel through which we picked our way, was marked out by little buoys, half white and half black, and on either side the coral was just a-wash. Close at hand the water was emerald green or rosy purple, according to its depth and the growths below, half a mile away it was deep blue against lines of dazzling surf and coral sand; and the reefs and rocks amongst whose deadly edges our hideous pilot steered for our lives, were like beds of flowers blooming under water. Red, purple, yellow, orange, pale green, dark green, in patches quite milky, and in patches a mass of all sorts of seaweed, a gay garden on a white ground, shimmering through crystal! And down below the crabs crawled about, and the fishes shot hither and thither; and over the surface of the water, from reef to reef and island to island, the tern and sea-gulls skimmed and swooped about.

We anchored that evening, and the pilot went ashore. Lovely as the day had been, we were (for some mysterious reason) more tired

at the end of it, than on days when we had been working three times as hard. This, with Dennis, invariably led to mischief, and with Alister to intolerance. The phase was quite familiar to me now, and I knew it was coming on when they would talk about the pilot. That the pilot was admirably skilful in his trade, and that he was a most comical-looking specimen of humanity, were obvious facts. I quite agreed with both Alister and Dennis, but that, unfortunately did not make them agree with each other. Not that Dennis contradicted Alister (he pretended to be afraid to do so), but he made comments that were highly aggravating. He did not attempt to deny that it was "a gran sight to see any man do his work weel," or that the African negro shared with us "our common humanity and our immortal hopes," but he introduced the quite irrelevant question of whether it was not a loss to the Presbyterian Ministry that Alister had gone to sea. He warmly allowed that the pilot probably had his feelings, and added that even he had his; that the Hat tried them, but that the Feet were "altogether too many for them intirely." He received the information that the pilot's feet were "as his Creator made them," in respectful silence, and a few minutes afterwards asked me if I was aware of the "curious fact in physiology," that it took a surgical operation to get a joke through a Scotchman's brain-pan.

I was feeling all-overish and rather cross myself towards evening, and found Alister's cantankerousness and Dennis O'Moore's chaff almost equally tiresome. To make matters worse, I perceived that Dennis was now so on edge, that to catch sight of the black pilot made him really hysterical, and the distracting thing was, that either because I was done up, or because such folly is far more contagious than any amount of wisdom, I began to get quite as bad, and Alister's disgust only made me worse. I unfeignedly dreaded the approach of that black hat and those triangular feet, for they made me giggle in spite of myself, and I knew a ship's rules far too well not to know how fearful would be the result of any public exhibition of disrespect.

However, we three were not always together, and we had been apart a good bit when we met (as ill-luck would have it) at the moment when the pilot's boat was just alongside, ready for his departure.

"What's the boat for?" asked Alister, who had been below.

"And who would it be for?" replied Dennis, "but the gentleman in the black hat. Alister, dear! What's the reason I can't tread on a nigger's heels without treading on your toes?"

"Hush!" cried I, in torment, "he's coming."

We stood attention, but never can I forget the agony of the next few minutes. That hat, that face, those flat black feet, that strut, that smile. I felt a sob of laughter beginning somewhere about my waist-belt, and yet my heart ached with fear for Dennis. Oh, if only His Magnificence would move a little quicker, and let us have it over!

There's a fish at Bermuda that is known as the toad-fish (so Alfonso told me), and when you tickle it it blows itself out after the manner of the frog who tried to be as big as an ox. It becomes as round as a foot-ball, and if you throw it on the water it floats. If you touch it it sounds (according to Alfonso) "all same as a banjo." It will live some time out of water; and if it shows any signs of subsiding, another tickle will blow it out again. "Too muchee tickle him burst," said Alfonso. I had heard this decidedly nasty story just before the pilot's departure, and it was now the culmination of all the foolish thoughts that gibbered in my head. I couldn't help thinking of it as I held my breath to suppress my laughter, and quaked for the yet more volatile Dennis. Oh, dear! Why wouldn't that mass of absurdity walk quicker? His feet were big enough. Meanwhile we stood like mutes—eyes front! To have looked at each other would have been fatal. "Too muchee tickle, him burst." I hoped we looked grave (I have little doubt now that we looked as if we were having our photographs taken.) The sob had mounted from my waist to my throat. My teeth were set, my eyes watered, but the pilot was here now. In a 'moment he would be down the side. With an excess of zeal I found strength to raise my hand for a salute.

I fear it was this that pleased him, and made him stop; and we couldn't help looking at him. His hat was a little set back for the heat, his black triangular feet were in the third position of dancing. He smiled.

There was an explosive sound to my right. I knew what it meant. Dennis had "burst."

And then I never felt less like laughing in my life. Visions of

insubordination, disrespect, mutiny, flogging, and black-hole, rushed through my head, and I had serious thoughts of falling on my knees before the insulted pilot. With unfeigned gratitude I record that he was as magnanimous as he was magnificent. He took no revenge, except in words. What he said was:

"Me one coloured gentleman. You one dam mean white trash ob common sailor. YAH!"

And with unimpaired dignity he descended the ladder and was rowed away over the prismatic waters. And Alister and I turned round to look for Dennis and found him sitting in the scuppers, wiping the tears out of his thick eyelashes.

There was something fateful about that evening, which was perhaps what made the air so heavy. If I had been keeping the log, I should have made the following entry: "Captain got drunk. A ring round the moon. Alister and Dennis quarrelsome."

I saw the ring round the moon when I was rowing the captain and the mate back from one of the islands, where they had been ashore. Alfonso afterwards pointed it out to me and said, "Tell you, Jack, I'm glad dis ole tub in harbour now!" From which I concluded that it was an omen of bad weather.

Alister and Dennis were still sparring. I began to think we'd better stretch a rope and let them have it out with their fists, but I could not make out that there was anything to fight about except that Alister had accused Dennis of playing the fool, and Dennis had said that Alister was about as good company as a grave-digger. I felt very feverish and said so, on which they both began to apologise, and we all turned in for some sleep.

Next day we were the best of friends, and we got leave to go ashore for a few hours. We were anchored in Grassy Bay, off Ireland Island. That is off the island where the hulks are, and where the schoolmaster spent those ten long years. Alister and Dennis wanted to take a boat and make for Harrington Sound, a very beautiful land-locked sheet of water, with one narrow entrance through which the tide rushes like a mill-race, but when they heard my reason for wanting to have a look at my friend's old place of labour and imprisonment, they gave in most good-naturedly, which, as it happened, it was very lucky for us all.

We were all three so languid, that though there was much to see

and little time in which to see it, when we found three firm and comfortable resting-places among the blocks of white stone in the dockyard, we sat down on them, and contented ourselves with enjoying the beautiful prospect before us. And it so happened that as Dennis said, if we'd "taken a box for the Opera" we could not have placed ourselves better for the marvellous spectacle that it was our good luck to witness. I must try and tell it in order.

The first thing we noticed was a change among the sea-birds. They left their careless, graceful skimming and swooping, and got into groups, wheeling about like starlings, and uttering curious cries. And scarcely had we become conscious of this change among the birds than a simultaneous flutter ran through the Bermudian "rig-boats" which had been skimming with equal carelessness about the bay. Now they were hurriedly thrown up into the wind, their wide mainsails lowered and reefed, whilst the impulse spread as if by magic to the men-of-war and ships in the anchorage. Down came the sails like falling leaves, the rigging swarmed with men bracing yards, lowering top-gallant masts, and preparing—we could not conceive for what.

"What, in the name of fortune ——" said Dennis.

But at this moment Alister cried, "Look behind ye, man!"

We turned round, and this was what we saw—

The sky out to seaward was one great half-circle of blue black, but in what sailors call the eye of the storm, was another very regular patch, with true curved outlines of the arc and the horizon. Under this the sea was dazzlingly white, and then in front of that it was a curious green black, and it was tossing and flopping about as if it did not know what to be at. The wind was scarcely to be felt as wind, but we could hear it moaning in a dull way that was indescribably terrifying. Gradually the blackness seemed to come down over us as if it would swallow us up, and when I looked back to the bay not a bird was to be seen, and every boat was flying into shelter.

And as they fled, there arose from the empty sea and sky a strange hissing sound, which gradually grew so intense that it became almost a roar; and, as the noise increased, the white line on the horizon widened and widened.

Suddenly there came a lull. It quite startled us. But about half a mile away, I could see over Alister's shoulders that the clouds

were blacker, and the sea took up the colour and seemed to heave and rock more sulkily than before. There was no white water here, only a greenish ink. And at the same moment Dennis and Alister each laid a hand upon my arm, but we none of us spoke. We lost ourselves in intense watching.

For by degrees the black water, leaving its natural motion, seemed to pile up under the black cloud, and then, very suddenly, before one could see how it happened, either the cloud stretched out a trunk to the sea, or the sea to the cloud, and the two funnel-shaped masses were joined together by a long, twisting, whirling column of water that neither sea nor sky seemed able to break away from. It was a weird sight to see this dark shape writhe and spin before the storm, and at last the base of it struck a coral reef, and it disappeared, leaving nothing but a blinding squall of rain and a tumult of white waves breaking on the reef. And then the water whirled and tossed, and flung its white arms about, till the whole sea, which had been ink a few minutes before, had lashed itself into a vast sheet of foam.

We relaxed our grip of each other, and drew breath, and Alister stretching his arm seawards after a fashion peculiar to him in moments of extreme excitement, gave vent to his feelings in the following words:

"Sirs! yon's a water-spout."

But before we had time to reply, a convict warder, whom we had not noticed, called sharply to us, "Lie down, or you'll be blown down!" and the gale was upon us. We had quite enough to do to hold on to the ground, and keep the stone-dust out of our eyes by shutting them. Further observations were impossible, though it felt as if everything in the world was breaking up, and tumbling about one's ears.

Luckily nothing did strike us, though not more than a hundred yards away, a row of fine trees went down like a pack of cards, each one parallel with its neighbour. House-tiles flew in every direction, shutters were whipped off and whirled away; palm-trees snapped like fishing-rods, and when the wind squall had passed, and we sat up, and tried to get the sand out of our ears, we found the whole place a mass of débris.

But when we looked seaward we saw the black arch going as fast as it came. All sense of fever and lassitude had left us. The air

was fresh, and calm, and bright, and within half an hour, the tern and seagulls were fishing over the reef and skimming and swooping above the prismatic waters as before.

CHAPTER XII.

"After you've made up your mind jest what you're going to du, then iz a good time tu du it."—*Josh Billings.*

"CREAKY doors" are said to "hang long," and leaky ships may enjoy a similar longevity. It certainly was a curious fact that the 'Water Lily' hardly suffered in that storm, though the damage done to shipping was very great. Big and little, men-of-war, and merchantmen, very few escaped scot-free, and some dragged their anchors and were either on the reef in the harbour, or ran foul of one another.

Repairs were the order of the day, but we managed to get ours done and to proceed on our voyage, with very little extra delay.

I cannot say it was a pleasant cruise, though it brought unexpected promotion to one of the Shamrock three. In this wise :

The mate was a wicked brute, neither more nor less. I do not want to get into the sailor fashion of using strong terms about trifles, but to call him less than wicked would be to insult goodness, and if brutality makes a brute, he was brute enough in all conscience! Being short-handed, at Bermuda, we had shipped a wretched little cabin boy of Portuguese extraction, who was a native of Demerara, and glad to work his passage there, and the mate's systematic ill-treatment of this poor lad was not less of a torture to us than to Pedro himself, so agonising was it to see, and not dare to interfere; all we could do was to aid him to the best of our power on the sly.

The captain, though a sneaking, unprincipled kind of man, was neither so brutal nor, unfortunately, so good a seaman as the mate; and the consequence of this was, that the mate was practically the master, and indulged his Snuffy-like passion for cruelty with impunity, and with a double edge. For, as he was well aware, in ill-treating Pedro, he made us suffer, and we were all helpless alike.

This hold over the captain was not from superior seamanship alone. The 'Water Lily' was nominally a "temperance" vessel, but in our case this only meant that no rum was issued to the crew. In the captain's cabin there was plenty of "liquor," and the captain

occasionally got drunk, and each time that he did so, the influence of the mate seemed rivetted firmer than before. Crews are often divided in their allegiance, but the crew of the 'Water Lily' were of one mind. From the oldest to the youngest we all detested the mate, and a natural manliness of feeling made us like the captain better than we ought otherwise have done, because (especially as regards the drinking) we considered his relations with the mate to be characterised by anything but "fair play." No love was really lost between them, and if the captain came on deck and took the lead, they were almost certain to quarrel (and none the less so, that we all rushed with alacrity to obey the captain's orders, but with the mate's it was all "dragging work," as nearly as we dare show unwillingness).

What led to the extraordinary scene I am about to relate, I do not quite know. I suppose a mixture of things. Alister's minute, unbroken study of what was now his profession, the "almost monotonous" (so Dennis said) perseverance with which he improved every opportunity, and absorbed all experience and information on the subject of seamanship, could hardly escape the notice of any intelligent captain. Our captain was not much of a captain, but he was a 'cute trader, and knew "a good article" in any line. The Scotch boy was soon a better sailor than the mate, which will be the less surprising, when one remembers how few men in any trade give more than about a third of their real powers to their work—and Alister gave all his. This, and the knowledge that he was supported by the public opinion of a small but able-bodied crew, may have screwed the captain's courage to the sticking-point, or the mate may have pushed matters just too far; what happened was this:

The captain and the mate had a worse quarrel than usual, after which the mate rope's-ended poor Pedro till the lad lost consciousness, and whilst I was comforting him below, the brute fumed up and down deck like a hyena ("sight o' blood all same as drink to the likes of him," said Alfonso, "make he drunk for more")—and vented some of his rage in abuse of the captain, such as we had often heard, but which no one had ever ventured to report. On this occasion Alfonso did report it. As I have said, I only knew results.

At eight o'clock next morning all hands were called aft.

The captain was quite sober, and he made very short work of it. He told us briefly and plainly that the mate was mate no longer, and

asked if we had any wish as to his successor, who would be chosen from the crew. We left the matter in his hands, as he probably expected, on which, beckoning to Alister, he said, "Then I select Alister Auchterlay. He has proved himself a good and careful seaman, and I believe you all like and trust him. I beg you to show this now by obeying him. And for the rest of the voyage remember that he is *Mister Auchterlay*."

"Mr. Auchterlay" more than justified the captain's choice. His elevation made no change in our friendship, though the etiquette of the vessel kept us a good deal apart, and Dennis and I were all the "thicker" in consequence. Alister was not only absolutely loyal to his trust, but his gratitude never wearied of displaying itself in zeal. I often wondered how much of this the captain had foreseen. As Alfonso said, he was "good trader."

The latter part of the voyage was, in these altered circumstances, a holiday to what had gone before. The captain was never actually drunk again, and the 'Water Lily' got to look clean, thanks largely to the way Pedro slaved at scraping, sweeping, swabbing, rubbing, and polishing, to please his new master. She was really in something like respectable harbour trim when we approached the coast of British Guiana.

Georgetown, so Alfonso told me, looks very odd from the sea. The first thing that strikes you being the tops of the trees which seem to be growing out of the water, but as you get nearer you discover that this effect is produced by the low level of the land, which is protected from the sea by a sea-wall and embankment. I have no doubt Alfonso was right, but when the time came I forgot all about it, for it was not in ordinary circumstances that I first saw Georgetown.

It was one of those balmy, moonlit tropical nights of which I have spoken; but when we were within about an hour's sail of the mouth of the Demerara river, the sky ahead of us began to redden as if the evening had forgotten itself and was going back to sunset. We made numberless suggestions, including that of a display of fireworks in our honour, but as the crimson spread and palpitated, like an Aurora Borealis, and then shot up higher and flooded a large area of sky, Alister sang out, "Fire!" and we all crowded forward in anxious curiosity.

As might be expected, Alfonso and Pedro were in a state of the

wildest excitement. Alfonso, of course, thought of his lady-love, and would probably have collapsed into complete despair, but for the necessity of keeping up his spirits sufficiently to snub every suggestion made by the cabin-boy, whose rival familiarity with the topography of Georgetown he could by no means tolerate; whilst Pedro, though docile as a spaniel to us, despised a "nigger," as only a half-caste can despise a negro somewhat blacker than himself, and burned for safe opportunities of displaying his superiority. But when Pedro expressed a somewhat contemptuous conviction that this glowing sky was the result of rubbish burning on plantations up the country, and skilfully introduced an allusion to relatives of his own who had some property in cane-fields, Alfonso's wrath became sublime.

"You no listen to dat trash ob cabin-boy," said he. "Wait a bit, and I'se find him dirty work below dat's fit for he. Keep him from troubling gentlemen like us wid him lies. Plantation? Yah! He make me sick. Tell you, me know Demarary well 'nuff. De town is in flames. Oh, my Georgiana!"

So much, indeed, was beyond doubt before long, and as the fire seemed perilously close to the wharves and shipping, the captain decided to lie off for the night. The thermometer in his cabin stood at ninety degrees, which perhaps accounted for his having no anxiety to go ashore, but, in spite of the heat, Dennis and I were wild to see what was going on, and when Alister called to us to help to lower the jolly-boat, and we found we were to accompany him, we were not dilatory with the necessary preparations, and were soon rapidly approaching the burning town.

It was a strange sight as we drew nearer and nearer. Before us, on the sea, there was a line where the cold silver of the moonshine met the lurid reflections of the fiery sky, and the same cool light and hot glow changed places over our cheeks as we turned our heads, and contrasted on the two sides of the sail of the jolly-boat. And then we got within ear-shot. A great fire is terrible to see, but it is almost more so to hear, and it is curious how like it is to the sound of great waters or a great wind. The roar, the hiss, the crackle, the pitiless approach—as Dennis said—

"I'll tell ye what it is, Jack. These elemental giants, when they do break loose from our service, have one note of defiance amongst them; and it's that awe-ful roar!"

of the crowd, there were noises not a few. Dennis and I were together, for Alister had business to do, but he had given us leave to gratify our curiosity, adding a kindly warning to me to take care of myself, and keep "that feather-brained laddie," Dennis, out of danger's way. We had no difficulty in reaching the point of interest, for, ludicrous to say, the fire was in Water Street, that is, it was in the street running parallel with the river and the wharves; the main business-street of Georgetown. We were soon in the thick of the crowd, protecting our eyes from the falling fragments of burning wood, and acquiring information. That heap of smoking embers—so we were told—was the big store where it first broke out, the house yonder, where the engines were squirting away, and the fire putting tongues of flame out of the windows at them, as if in derision, cost two thousand dollars—"Ah! there goes the roof!"

It fell in accordingly, and, in the sudden blaze of its destruction, I saw a man coming riding along, before whom the people made way, and some one pulled me back and said:

"The governor."

He stopped near us, and beckoned some one to his side.

"Is he coming?"

"He's here, sir," and then into the vivid glare stepped a tall, graceful, and rather fantastic-looking young gentleman in a white jacket, and with a long fair moustache, who raised his hand with a quick salute, and then stood at the governor's stirrup.

"I know that fellow, I'm sure," said Dennis.

"Royal Engineers officer," said my neighbour; "Mark my words, that means gunpowder," and the good man, who was stout and streaming with perspiration, seemed to feel like one who has asked for a remedy for toothache and been answered by the dentist—"Gunpowder is what it means! And if our governor had sent for a cobbler, he'd have said, 'Nothing like leather,' and mended the hose of the steam-pump. And that store of mine, sir, didn't cost a cent less than—"

But I was watching the engineer officer, and catching fragments of the rapid consultation.

"Quite inevitable, sir, in my opinion."

"Very good. You have full powers—instruct—colonel—magazine—do your best."

The engineer officer had very long white hands, which I noticed as one went rapidly to his forehead, whilst with the other he caressed the dark nose of the governor's horse, which had been rubbing its head against his shoulder. And then the governor rode away and left him.

The word "gunpowder" seemed to have brought soldiers to the spot in a sort of natural sequence. There was more quick saluting and short orders, and then all disappeared but one bronzed-looking sergeant, who followed the engineer stripping up and down as he jerked his head, and pulled his moustache, and seemed to have some design upon the gutters of the house-eaves, which took a good deal of explaining and saluting. Then we heard wheels and running footsteps, and I became sensible of great relief from the pressure of the crowd. The soldiers had come back again, running a hand-cart with four barrels of gunpowder, and the public made way for them even more respectfully than for the governor. As they set it down and wiped their faces, the sergeant began to give orders rather more authoritatively than his superior, and he also pointed to the gutters. On which the soldiers vanished as before.

"Can't we help, I wonder?" said I.

"That's just what I'm thinking," said Dennis, and he strode up to the officer. But he was busy with his subordinate.

"Well, sergeant?"

"Not a fuse in the place, sir."

"Pretty state of things! Get a hatchet."

"They sent one, sir."

"All right. This is the house."

"The roof 'as caught, you know, sir?"

"The less time to waste," was the reply, and the young man took up a barrel in his hands and walked in with it, kicking the door open with his foot. The sergeant must almost have trodden on his officer's heels, as he followed with the second, and before I could speak Dennis had shouldered the third.

"Here's diversion!" said he, and away he went.

There was the fourth barrel and there was I. I confess that I felt a twinge, but I followed the rest, and my barrel behaved as well as if it had been a cask of molasses, though the burning wood

fell thickly over us all. As I groped my way in, the sergeant and Dennis came out, and by the time that they and some soldiers returned, dragging pieces of house-gutters after them, the fantastic young officer was pouring the gunpowder into a heap in the middle of the floor, by the light of a corner of the ceiling which was now on fire, and I was holding up a shutter, under his orders, to protect it from premature sparks. When he set down the barrel he shook some dirt from his fingers, and then pushing back his white shirt-sleeves from his wrists, he filled his joined hands as full with gunpowder as they would hold, and separating them very slightly let a tiny stream run out on to the floor as he walked backwards; and as fast as this train was laid, the thin line was covered from falling embers by the gutters, turned over it upside down. Through the room, down along a passage between two houses, and so into the street, where the crowd had more or less assembled again. Then the officer emptied his hands, dusted them together, and said, "Clear everybody out."

The sergeant saluted—"May I fire it, sir?"

"No thank you, sergeant, clear everybody out." The sergeant was evidently disappointed, and vented this on the civilian public.—"*That*," said he, turning a blackened thumb over his shoulder, "is a 'eap of gunpowder. It's just a going to be hexploded." There was no need to "clear everybody out." *They went.* And we found ourselves alone with the soldiers, who were laughing, and saying that the crowd had taken a big cast-iron tank for the heap of gunpowder. We stood a little aside in obedience to a wave of the young officer's arm. Then he crossed the street to pick up a long piece of burning wood, and came back, the moonlight and the firelight playing by turns upon him.

I honestly confess that, fierce as the heat was, I turned cold. The experiences of the next few minutes were as follows: I saw the young engineer fire the train, and I heard a puff, and then I saw him fall, face downwards, behind the tank. I gave a cry, and started forward, and was brought up short by a back-hander on my chest from the sergeant. Then came a scrambling, rushing sound, which widened into a deep roar, shaking the ground beneath our feet, and then the big building at which we were gaping seemed to breathe out a monstrous sigh, and then it fell in, and tumbled to pieces, quietly, swiftly, and utterly, like a house of cards.

And the fantastic-looking young officer got up and shook himself, and worried the bits of charred wood out of his long yellow moustaches.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Do the duty which lies nearest you, and catch the first beetle you come across."—*The Water Babies*.

AFTER Alister had done the captain's business, he made his way to the Post Office and got our letters, thinking, as he cannily observed, that in widespread misfortunes the big are implicated with the little, that fire spares public buildings no more than private residences, and that if the Post Office was overtaken by the flames, we might lose not only words of affection, but perhaps enclosures of value. In short, he had brought our letters, and dearly welcome they were.

I had three; one from my father, one from my mother (with a postscript by Jem), and a long one from Charlie. I read my father's first; the others were sure to be tender and chatty, and I could enjoy them at leisure.

My father's letter was, for him, a wonderful effort of composition, and it was far kinder than I had expected or deserved. He blamed me; but he took some blame to himself for our misunderstandings, which he hoped would never recur. He said (very justly) that if he had spoken harshly, he had acted as he believed to be best for me. Uncle Henry's office was an opening many parents envied for their sons, and he had not really believed that my fancy for the sea was more than a boyish whim. He was the last man in the world to thwart a real vocation, and no doubt (as my Uncle Henry and he had agreed, and, thank God, they had had a very pleasant brotherly bit of a chat over old times, and a glass of my grandfather's 1815 port) every Briton had a natural tendency to rule the waves, and it was stronger in some lads than others, as 'Robinson Crusoe' alone would prove, a book which my uncle remembered had nearly cost him his life on a badly-made raft on the mill-dam, when he was a lad, and which would be read by boys with the real stuff in them, when half these modern books the Woods littered the farm parlour with were lighting the fire. My uncle Henry had come forward in a very gratifying way. He had mentioned that Benson, an exceedingly intelligent clerk of his, had spoken of me in the highest terms, and seemed to think that there

was hardly anything in the way of distinction in an adventurous career which might not be open to me. I was not to be made vain by this, as Benson appeared to be an affectionate fellow, with a respect for the family of his employer very rare in these days. It had been a great comfort to my father this visit from Uncle Henry. They were both greyheaded now, and Jem and I were all they had to come after them. Blood was thicker than water. As to my poor mother——

For a few minutes the letter danced up and down as if writ in water; then I dried my eyes, and found that she bore up pretty well in hopes of my return, and that Uncle Henry was communicating by this mail with a man of business in Halifax, N.S., who was instructed to take a passage home for me in a good vessel, and to defray any expenses of a reasonable nature in connection with my affairs. When I was safe home, my father added, he would take the best advice as to sending me to sea in a proper and suitable way. Dr. Brown had some relatives who were large ship-owners, and he seemed to be much interested in my career, out of regard to the family. I was to let nothing hinder me from coming home at once, as I valued the love and blessing of my affectionate father.

My mother's letter was infinitely tender, and it was curiously strong. Not a reproach or a lamentation, but some good counsel, shrewd as well as noble, and plenty of home news. Only at the end did she even speak of herself: "You see, my son, I have never had men belonging to me who earned their livelihood in foreign countries and by dangerous ways, but you may trust your old mother to learn to do and bear what other mothers go through with. She will learn to love the sea because you are a sailor, but, Jack, you must always give her a woman's bitter-sweet privilege of saying good-bye, and of packing up your things. I am getting the time over till you come back with socks. I am afraid they will blister your feet. Martha does not like them because they are like what the boys wear in the coal-pits, but Dr. Brown declares they are just right. He chose the worsted when we went to see Miss Bennet's mother at the Berlin shop, and left it himself as he drove home, with a bottle of red lavender for my palpitations. I shall never forget his kindness. He sat here for an hour and a half on Sunday, and spoke of you to your father as if you had been his own son; and he said himself he walked

up and down Miss Bennet's, right through the shop parlour and out again, talking about you, till the ph and Mrs. Simpson could not remember what she ha which, as Dr. Brown said, was not to be wondere Miss Bennet completely forgot to take him upstairs and it never crossed his own mind till he stopped at on the old lady's sleeping draught with my red dro called at your uncle Henry's office, and congratulat a nephew of spirit, and it was market day, so the Jem says I am to leave room for him, as he can't t say to fill a letter of his own, so I will only say G darling boy, and bring you safe home to your poor n

"P.S.—If you love me, come as quick as you go off again."

This was Charlie's letter :

"MY DEAR JACK—I was so glad to get your letter. gone off at last. It did not surprise me, for I was s some day. I believe I have a very mean spirit, for at first that you did not tell me; but Mr. Wood scolding, and said I was not fit to have a friend if him out of sight or out of hearing. And that's quit I think I knew more about it after Jem had been do so jolly to me since you left. It must be a splend ship, and I am glad you have been in the rigging, ar I wish you had seen an iceberg or a water-spout, but For two days and two nights. I was very miserable, rode down on Shag, and brought me a book that did of good, and I'll tell you why. It's about a man going to travel round the world, like you, and h behind, like me. Well, what does he do but make travel round his own garden, and write a history of just as if he had been abroad. And that's the book tell what a jolly one it is. I mean to do the same, o sea I shall call it a Log. 'Log of a voyage round Croft, and the Orchard, by the Friend he left behi good, isn't it? I've been rather bothered about w have separate books for each, or mix them all up; and t got to consider how to manage about the different ti

you know, of course, the plants and the beasts and everything are different at different times; but if I have a log of each place for each month, it would not be done by the time you come home. I think perhaps I shall have note-books for the four seasons, and that'll take a good while. Two of the best chapters in Jenny's book are called 'on my face' and 'on my back,' and they are about what he sees lying on his face and then on his back. I'm going to do the same, and put down everything, just as it comes; beetles, chrysalises, flowers, funguses, mosses, earth-nuts, and land-snails, all just as I find them. If one began with different note-books for the creatures, and the plants, and the shells, it would be quite endless. I think I shall start at that place in the hedge in the croft where we found the humble bee's nest. I should like to find a mole cricket, but I don't know if they live about here. Perhaps our soil isn't light enough for them to make their tunnels in, but one ought to find no end of curious burrowing creatures when one is on one's face, besides grubs of moths, to hatch afterwards. When I am on my back, I fancy what I shall see most of are spiders. You can't conceive what a lot of spiders there are in the world, all sorts and sizes. They are divided into hunters, wanderers, weavers, and swimmers. I expect you'll see some queer ones, if you go to hot places. And oh, Jack! talking of burrows, of course you're in Nova Scotia, and that's where Cape Sable is, where the stormy petrels make their houses in the sand. They are what sailors call Mother Carey's Chickens, you know. I'm sure we've read about them in adventure books; they always come with storms, and sailors think they build their nests on the wave. But they don't, Jack, so *you* mustn't think so. They make burrows in the sand, and all day they are out on the wing, picking up what the storms toss to the top, and what the cooks throw overboard, and then they go home, miles and miles and miles at night, and feed their young. They don't take the trouble to make houses if they can find any old rabbit-burrows near enough to the sea, Mr. Wood says; like the puffins. Do you know, one evening when old Isaac came to see me, I made him laugh about the puffins till the tears ran down his face. It was with showing him that old stuffed puffin, and telling him how the puffin gets into a rabbit-burrow, and when the rabbit comes back they set to and fight, and the puffin generally gets the best of it with having such a great hooked nose. Isaac was so funny.

He said he'd seen the rabbits out playing many and many a moonlight night when sober folks were in bed ; and then he smacked his knees and said, ' But I'd give ought to see one on 'em just nip home and find a Pooffin upon t' hearthstun.' And, my dear Jack, who else has been to see me, do you think? Fancy! Lorraine! You remember our hearing the poor colonel was dead, and had left Lorraine all that he had? Well, do you know it is a great deal more than we thought. I mean he's got a regular estate and a big house with old pictures inside, and old trees outside. Quite a swell. Poor Lorraine! I don't mean poor because of the estate, because he's rich, of course; but do you know, I think he's sadder than ever. He's very much cut up that the colonel died, of course, but he seems desperate about everything, and talks more about suicide than he did at Snuffy's, Jem says. One thing he is quite changed about; he's so clean! and quite a dandy. He looked awfully handsome, and Jenny said he was beautifully dressed. She says his pocket handkerchief and his tie matched, and that his clothes fitted him so splendidly, though they were rough. Well, he's got a straight back, Jack; like you! It's odd he can't be happy. But I'm so sorry for him. He went on dreadfully because you'd gone, and said that was just his luck, and then he wished to Heaven he were with you, and said you were a lucky dog, to be leading a devil-me-care life in the open air, with nothing to bother you. He didn't tell me what he'd got to bother him. Lots of things, he said. And he said life was a wretched affair, all round, and the only comfort was none of his family lived to be old.

" *Wednesday.* I had to stop on Monday, my head and back were so bad, and all yesterday too. Dr. Brown came to see me, and talked a lot about you. I am better to-day. I think I had rather wound up my head with note-books. You know I do like having lists of everything, and my sisters have been very good. They got a lot of ruled paper very cheap, and have made me no end of books with brown-paper backs, and Dr. Brown has given me a packet of bottle-labels. You've only got to lick them and stick them on, and write the titles. He gave me some before, you remember, to cut into strips to fasten the specimens in my fern collection. I've got a dozen and a half books, but there will not be one too many. You see eight will go at once, with the four seasons 'on my face,' and the four 'on my back.' Then I want two or three for the garden.

For one thing I must have a list of our perennials. I am collecting a good lot. Old Isaac has brought me no end of new ones out of different gardens in the village, and now the villagers know I want them, they bring me plants from all kinds of out-of-the way places, when they go to see their friends. I've taken to it a good deal the last few weeks, and I'll tell you why. It was the week before you ran away that Bob Furness came up one evening, and for a long time I could not think what he was after. He brought me a Jack-in-the-green polyanthus and a crimson bergamot from his mother, and he set them and watered them, and said he 'reckoned flowers was a nice pastime for any one that was afflicted,' but I felt sure he'd got something more to say, and at last it came out. He is vexed that he used to play truant so at school and never learned anything. He can't read a newspaper, and he can't write or reckon, and he said he was 'shamed' to go to school and learn among little boys, and he knew I was a good scholar, and he'd come to ask if I would teach him now and then in an evening, and he would work in the garden for me in return. I told him I'd teach him without that, but he said he 'liked things square and fair,' and Mr. Wood said I was to let him; so he comes up after work-hours one night and I teach him, and then he comes up the next evening and works in the garden. It's very jolly, because now I can plot things out my own way, and do them without hurting my back. I'm going to clear all the old rose-bushes out of the shady border. The trees are so big now, it's so shady that the roses never come to anything but blight, and I mean to make a fernery there instead. Bob says there's a little wood belonging to Lord Beckwith that the trustees have cut down completely, and it's going to be ploughed up. They're stubbing up the stumps now, and we can have as many as we like for the carting away. Nothing makes such good ferneries, you get so many crannies and corners. Bob says it's not far from the canal and he thinks he could borrow a hand-cart from the man that keeps the post-office up there, and get a load or two down to the canal-bank, and then fetch them down to our place in the 'Adela.' Oh, how I wish you were here to help! Jem's going to. He's awfully kind to me now you're gone. Talking of the 'Adela,' if you are very long away (and some voyages last two or three years), I think I shall finish the garden, and the croft, and the

orchard, or at any rate one journey round them; and I think for another of your voyages, I will do the log of the 'Adela' on the canal, for with water-plants, and shells, and larvæ, and beasts that live in the banks, it would be splendid. Do you know one might give a whole book up easily to a list of nothing but willows and osiers, and the different kinds of birds and insects that live in them? But the number of kinds there are of some things is quite wonderful. What do you think of two thousand species of iris, and I've only got five in the garden, but one of them is white. I don't suppose you'll have much time to collect things, but I keep hoping that some day, if I live, you'll command a ship of your own, and take me with you, as they do take scientific men some voyages. I hope I shall live. I don't think I get any worse. Cripples do sometimes live a long time. I asked Dr. Brown if he believed any cripple had ever lived to be a hundred, and he said he didn't know of one, nor yet ninety nor eighty, for I asked him. But he's sure cripples have lived to be seventy. If I do, I've got fifty-four years yet. That sounds pretty well, but it soon goes, if one has a lot to do. Mr. Wood doesn't think it likely you could command a vessel for twenty years at least. That only leaves thirty-four for scientific research, and all the arranging at home besides. I've given up one of my books to plotting this out in the rough, and I see that there's plenty of English work for twenty years, even if I could count on all my time, which (that's the worst of having a bad back and head!) I can't. There's one thing I should like to find out, if ever you think of going to Japan, and that's how they dwarf big plants like white lilacs, and get them to flower in tiny pots. Isaac says he thinks it must be continual shifting that does it—shifting and forcing. But I fancy they must have some dodge of taking very small cuttings from particular growths of the wood. I mean to try some experiments. I am marking your journeys on a map, and where anything happens to you I put A, for adventure, in red ink. I have put A, where you picked up Dennis O'Moore. He must be very nice. Tell him I hope I shall see him some day, and your Scotch friend too; I hope they won't make you quite forget your poor friend Charlie.

"P.S. Since I finished, a parcel came. What do you think Lorraine has done? He has paid for me to be a life member of a great London library and sent me the catalogue. I can have out

seventeen books at a time. There are hundreds of volumes. I can't write any more, my back aches so with putting crosses against the books I want to read. The catalogue is rather heavy. I think I shall use one of my books to make a list in of what I want to read during this year. Isn't it good of Lorraine? Poor Lorraine!"

Having devoured my own letters, I looked up to see how my comrades were enjoying their share of the budget which the Halifax postmaster had faithfully forwarded.

The expression on Dennis O'Moore's face was so mixed that it puzzled me, but he did not look satisfied with his letter, for he kept drawing it out again, and shaking it, and peeping into the envelope as if he had lost something. At last he put the whole thing into his pocket with a resigned air, and drove his hands through his black curls, saying—

"The Squire all over, God help him!"

"What's he done now?" I asked.

"Sent me twenty pounds, and forgotten to enclose it!"

(To be continued.)



ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE I



YOUNG, gifted, pious, brave, of prince
 Perchance an empire had been thine
 But, "Dust to dust"—for "All is
 Nor e'en a mother's prayers—still b
 Nor youth, nor royal hope, nor pur
 Nor many friends, nor soul of chivalry
 Avail'd to save thee from the deadly dart
 That pierced that noble, that devoted heart.
 Thee, France bewails, in memory of the past,
 While Albion mourns, with tearful eyes, downcast
 "Alas for him who might have fill'd a throne,
 Thus doomed to fall by savage hands,—alone!
 Alone!—without a friend, a helper nigh,—
 Oh, God! The bravest thus might dread to die

* * * * *

But thus lamenting o'er the unconscious clay,
 Methinks a pitying angel seems to say,
 "And what is this that here all-honour'd lies,
 While 'Dust to dust' the wailing mourner cries
 —A prince beloved, in manhood's bloom snatch'd
 Nay, more, a youth call'd home in innocence!
 —A chief whose worth a nation might have blest
A toiling pilgrim call'd betimes to rest!
 —The chosen ruler of a generous race?—
A servant call'd to fill a higher place!
 Who saved from ills to come, from Fortune's sneer
 In honour closed his bright, his brief career!
 (For, wild the storms that work the Mighty woe,
 And Force and Falsehood sway the world below!
 But the high Power that rules each mortal's fate
 For him, the mark of treacherous love, or hate,
 For him, of guiltless heart and fair renown,
 Hath yet in store a Kingdom and a Crown;
 Won by no feud, unstain'd by blood or crime,
 —Beyond the reach of Faction, Chance, or Time

July 17, 1879.

COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

All replies must be signed with initials, and sent to the EDITOR, ECCLES-FIELD, SHEFFIELD, by the 20th of August. Each set must be accompanied by a separate paper giving full name and address, and stating whether the competitor is over or under 14 years of age. The marks will be published in October. It is also requested that care shall be taken to pay the full amount of postage, and that the replies, if written on more than one sheet, shall be fastened together.

QUESTIONS ON GEOLOGY.—AUGUST.

1.  HAT are Nummulites? To what geological period do they belong, and how do they help to determine the date of the elevation of the chief mountain ranges of Europe, Asia, and Northern Africa?
2. What do you know of the formation of flints?
3. Enumerate the principal strata composing the Jurassic group, explaining the terms Jurassic, Oolite, and Lias.
4. Describe an Ichthyosaurus and a Plesiosaurus. In what strata are their fossils found? Account for the perfect condition in which they are preserved.
5. Explain the term Trias, mentioning the chief examples of this group in England.
6. To what period do you refer the deposits of salt in Cheshire and Lancashire? Describe the probable process of their formation.

The following is the list of marks obtained by competitors for answers to the questions set in June.

The full number of marks in each class was 120.

Class I., over 14 years of age.

A. L. F., 66.
A. M. S., 105.
A. M. G., 120.
A. F. F., 104.

*B. E. B., 125.
C. F. D., 112.
C. M. Y., 120.
C. D. H., 107.

E. L., 100.
E. C. E., 120.
E. E. S., 120.
E. E., 88.

* Five extra marks allowed.

E. B. C., 61.
 E. T. M., 115.
 E. M. P., 103.
 E. H., 109.
 E. & B. B., 104.
 E. E. A. S., 84.
 F. C. G., 92.
 F. M. W., 105.
 F. S. G., 86.
 G. H., 94.
 G. A. R. D., 110.
 J. H. & E. W., 100.
 K. M. B., 120.
 K. M. W., 120.

K. M. C., 83.
 K. A. W., 93.
 L. L., 70.
 L. S., 73.
 M. A. E., 89.
 M. H., 109.
 M. A. P., 104.
 M. C., 100.
 M. M. S., 91.
 †M. D., 110.
 M. G., 94.
 M. I. M., 98.
 M. E., 85.
 M. E. F., 83.

M. E. D., 93.
 M. H. G., 102.
 M. E. P., 73.
 M. B. P. & K. P., 86.
 M. P. F., 120.
 M. H. J., 68.
 M. L., 115.
 M. R., 85.
 M. F. V., 110.
 E. W. L. P., 58.
 S. H. W., 90.
 S. L. H., 110.
 T. A. A., 104.
 V. A. F. S., 102.

Class II., under 14 years of age.

C. V., 112.
 E. F., 115.

E. M. P. B., 120.
 M. E. M., 100.

The following are credited with marks for May:—E. E. A. S., 98. M. M. D. S., 101. K. M. W., 101. M. E. M., 82.

BOOK NOTICES.

RAMBLER in Search of Wild Flowers, and how to distinguish them,' by Margaret Plue. (G. Bell & Sons, London. Third edition, 7s. 6d.)

This is a very pleasant gossiping book about British Wild Flowers, which is rendered the more attractive by an absence of the didactic style which so often makes books of scientific information unpalatable. It is quite refreshing to read the simple confessions of the author as to the gaps in her collection. "I have no specimen of this," and of that "Sir J. Smith says it is very rare, so I need not be discouraged at not having found it," and side by side with these confessions, the records of the triumphs of the collector when some long-desired specimen was descried upon a bank after patient search; or another was brought

to our author's vasculum by the polite lead-miners, who gallantly offered to save her boots by fetching the coveted plant from a spongy peat moss. These little details of the writer's triumphs and disappointments, told in the simplest plain-spoken way, will set a sympathetic chord vibrating in her readers, who are also collectors, and help very greatly to relieve the monotony of what in a disguised form professes to be a tolerably complete account of our wild flowers, so that, instead of feeling we are being taught something, we are made the companions of our author in her botanic rambles, till we feel inclined to supply the gaps which she so naively confesses exist in her collection. It is not often that the monosyllable "I" is acceptable in a book, but here it is eminently in place, and serves to distinguish this from the mass of books on the same subject, making it

very pleasant reading. So many books have been published on the same subject, some strictly scientific and some also gossiping, it is difficult for any author to strike any new path, but here we have some valuable information given, which it would perhaps have been better if the author had elaborated rather more. We allude to the repeated mention of where the author has found her specimens of the plants which she *has* got. In these days when the enclosure of commons, and the progress of civilisation, in the form of drainage, and the alteration of the surface of districts by mining and manufacturing operations, are rapidly affecting our local floras, and threaten to cause the species to become extinct in the country, it is well that any record of where this or that plant has been lately or may still be found, should be permanently registered, and collectors who have gaps in their own collections by reading this book of rambles may be able to supply their deficiencies by searching the spots where the author has been successful. As a contribution to such a record, the book before us is not without a special value. Like other books of its kind, the descriptions of the flowers are interspersed with apt quotations from English poetry, while the book is rendered more useful as well as attractive by a number of coloured plates and woodcuts. There is an introductory chapter profusely illustrated, dealing with the structure of plants, wisely, as we think, confined to the main outlines of the subject, and intended to be a stepping-stone to the appreciation of the chief distinguishing features of the parts of plants. The reader's notice is directed to the various foreign relatives of our native plants, as they are dealt with in order, and all the information so pleasantly conveyed is correct. Without professing to be a complete treatise on every British plant, any one who will learn all there is to be learnt in the 350 pages of Miss

Plues' book, will know a great deal about our wild flowers; and the honesty and simplicity of our author's style, with good print and paper, and the numerous illustrations will make her book a very acceptable present to any young collector of British Wild Flowers.

'Never Wrong' is the seventh volume of Messrs. Griffith & Farran's reissue of 'The Favourite Library.' The little shilling volumes of this series are now being published monthly, so there will soon be a goodly row of them. Most of the stories are by well-known writers, but 'Never Wrong,' and its companion tale, 'It was only in Fun,' are by an author whose name is not given. The teaching of both tales is excellent, and aimed at curing schoolboys of some of the bad habits that are most common amongst them. The book has a coloured frontispiece and title-page by Edmund Evans.

'Basil Grey' is another story about boys, but the characters have a certain degree of unreality about them, in spite of being depicted by one of their own sex, the Rev. J. W. Bettison. "Basil" is a boy with a tender conscience, separated from his parents, owing to their being in India; but devotion to his mother and her teaching helps to keep him out of mischief and to make him sorry when he does wrong. We should have been better pleased with his repentance towards the miller had it included an acknowledgment of guilt, as well as monetary amends for the harm done. Dick, Basil's cousin, is a less conscientious and more commonplace character. The book is prettily brought out, and a nice gift for young schoolboys. It is illustrated by T. Pym, and published by John Shaw (48 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.), price 3s. 6d.

'Victoria Bess,' by Brenda (price 3s. 6d.) has the same publisher and illustrator. Miss Pym's figures are effective, and she draws girls better than

boys; but her work is lamentably marred by the figures being constantly out of drawing and proportion. Victoria Bess is a doll, and the story of her ups and downs in life is told with "Brenda's" usual brightness and good aim as to teaching. The end of the tale in which Victoria becomes possessed by one of the little patients in the Children's Hospital will be read with great pleasure by all who take an interest in the Great Ormond Street Institution.

'Valeria' (Bentley and sons, London) is not a book for children, but we are glad to recommend it to older readers who want a story at once romantic and

full of incident, and yet free from anything objectionable in plot. 'Valeria' is written in remarkably pure English, and the descriptions and surroundings of Venice are unusually vivid and picturesque; the story dates during the disturbed times of 1847-8, and ends, after an interval of seventeen years, with the entry of Victor Emmanuel into the city of waters. If the plot is romantic to the verge of unreality, that is the worst that can be said of it. The book has the great merit of not being spun out to undue length; it is comprised in one small octavo volume, with a very tasteful covering.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

"**P**ORTIA" has disposed of all her "Monthly Packets," so further applications will not be answered. A letter explaining this was sent to Miss E. Kennel, but has been returned to "Portia," as the address given was insufficient.

"Ada" begs to thank the friend who supplied her with the music to Ophelia's song.

"Beata" wishes to hear of a pen-and-ink sketching society. Address, *Swaffham, Norfolk*.

"E. B. S." will be glad to hear of a music society whose members are not obliged to practise more than one hour a day. *Miss E. Spencer, care of Dr. Spencer, Chippenham, Wills.*

"Kathleen Mavourneen." The name of Edward the Elder's daughter, which we were unable to supply last month, has been kindly sent by "C. W." She says that it was Eadgitha, or Editha, and that the church of St. Editha at

Tamworth is dedicated to her memory. "C. W." also sends the following history of the princess: "There lived at Tamworth, about the commencement of the tenth century, a young and beautiful lady, a daughter of the Saxon King of England (Edward the Elder), and sister of his successor, Athelstan. Sygtryg, a Northumbrian prince, a Dane by descent, having made incursions into the territory of the lady's father, was, by him, overcome, and compelled to sue for peace. This he obtained, was converted to Christianity, and soon after he received the hand of the fair Saxon princess. Many months had not passed, ere, repenting him of the steps he had taken, he rebelled against his sovereign, abandoned at once his lovely wife and new religion, and fled to Northumbria, where he soon after perished. The ill-fated princess, stung by her husband's treachery, founded a nunnery, to which she retired, and where she spent the remainder of her days."

"M. E. L." will be glad to receive

orders for *cruel-work* done by a poor girl who is obliged from ill-health to lie on her back. Materials to be supplied. The girl is particularly skilful at executing patterns in outline. Prices for chair backs, 1s. 6d. and 1s.; border work, 1s. to 1s. 6d. per yard. Orders to be sent to *Miss Larkins, Holm View, Lowestoft.*

"Miss Backhouse" offers at 2d. a dozen ten dozen crests, six dozen monograms, five dozen coats of arms, collegiate, etc., and one dozen regimental badges. *Laverton Rectory, Bath.*

"D. S." will be glad to find comfortable homes for two well-marked tabby kittens. Address *Miss D. Sandford, 33, Hertford Street, Mayfair, London, W.*

"G." offers designs for a crest album; also sixty addresses in exchange for foreign stamps, coloured scraps, crests, or pieces of print for patchwork. *Miss G. M. Selby, Oak Cottage, Windsor.*

"E. F. M." offers crests, monograms, and foreign stamps, for any of the following songs: 'Will he come?' and 'The Lost Chord' (Sullivan); 'The Storm' (Hullah). *E. F. Mapleton, Duntroon Castle, Lochgilphead, N.B.*

"C. M. Crellin" offers old postage-stamps to make a snake, for the sum of 3s., which will be given to a charity. *Orrydale, Isle of Man.*

"Sissy." The lion and unicorn are the *supporters* of the royal arms of England, *not the crest*. These supporters are said to have been first used by Edward III., who had a lion and an eagle; his successor, Richard III., had two white harts, but after Richard's death the lion was restored to its place, and has remained as the *dexter* supporter almost ever since. The *sinister* supporter has been frequently changed: the Tudors had a dragon, but when James I. united the kingdoms of Scotland and England

he replaced the dragon with one of the silver unicorns which are the supporters of the royal shield of Scotland, and the lion and unicorn have upheld the English shield ever since. If "Sissy" wishes to learn more on the subject, she is recommended to study Mr. Planche's edition of Clark's 'Introduction to Heraldry.'

"A. Z." proposes to start a "Working Club," for girls under twenty years of age. Prizes to be given half-yearly; parcels of the articles made by members to be sent half-yearly to Hospitals for Children. The first parcel to be devoted to the patients in 'Aunt Judy's' Cot at the Hospital, Great Ormond Street, and sent at Christmas. Further information as to rules, &c., can be had on sending a stamped and addressed envelope to *Miss A. Selby, Oak Cottage, Windsor.*

We gladly call attention to a "Home of Rest" at Babbacombe, South Devon, which was opened in August 1878 for the good object of providing temporary rest and change of air for overworked women. It is chiefly intended for milliners' and dressmakers' assistants, and shopwomen, in large towns, many of whom break down in health for want of timely rest; but it is also open to those who are deterred from taking an annual holiday at the seaside by the discomfort and loneliness of solitary and often expensive lodgings; and other classes of respectable women are willingly admitted on a subscriber's ticket. The house is close to Babbacombe Downs, overhanging the sea, and in the midst of beautiful scenery. Rules and further particulars can be had on application to *Miss Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe*. But we may briefly state that annual subscribers of a guinea are entitled to a ticket of admission for three weeks; each visitor has to pay 5s. a week, and to bring a return railway ticket with her. The Committee are specially desirous of obtaining

patronage from the Heads of Houses of Business, who, by subscribing to the Institution, will be able to give their employées the opportunity of obtaining temporary rest and change of air.

Quotations wanted:

- (1) "No sound save the sea-bird's walling dirge,
And the wind and the ebbing tide."
- (2) "The grey sky's flecked with crimson gleams,
And wan and white below,
On laden trees, and locked-up streams,
And roof, and road—the snow."
- (2) "The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
Sunset divides the sky with her."

*Report of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine'
Cots at the Hospital for Sick Children,
49 Great Ormond Street, London,
July 12th, 1879.*

This month there seems nothing of special interest to say about the children now occupying the two 'AUNT JUDY' Cots, but of more general Hospital news there is certainly no lack.

Two or three weeks ago an event happened which excited great interest in every ward. This was an unexpected visit from the Princess of Wales, who was accompanied by her three little girls,—the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and by the Duchess of Teck, with four of her children. A Prussian Princess was also of the party. They had all been attending a flower-service at Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, and arrived laden with beautiful flowers, some of which were in baskets, and some in great bunches, the sashes of the little Princesses having been taken off and made use of to tie up three of the huge bouquets.

The visit was of the most informal and friendly kind possible, and lasted more than an hour. The chapel and all the wards were seen; each little sufferer had his or her share of attention, and the Sisters and Nurses had many questions to answer. One tiny boy in the Louise

Ward was so attracted by the Princess of Wales that he cried when she left his bedside. "I think," remarked one of the Princess's little daughters, "that child would like to go home with Mamma, he seems so fond of her." Young children are far too simple to be overpowered by great names and titles, but they are quick to notice and appreciate kind looks and words, and these our Hospital patients received in plenty from their distinguished visitors.

In the last report, it was mentioned that one of the Hospital nurses had been chosen to receive the Order of St. Katherine, just instituted by the Queen, and last Wednesday many members of the Committee and medical staff, and the sisters and nurses, all assembled in the Committee-room (which was made bright by quantities of flowers) to witness the ceremony of investiture. Lord Aberdare, the chairman of the Committee, presided, and at the end of his opening speech, the Lady Superintendent placed upon the nurse's left arm the dark blue badge of the Order, saying as she did so a few kind words of congratulation. The hearty applause of the other nurses, and their happy smiling faces, showed their great pleasure at seeing this well-deserved honour bestowed upon their companion. The singing of the National Anthem formed a fitting close to the proceedings, for, as Lord Aberdare remarked in his speech, we may go back to the 12th century and find in Queen Matilda the first patron of St. Katherine's Hospital, and we may think of good Queen Eleanor, and good Queen Philippa; but have we ever had a Queen who thought more of the needs and sympathised more with the sorrows of her subjects than does at this present time good Queen Victoria?

A very important and cheering announcement was made by the chairman, which we must not forget to mention. The Alexandra Ward, which has for so

many months been closed, is to be reopened almost immediately. We are sure that all our 'AUNT JUDY' friends will be as pleased to hear this news as we are to tell it.

Contributions to the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Account in Aid of the Building Fund, received to July 15, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Laura (quarterly)	1	0	0
May Burrows, the Grange (monthly) with a box containing books and knitted work	0	1	0
Helen, Halesworth (quarterly)	0	10	6
Nellie (monthly)	0	1	0
Hester (monthly)	0	1	0
W. Hamilton Thompson, Edgbaston (monthly)	0	1	0
Mary and Florence (monthly)	0	0	6
Five young Bees (monthly)	0	1	0
Abracadabra (monthly)	0	0	4
Four little Ripples (monthly)	0	1	6

	£	s.	d.
E. M. D. (monthly)	0	2	0
M. D. (monthly)	0	1	0
Harriet (quarterly)	0	3	0
Mrs. Wilson Dodd and daughters, Halnaby Hall, with a parcel of clothing	1	0	0
Mary, Margaret, Evelyn, Arthur, Carnegie, Edith, and Harold	2	7	0
"Unco guid"	0	0	4
Margery Bosworth	0	0	3
Barbara 1d., Madge 2d.	0	0	3
A Fat Boy	0	0	2
A North Londoner	0	0	6
H. G.	0	1	0
May, Ethel, and Lillian	0	2	6
An Offering by an Invalid (collected)	0	5	0
Mayflower (omitted in July)	0	2	6
Gaga, Boy, Coeey, and Dickie	0	13	0
Maiden-hair	0	1	6
Hetty Pepper	0	10	6





"MOLLY AND I HELD EACH OTHER TIGHT AND LOOKED OVER WITH AWE."
Page 648.

XVIII.

UP DEWERSTONE ROCK.

Adown the rock small runlets wept,
 And reckless ivies leaned and crept,
 And little spots of sunshine slept
 On its brown steepes and made them fair.—*Jean Ingelow.*



FOR a few days everything went on in the quietest way at the moor farm. Harry was seized with a sudden love for going off with Jack and John Coombes and staying out all day, so that we could have no more rambles together. And as Mother Molly was absolutely inflexible as to not letting me go by myself to any distance, I had to content myself with the wood and my stream, and was able to extract a good deal of amusement out of both. Grandfather had read in some book that in this neighbourhood the rosy thyme thread-moss had been observed in fruit, so I was always spying out for that one thing. And there were too many squirrels in the wood for one ever to feel lonely, and besides 'twas a great delight to Madge to go there with me. I did wish we could have got a squirrel tame. Their fun and brightness, and the way they will chatter at you, is quite irresistible, but they never seem to come any nearer being friends.

I hoped we should be up at the farm when the time of storms arrived, and the heavy rains. For then they said my little stream was turned into a furious torrent, and came leaping and rushing along with a force for which no one who had not seen it would have given it credit. The worst time was after the melting of the snows on the higher land, but there was little chance of our seeing it then.

Meanwhile the great ambition of my life was to go up Dewerstone Rock: not that I thought of it as offering any particular difficulty, but that it was a feature in the neighbourhood, which we had all seen in the distance, and had heard was beautiful; and then there was that inducement of the eagles. I could not think how it was that Harry had not got up there long before, but I believe he kept putting it off, and that some days it slipped his memory, and then that he was seized with this sudden affection for Jack and his pack-

saddle. And, as he now said nothing about it, it seemed as if it might make rather a good little expedition for Molly and me one of these days. She had had but few of these expeditions, and this would be a nice one, not beyond her powers. And if—if—if we could bring home a report of the eagles!

Molly was not averse to my plan. Dear me, she was not so much older than I, that she should not enjoy a small adventure quite as much as I did! It was only that there was always somebody to take care of, or something that had to be done, which kept her at home when we were out on the frolic, and so now we began talking it over one day as we stood at the gate of the little plot of garden ground behind the house, watching a thunderstorm on its way. It was a strange effect, I recollect, for all the country was bathed in sunshine and stillness except where a deep purple cloud with distracted shreds of white flying beneath, and edged with constant flashes of forked lightning, came over our highest hill—but those sort of effects were by no means uncommon on the moor.

"Then you will go, Moll?" I was asking.

"Yes, I really will. If I don't do something of the sort, I shall feel most dreadfully commonplace when I get back to Plymouth. I think 'twill be a charming thing for you and me to manage."

"And when? To-morrow?"

"No, not to-morrow. To-morrow is Betty's busy day, and she will not be able to see to Madge. It shall be Monday. But, Nan, Harry must go, if he wishes it."

"Well," I said doubtfully. "But I hope he'll not wish it."

My hope was effectual. Harry said, with rather an air, that 'twas a good sort of place for girls to go to, no doubt, but that he liked being with the men, and seeing a day's work done. And that he had quite made up his mind to be a farmer when he grew up, which shocked us all, 'twas so different from anything that had ever been thought of. I am not certain that John Coombes quite took in what we intended. He was so much occupied with saving the little wheat he had—corn being terribly scarce—that his head seemed to have no room for anything else, and we sometimes thought he must have counted the very ears. Neither Betty nor Thirza had ever been there, but they had heard of it as a wild place, and could not think what should make us wish to go there.

On the Sunday there were such storms of rain, t impossible to get to Shaugh Prior church, and Betty disappointed because some young farmer, of whom a good deal, was to play the flute in the choir for the seemed to think he might be bashful or, as she expected and that her presence might have afforded him . He not only, however, got over it, but came up in red in the face, apparently to see Betty, but not for he only talked to John Coombes, and of nothing than pigs. I took quite a dislike to him. Molly whether he had heard any news, upon which he got ducked his head, and said he believed there was a he couldn't exactly say what it might be. There disturbance down to Plymouth, that he knew. If body else, I knew Betty would have called him a so I thought it odd of her to be vexed with me for s I thought him. Some sort of disturbance, and not was, being a man, and having legs!

The freshness of the next day was quite beautiful. I don't think Molly and I could have chosen any had had the picking of all the year. And there prevent our starting directly after the twelve o'clock was sitting up in her bed, playing with Madge's doll her play was apt to be violent, but Madge was a little creature that never begrudged her playthings the parrot downstairs bawling some of the Plymouth to mend!" "Knives to grind!" "Buy a broom!" "Hook an' line whiting! vraish veesh!" and a dozen

Grandfather walked a little way with us, and about the moss, which he was very anxious to have to Plymouth, and then he turned back, and Molly and on arm-in-arm to Cadaford Bridge.

After the heavy rains of the day before, the rip prettily beneath it, and I, having always loved w anything else in God's world, found myself loth to way lay by its side, and most beautiful the course wooded and wild banks contrasting so greatly, and this rushing torrent. 'Twas not very long, though v

before we came upon the rock, rising much straighter out of the bed of the river than anything we had fancied. To us it seemed more like a huge building of human masonry than the mere granite rock it was, the slabs being piled one upon another with what had altogether the air of design, though indeed it was as if giants had been both the architects and the destroyers, large rents and fissures being visible even from below. The great beauty and enticement of the rock lay in the growth of clambering things which waved about it. Traveller's joy flung itself down in the wildest profusion, ivy clung tight to the stones and knotted one to another, here and there sprang out a mountain-ash with burning berries. Of all delightful places for climbing, Dewerstone Rock looked the most perfect, and I eyed it with longing, and so, I think, did Molly.

"But we will not go up to the very top at first, Nan," said she. "They do not expect us till late, and we have the afternoon before us. Let us climb to some nice bit, where we can sit and chat and have the river under our feet."

I yielded with a little sigh, having always in such places an almost irresistible impulse to get at once to the top. But we found a pleasant niche to which we clambered with little difficulty, and then Molly began to talk about what lay nearest her heart.

I had never yet got quite used to the idea of her marrying George Coplestone. I thought she might just as well have gone on being friends with him, as we all were, and she was never one to talk much of her own feelings. But now, as for almost the first time she began to speak of him, 'twas impossible not to see but that there was something different. The happiest girl in the world, she called herself, to have won the love of so good a man. Why, I am not sure that she even considered Father his superior, and I had always thought of George as one of ourselves, only a little older! As for comparing him with Father—I should as soon have dreamt of comparing Dick. Why, Father was two inches taller, and had a most noble forehead, and blue eyes, and a straight nose, and a mouth that was both kind and determined, and George himself always looked up to him as much as any of us. If Molly really put the two together, it shewed there must be something in it more than I could understand, and I gave it up in despair. But I took the occasion to ask her whether she would like to have Mrs. Coplestone for her mother-in-law, and found she

quite wished for it. She said she had felt her own youth and inexperience so greatly that it would be the greatest happiness to her to have some one to advise her.

I said I thought there was some advice which made one wish to go against it.

"But not if 'tis given by one who loves you," said Molly, looking earnestly at me. "Mrs. Coplestone has a real regard for us all, dear Nan. Only see how valuable her counsel was about M. de Lantenac. If she had not been clear-sighted and warned me, I might never have suspected him."

"Well, she misdoubted you, and was very unkind," I persisted.

"I had forgotten that," said Molly simply. "'Twas a very small misunderstanding, and soon set right. Sure, Nan, you would not let such a trifle as that come between you and a true friendship?"

"I think she is always interfering with you," I murmured. I was ashamed to say "with us," but it would have been more exact.

Molly looked at me with a troubled face.

"But that is her kindness," she said. "She would not do it unless she cared. Oh, Nan, I sometimes think that in all Plymouth there are none that want friends more than we do, and 'twould be folly indeed to be vexed with those that try to help us!"

That was Molly all over, and the difference between us made me feel a little ashamed even then: but now, as I look back, I can see more clearly how rare was that simple humility of hers which kept her from taking offence when I was up in arms, and ready to strike out on this side and that.

Well, we sat a little longer, just to wonder what the news could be that Betty's young farmer was so contented not to know. Whether at last the French had ventured in, or whether they had drawn off, or whether there had been an engagement, and if so, what was the end of it.

"I should like to make him walk to Plymouth, with a pig under each arm, just to find out," I said, crossly.

"He might take them as a present to Mrs. Harty. 'Tis the only kind that we shall be able to carry her," said Molly laughing. "How I wish she were here with us at this minute! I don't think there can be another place so nice. Just see how the water swirls, and, there—there is a great hawk over head! *Must* we go to the top?"

"For shame, Moll!" I cried, jumping up. "Why did we come here? And have you forgotten all about the eagles?"

"Oh, no, I have not forgotten," she said, clambering after me, "but I hoped you had."

She was only in fun, for she enjoyed the climb as much as I, but it was not an easy one. We were both sure-footed, I more so, perhaps, than most, but a sure foot and a steady head were needed, the rock was so perpendicular, and the great cracks in it so extraordinary. If they had been always visible the difficulty would not have been half as great, but the ivy and clematis and briar-roses had matted themselves together so thickly, that often 'twas hard to see that under them was a gaping fissure. Still in one way the vegetation was of service, for in climbing it did to put your foot against, and to draw yourself up by. I was first, and could warn Molly of the cracks, and we never doubted we should find a better way for returning.

I never saw anything like the birds. They seemed amazed at our disturbing their haunts, and flew out with strange cries from amid the ivy. The ravens made me almost uncomfortable, their great wings flapped so heavily, and their croak was so discordant, I sometimes fancied they would swoop in my face, but of course that would only have been at nesting time, and there was no real cause for fear.

I pulled off some of the lichens for grandfather, and got a nice piece of spreading fringe-moss, and once or twice, when we came to a good place, we sat down and had a rest. Each time Molly asked me whether I did not think we had gone far enough, but I begged her to come further, picturing what a thing 'twould be to tell the Coplestones about the eagles. We got, too, to some easier walking, and the view was so beautiful that we kept longing to see more of it.

But once I started back with both astonishment and fright, catching sight of a pit to the very brink of which I had walked, never thinking to find one here. And this looked so deep and strange that we could not understand what it could be, though Molly and I held each other tight, and looked over with awe. We had never heard what is really the case, and gives some danger to the spot, that there were tin workings in old days on Dewerstone Rock, and that the ancient pits remained, though greatly hidden by the clambering plants which had spread themselves so largely in all directions. Molly again suggested our finding an easier way down and following

it, but gave way to my wish, which seemed only to grow stronger and stronger. I should have liked to stay and see a sunset from the rock, but to that I was certain she would not consent.

The last hard piece of climbing really had so many difficulties, that I might have yielded and turned back in the middle if it had been possible. But it was not. There was nothing to be done but to push on with every sense on the alert, and to hope that we should not need to return by the same very unpromising descent.

When we reached a firmer foothold, and could breathe and look round us, how lovely it was! Down below the brawling river, all around the wide expanse of undulating moor, of hill and dale, of lines softly sweeping, of flying shadows, and the rich colouring which heather and bracken give as the day verges towards sunset. And, as usual, there was the exhilaration of the air, and the faint smell of peat-smoke. We laughed for joy at being there, Molly and I, and sat down that we might look our fill.

But all the time, oddly enough, I was not without a secret uneasiness as to our getting down the rock. Molly seemed to have very little fear, and to make no doubt that we should find some easier way, and after a while jumped up and proposed that we should go and look, as it was time for us to be thinking about home. We had not gone far before we were stopped by a great block of granite, and in the other direction were startled again by a tin pit, and after we had searched as much as we could, we looked at each other with a feeling of dismay, for there seemed absolutely no way less perilous than that by which we had come up, at any rate none that looked much less so from the top. Molly turned pale.

"How shall we ever do it!" she said in a low voice.

I could not answer. I had that feeling which sometimes comes over one that if one begins to think 'twill be fatal. The only thing I could do was just to keep before me the fact that we had to get down somehow, and therefore that it must be done. Molly thought of a piece of comfort the next moment.

"They know where we are, so we can't be lost, even if we have to stay and wait."

That did come as a consolation, but yet John Coombes often did not return home until very late, and the idea of climbing down the rock by dark, with those horrible pits gaping about one, was not

fancied. I begged Molly to keep close to me, and, as I let myself down, to follow exactly after me, and I knew that having me in front would take off any dizziness that might seize her, and sometimes, by placing my shoulder against the rock, it would give her a sort of foothold. But the last bit gave no chance of that, 'twas obliged to be a sort of slip and slide, with a hope to be brought up somehow at the end of it, as we were, though with a great rent in my frock. And then we sat down to pant and laugh, and felt pretty sure that we had nothing worse to go through than had already been done.

We were on a sort of sloping rocky terrace, with a bush of broom growing out close to us from a cleft in the granite. And the river was hidden from us, though we could hear its soft rush, as it swept along towards Shaugh Bridge. Molly was the first to say she was rested, and to jump up, and being in high spirits at the way she had come down that last piece, she declared she should be the one to choose the side for our next descent, and ran merrily to prevent my getting in front of her. Oh, Molly, Molly, shall I ever forget that moment! the light pretty figure dancing before me, and the next moment a crash, a blank!

XIX.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

I HAVE never understood how it was I did not go down after Molly. It seems to me that I threw out my arms towards her, and that something stopped me on the very brink of that awful pit, and held me back. Any way, now I humbly thank Him to whose mercy I owe it.

But, in the agony of the moment it seemed dreadful to feel that I was not with her. I do not think there was room for any other thought but one great horror, a blank, terrible horror. How long it and its silence lasted I cannot tell. Then, I know that I knelt down on the edge of the pit, and passionately tore at the treacherous plants which now hung inwards, uprooted and broken, and called with all my might, "Molly, Molly, Molly!" and heard the flap of a raven's wing, and its hoarse croak over my head, for answer.

Was that all?

For how many years of one's life do moments like these count, I wonder? Time might have come to an end for all the good it is in

measuring them. The creeping ivy would not be torn aside, the long festoons of clematis hung like a dreadful veil, though I clutched and caught at them, and flung them aside in great handfuls.

Then something fell on my ear.

Not a cry, nor a call. It was more like a little fluttering sob. It seemed as if it was my own name just breathed, "Nan!"

"Molly, Molly!" I cried.

Silence again. Then certainly I heard the words,—

"Nan, are you there?"

Oh! infinite mercy, was she saved? All my senses seemed to come back. I laid myself flat on the ground, and stretched my head over, and put aside the tangled mass quite quietly, and said,—

"Here I am, Molly, quite close. Tell me that you are not hurt."

For I could see her! Our darling, who I thought had passed for ever out of our sight, I could see her at no great distance below. Where she had fallen, perhaps time or falling waters had scooped the mouth of the pit, and a sort of ridge had caught her, but close, oh, so close! there was the gaping blackness—and only I above, and how could I get at her?

Her voice came up stronger,—

"I don't think I am hurt. Are you safe, Nan?"

"Quite, quite safe."

I saw her cover her face with one hand; the other she was leaning back upon, as if from the horror of that darkness. I think she was praying.

I got up and ran round the sides of the pit to see if there were any means by which I could let myself down to her, but it was absolutely impossible. The edges of it overhung it, so as to be quite unsafe even to stand upon; and though I believe I could have ventured anything at that moment, I knew the only chance, humanly speaking, for Molly lay in the help that I could bring her, and that for her sake I must be very prudent. Even now I heard her calling wildly to me,—

"Don't go away! Nan, Nan, where are you? Don't go away!"

"I am here, Molly, indeed I am! I am not going away for so much as a yard," I cried, with a sinking heart.

"I get giddy! I daren't move!" she said in the same tone, and I knew matters must be bad.

"Keep looking up," I cried, stretching over again as I had done before. "Look up at me."

"If I had something I could hold! It all seems to crumble away!" she exclaimed.

I snatched at some long branches of ivy and traveller's joy, and knotted them together as well as I could, and let them down to her. Alas, how feeble a support! and yet I could give nothing better. But it seemed to comfort her wonderfully to know that I had the other end of it. Then I said, as clearly as I could,—

"Molly, dear, they are sure to come for us here, but if you could bear to let me go, I might bring help much more quickly.

I said this, but I thought with trembling, how long it might be before I found it, and the horror of leaving her in that position seemed more than I could bear. Still I dreaded her powers holding out, and the return of that sickening dizziness.

"No," she said very quickly. "The only thing that keeps me is the knowing that you are there."

Then I said, with what cheerfulness was to be had,—

"The sun will set very soon now, and they are sure to come and look for us. I should not wonder at hearing their voices at any time."

She made no answer to this, perhaps because she knew I had said it more to comfort ourselves than because I had any real hope. But presently she said, quietly,—

"Can you break off a little more of that ivy? If it were not there, I should have a better view of the sky." And then presently, "I am glad 'tis sunset, Nan."

I *would* not ask her why. I knew she had always said she should like to pass away with the day, at the time when those glorious lights are all abroad. And they were out now, shining with a wonderful glow on the very rock on which we were standing, and edging some of the clouds with liquid fire.

It seemed to me as if there were a long silence after that, and though I longed to say something and to keep up her courage, I could do nothing but watch her with an agony which no sorrow has ever given me since. I cried out at last, unable to bear it,—

"Molly, dear, speak to me!"

Her voice seemed very faint when she answered,—

"Do you think you could say the ninety-first Psalm? I have been trying to repeat it to myself, but the words will not all come."

It was one that mother had made each of us learn by heart. Did she ever think how I should say it, and how her Molly would hear it down in the darkness? When I had finished, I heard her saying one of the verses softly over and over again.

"'My God, in Him will I trust.' Yes, I do, I do. Nan, is it getting darker?"

"The sun is at its lowest," I said. "They will soon come, I am sure. See, Molly, I shall tighten our rope: now you can feel me better."

"I do not think I can cling much longer," she said, "my strength seems to fail me, Oh, Nan, my George, and Father, and Dick, and little Madge—there are so many of them—they will all be sorry. But you will tell them."

"Hush, hush!" I cried in an agony. But the next minute, when she was silent, it was so much worse, that I implored her not to mind what I said, but to speak to me. Then I caught her own name, which she was repeating to herself.

"Mother Molly—no, not that; but I have tried, mother."

The voice seemed to come up to me like a little sigh, no more. And it had grown so dark where she was, that, strain my eyes as I might, all her crouching figure had become indistinct: I could only see the paleness of an upturned face, I, so near her, yet so helpless!

"Don't be frightened, Molly," I said, hurriedly, "I will not go away, I will not let go our rope for an instant, but I am going to call."

I stood up and looked round me in despair, at the rock, at the great range of moor lying cold and dim in the fading light, at the solitude, the desolation—God forgive me, forgetting almost that He was there; and then I shouted with all my might, again and again. Shouted? Alas, how feeble it sounded, even to me! A little plaything for the air—no more; and death close by, and I could do nothing.

I stretched myself once more over the hole.

"Molly!"

Oh, the agony of the silence that followed! But she was there, I could see her.

"Molly! Molly!"

"Is it you, George? good bye, dear."

"Molly, Molly!" I cried again, "Listen, listen, my darling, I am going to make this rope stronger, and to let myself down by it, and get you up."

With what tremulous, powerless hands, I knotted together the slight plants! What hopelessness there lay in it all, what a consciousness that it was hopeless! And all the time I talked to her, and implored her to hold fast, and caught now and then a feeble sound like one of our names. Then I tied the weak strands round the root of a bush of broom, and took hold of it to trust my weight to its weakness, and looked once more round at the silent moor to say good-bye to earth and sky.

What was that?

With the ivy in my hand, I stood still and listened. "It was a bird," I said to myself. It came again, it was a cry.

"Molly, Molly!" I screamed, "they are coming! you are saved, my darling! do you hear?"

And then I stood up again and shouted with all my might: I longed but did not dare to turn round,—did not dare, because I was so afraid of leaving her; and even now, with the joy there came an awful fear, for it did not seem to me that she answered me at all. It might have been from a rushing in my own head which dulled my hearing, but—if she were unconscious in that place, where a single movement might let her slip down, down!

(To be continued.)

THE FATHER OF ENGLISH POETRY.

CHAPTER I.



IF we ask any of our young friends who this "father" was, they will answer at once "Chaucer." Yet this same Chaucer is not as well known as he deserves to be. Though it is nearly five hundred years since his death, we can still find traces to show us what manner of man he was.

First of all, he was an English gentleman—kindly, courteous, and lovable; a warm friend, deeply versed in all the learning of the day, with a strong feeling for music; a real lover of the sweet country

sights and sounds, and at the same time thoroughly at home in the life of courts and cities, observing keenly the foibles and humours of his fellow-men, yet not harshly, but with an amused smile on his lips.

One or two portraits of him remain, and show us a fair-haired, bright-complexioned man, with well-cut features, and a pointed face, eyes bent down as if he were one of the wise folks who are more ready to listen than to speak. A hood is drawn over his head, and an inkhorn hangs from the button of his doublet.

Geoffrey Chaucer was born in London, in 1328, and wrote of his birthplace, "that is to me so dear and sweet . . . and more kindly love have I to that place than to any other in the earth."

His father was probably a London merchant; and the merchants of those days were great people, rivalling, in fact, the nobles of the Court. These London merchants often came to the help of their needy sovereigns with large sums of money, and the sovereigns would reward their dutiful lieges by going to the city in state, to be entertained with sumptuous feasts. Then all the citizens would put on their holiday best, and the windows would be hung with rich tapestry and bright stuffs, sometimes even with cloth of gold, and the streets would be filled with shows of mummers and strange figures in rich and curious dresses.

All London—the Court as well as the City—in those days loved magnificence, both in dress and in architecture. For though the houses were mostly of wood, it was then that the cathedrals and the great abbeys were in their glory. The state and splendour of the clergy helped not a little to add to the picturesque many-coloured aspect of the London of that time. Though the Church appeared so rich and splendid, there was a wide-spread feeling of dissatisfaction at the increasing corruption of the clergy, which paved the way for the preaching of Wycliffe, and this feeling would be very strong in the cities, especially in London.

It was in all this stir of thought, and these bright-coloured pictures of life, that young Chaucer was brought up. He probably attended some day-school in London till he was fifteen or sixteen, when he was sent to Cambridge.

There, at the age of eighteen, he probably wrote his first poems, and unlike his predecessors, who had mostly written in the Norman French, he wrote in English. It must have required no

common courage and shrewdness in the youth of eighteen to break through custom, and to see that the despised English could be made to serve for all the beautiful thoughts of poetry; he enriched this same English tongue by pressing into the service the French expressions then in use. He went from Cambridge to Oxford, where he seems to have had two dear friends among his fellow-students—Strode and Gower. He inscribes one of his poems to “the moral Gower, and the philosophical Strode.” Of Strode very little is positively known, but Gower became a poet of considerable reputation, though far inferior to Chaucer, and seems to have followed the fortunes of Thomas of Woodstock, son of Edward III.

But a new and terrible experience was coming in young Chaucer's life, the awful Plague of 1349, that carried off more than half the population of London. The deaths there were 100,000. Nothing was known in those days of medical means to avert or check these pestilences, and so when they came, nearly every one was panic-stricken, thereby making themselves an easier prey. This Plague was followed as usual by a severe famine. We can imagine what a strong impression these events must have made on our young poet's mind, and what weighty lessons they must have taught him.

It is after this that we hear of Chaucer at Paris, gleaned what fresh learning he could from the university there. He made himself a thorough master of the French language and literature, from the last of which he borrowed many materials for his poems, especially the ‘*Romance of the Rose*,’ which was almost a translation.

When the time came for his return to his beloved London, it is easy to imagine his father's pride in the foreign learning and accomplishments that his son had brought home; and doubtless that son, who afterwards proved himself the prince of story-tellers, had also brought many a good story, wherewith he delighted the ears of the worthy merchant and his cronies as they sipped their spiced wine.

Geoffrey Chaucer did not lose his time, even for the purpose of amusing his father's guests, for we soon find him studying, and afterwards practising at the bar, thereby laying up a store of fresh experiences of human nature, which must have been worth its weight in gold to him when in his later days he undertook his great work.

We hear of him next in more brilliant scenes; Edward III. attracted doubtless by his learning, gave him a house at Woodstock, close to

the Royal palace there, and seems to have admitted him to his personal friendship. So our poet became a courtier—and his fortunes appear to have risen steadily in the full tide of Court favour. We find him specially connected with the King's son John of Gaunt, who was ever afterwards his patron and fast friend. John of Gaunt's courtship and marriage to Blanche of Lancaster, and afterwards her death, were all subjects of different poems by Chaucer, though in an allegorical form.

Chaucer seems to have been a lover of peace rather than war, for we only find him joining in the campaign of 1359, which ended in the peace of Brétigni.

Edward III. employed the poet on various foreign missions, one of which, that to the Doge of Genoa, had an important influence on his writings. It was during this visit to Italy that he met Petrarch, and probably first became acquainted with Boccaccio's 'Decamerone,' which suggested the idea of the 'Canterbury Tales.'

The King, not content with employing Chaucer on missions, bestowed more solid benefits upon him; he received a pension, and was made comptroller of the customs. He became a rich and prosperous man, and married a lady of good family in Hainault. One of the grants made to him sounds strangely to modern ears. "One pitcher of wine to be delivered in the port of London daily"—in the London of our time this would be more of a burden than a benefit, we venture to think.

CHAPTER II.

The years went on, and Edward III. passed away, leaving the throne to his grandson Richard II; and a new time arose for Chaucer. At first things went well with him, but the fatal weakness of Richard II. left all the power in the hands of unworthy favourites, who were especially jealous of his uncle John of Gaunt. So John of Gaunt was out of favour, and Chaucer, who had shared in the sunshine of his patron's life, must perforce bear his portion of the shadow. Having taken part with his fellow-citizens in an unsuccessful attempt to defend their liberties from the attacks of the Crown, he was obliged to fly from England, and took refuge in Zealand.

We have seen how he loved his birthplace London, and may guess how bitter exile was to him; besides which his property in England

and he found himself in great distress. At last he could stand it no longer, and resolved to return and face the worst; that worst proved to be imprisonment in the Tower. After some years he seems to have made his peace with the Government, for we find him set free, and restored to favour; his pension was given back to him, and he was appointed clerk of the works, and had to superintend the repairs of St. George's Chapel at Windsor. His poem, the 'Legend of Good Women,' was written especially for the "good Queen Anne," as Anne of Bohemia was fondly called.

But he seems to have wearied of the ups and downs of public life, and probably thinking he had secured the future of his two sons, Thomas and Lewis, he retired to Woodstock in 1391, after an absence of many years. His great love for nature, which shows itself in all his poems in beautiful touches and descriptions of the song of birds, the sun-rise, the spring-time, &c., must have soothed his worn and saddened spirit in returning to his country home.

It was at this time that he wrote his treatise on the astrolabe, as he tells us for "littel Lowys," his ten-year-old son; and what is more, it is to this time of leisure, and ripe experience of the world and its ways, that we owe his crowning work—the 'Canterbury Tales.'

We have already said that the plan of these was suggested by Boccaccio's 'Decamerone,' but Chaucer immensely improved upon Boccaccio. The Italian writer supposes a party of youths and maidens to have fled from the plague at Florence, and to beguile the hours in their retreat by story-telling. But Chaucer brings his people together in a more natural way, and one that gives far more variety of character.

The Canterbury Pilgrims to the shrine of Thomas à Becket were wont to assemble at some hostelry in London, and travel together in large companies. Chaucer supposes a party of pilgrims to have met at the Inn of the 'Tabard,' in Southwark, and as these pilgrims were from all classes and of all occupations, it is easy to see with what infinite variety this occasion supplied him.

The host suggests that each of the pilgrims should tell a story, and is himself a sort of connecting link of the whole. He, and indeed all the characters, stand before us in life-like individuality, and are actual beings of flesh and blood; as Dryden says, "I see all the

pilgrims in the 'Canterbury Tales,' their humours, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the 'Tabard' in Southwark." Chaucer supposes himself to be of the company, and is rallied by mine host on his downcast looks.

"What man art thou? (quoth he);
Thou lookest as thou wouldest find an hare,
For ever on the ground I see thee stare."

It would take too long to give any sketch of the tales themselves, but we must mention some of the characters.

We have the Prioress, "Madame Eglantine," the fine lady of the religious world of those days, speaking French so "fairly,"

"After the school of Stratford atte Bowe,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe."

(Chaucer's residence at Paris must have made him a competent judge on this point.) We are told of the propriety and decorum of her demeanour, and the praise of her manner of eating gives us a quaint glimpse of the customs of those days. She was sensitive, and unable to bear the sight of a mouse in a trap, or of her pet lap-dogs being beaten; the said lap-dogs were served with roasted meat, or "milk and wassail-bread," and were evidently the predecessors of the fat pugs and toy terriers of our own day.

The Wife of Bath gives us the portrait of a less refined dame, whose chief pleasure seems to consist in being very conspicuous in her attire at church on Sundays, and whose head-dresses

"Were large and fine of ground,
I durst to swear that they weighed three pound,
That on a Sunday were upon her head."

For all that she appears to have been a notable housewife.

We have the old English hospitality in the Franklin, the country gentleman of those days:

"Withouten bake meat never was his house."

But his cook had a bad time of it, if the sauces were not "poignant and sharp."

"His table dormaunt in the hall alway,
Stood ready covered all the longe day."

The Doctor of Physic seems more of an astrologer, not to say a

neoromancer, than what we should call a doctor, and appears to have treated his patients by "magic natural."

The Sompnour (the officer who summons offenders to the arch-deacon's court); the Pardoner (who dispenses the papal indulgences); the Monk and the Friar are all treated with sharp strokes of satire, which no doubt they well deserved.

In strong contrast with these comes the beautiful description of the Parson—

"A goode man there was of Religion,
And he was a poor Parson of a town;
He was als a learned man and a clerk,
That Christ 'is gospel truly woulde preach,
His Parish'ners devoutly would he teach.
Benign he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversaitye full patient:

Wide was his parish, and houses asunder,
But he ne'er left, neither for raine nor thunder,
In sickness nor in mischief to visit
The farthest in his parish, much or lite (little).
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff;
This good example to his flock he gaffe (gave),
That first he wrought and afterwards he taught;

A better Priest I trowe no where none is,
He waited after no pomp nor reverence,
Nor maked him no spiced conscience,
But Christ 'is love and His apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed himselfe."

This description was copied by Dryden, who is said to have applied it to Bishop Ken, no small tribute to the saintly bishop, coming from such a quarter.

The Knight (who ought to have been first mentioned, as Chaucer begins with him) was—

"A worthy man,
That from the time that he first began
To riding out, he loved chivalrie,
Truth and Honour, Freedome and Courtesy.

At mortal battles had he been fifteen,

.
He was a very perfect gentle knight,
But for to telling you of his array,
His horse were good, but he was nothing gay."

In this last respect he was a contrast to his son, the young Squire, who comes next, and was not only "as fresh as is the month of May," but—

"Embroidered was he, as it were a mead,
And full of fresh flowers both white and red."

Though great in deeds of chivalry, and all knightly accomplishments, yet—

"Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,
And carv'd before his Father at the table."

His attendant, the yeoman in coat and hood of green, stands clearly before us with his shaft of peacock arrows, and his mighty bow.

The Reve makes his appearance, "a slender choleric man," engrossed in care of the manor; the dread of all the tenants, very business-like in his accounts, but with an eye to his own interest, and enriching himself while he administered his master's property. He seems to have chosen a pleasant place to live in, for—

"His dwelling was full fair upon a heath,
With greene trees yshadowed was the place."

The poor Clerk of Oxenford, with his shabby clothes and emaciated form, presents a sorry figure, and seems to show how unprofitable were learning and philosophy in those days. Chaucer's own life does not bear this out, but then Chaucer had the light of genius to help him, and not mere learning only. It is the clerk that gives us the story of patient Grizzel, the patient lowly village maid, whose dutiful cares for her father won the heart of the great lord, and whose patience and submission were proof against all the cruel experiments by which her husband sought to try her forbearance. Chaucer tells us he learnt this tale from Petrarch, at Padua.

We must not now wait to describe the merchant, the serjeant-at-law, the shipman, the cook, the ploughman, and other characters. They altogether give us a wonderful insight into the manners and

does this so thoroughly, and it is on these 'Canterbury Tales' that the fame of Chaucer stands, and will stand as long as the English language is spoken.

The 'Tabard' Inn really existed, though in later times the name was changed to 'The Talbot,' and the sleeveless garment (which is what the word "tabard" means) disappeared from the sign, and was replaced by a dog. Scarcely more than forty years ago an inscription might have been seen there, noting the fact of its being the meeting-place of Chaucer's pilgrims, and one of the rooms was called the "Pilgrim's Room."

Our poet's fame was so great in the sixteenth century, that we find Wilson, a writer on rhetoric, complaining that "the fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer."

Chaucer's English is essentially the English tongue that we still possess, though of course the spelling is sometimes very different, and there are many words that require explanation. Poor Chaucer when he spoke of the "great diversitie in English and in writing of our tongue," and prayed heaven "that no person would miss-write or miss-metre" his poems, he little knew how they would have to be sometimes "miss-written" to be intelligible, though we will hope not "miss-metred."

In 1397, Chaucer appears to have left Woodstock, and to have settled himself at Donnington Castle, near Newbury. It seems probable that this estate may have been a present from John of Gaunt, who had lately married the sister of the poet's wife.

In the park at Donnington were three oak-trees, known as the "King's Oak," which was the largest, then the "Queen's Oak," and "Chaucer's Oak." It is believed that the two first were named by him after the unhappy Richard and the "good Queen Anne," probably as a grateful tribute for the favours they had shown him.

Chaucer died in 1400, at his house in Westminster, which was on the site of Henry VII.'s chapel. He had gone to London to settle his affairs, but died there unexpectedly, and was buried in the Abbey, in the place, which from this burial probably took its name, "The Poet's Corner," where so many of the glorious brotherhood have since followed him.

We cannot do better than close this little sketch with a few lines

from 'The Good Counsel of Chaucer,' a poem said to have been "made by him upon his death-bed, lying in his great anguish."

"That thee is sent receive in buxomness (content);
The wrestling of this worlde asketh a fall;
Here is no home; here is but wilderness:
Forth, pilgrim, forth, O beast out of thy stall!
Look up on high, and thank thy GOD of all."

FREDERICA A. S. FRANKS.

WE AND THE WORLD.

By J. H. Ewing, Author of 'Six to Sixteen,' &c.

PART II.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
And, returning, sat down laughing."—*Hiawatha*.

"God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
Boasts two soul-sides; one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her."—*Robert Browning*.



THE fact that when we got back to the 'Water Lily,' Alister found the captain dead drunk in his cabin, sealed our resolution to have nothing more to do with her when we were paid off, and our engagement ended (as had been agreed upon), in the Georgetown harbour. There was no fear that we should fail to get berths as common seamen now, if we wanted them; and there was not a thing to regret about the 'Slut,' except perhaps Alfonso, of whom we were really fond. As it turned out, we had not even to mourn for him, for he cut cable from the 'Water Lily' too, having plans of his own about which he made a great deal of mystery and displayed his wonted importance, but whether they were matrimonial or professional, I doubt if even Dennis knew at the time.

Alistair *had* something to lose. It was not a small consideration to give up his mate's berth, but he said the whole conduct of the ship was "against his conscience," and that settled the matter, to him.

When we were our own masters once more, we held another big council about our future. If I went home at once, I must, somehow or other, get back to Halifax before I could profit by Uncle Henry's arrangement. If Dennis went home, he must equally depend on himself, for there was no saying when the Squire would, or would not, find out and rectify his omission. Alistair's mother had sent him some stamps for postage, and his paternal relative had sent him a message to the effect that having had neither word nor wittens of him for a considerable period, and having feared the worst, he was thankful to learn of his safe arrival in Halifax, Nova Scotia; and trusted that the step he had taken, if a thought presumptuous at his years, yet betokened a spirit of self-reliance, and might prove not otherwise than conducive to his welfare in the outcome.

Altogether, we were, practically, as much dependent on ourselves as when we sat under the pine-trees in Nova Scotia.

"We'll look up my cousin, to begin with," said Dennis.

"Are ye perfectly convinced that he's here?" asked Alistair, warned by his own experience.

"Certainly," said Dennis.

"Have ye corresponded with him of late?" pursued Alistair.

"Not I indeed. The O'Moores are by no means good letter-writers at the best of times, but he'd have let us know if he was dead, anyhow, and if he's alive, we'll be as welcome as the flowers.

Before Alistair could reply, he was interrupted by a message from our late captain. The 'Water Lily' was still in harbour, and the captain wanted the ex-mate to help him on some matters connected with the ship or her cargo. Alistair would not refuse, and he was to be paid for the job, so we hastily arranged that he should go, and that Dennis and I should devote the evening to looking up the Irish cousin, and we appointed to meet on the "steling" or wharf, alongside of which the 'Water Lily' lay, at eleven o'clock on the following morning.

"I was a fool not to speak to that engineer fellow the other night," said Dennis, as we strolled on the shady side of a wide street, down

the middle of which ran a wide water-dyke fringed with oleanders. "He would be certain to know where my cousin's place is."

"Do you know him?" I asked, with some eagerness, for the young officer was no small hero in my eyes.

"Oh, yes, quite well. He's a Lieutenant in the Engineers. He has often stayed at my father's for shooting. But he has been abroad the last two or three years, and I suppose I've grown. He didn't know——"

"There he is!" said I.

He was coming out of a garden-gate on the other side of the street. But he crossed the road saying, "Hi, my lads!" and putting his hand into his pocket as he came.

"Here's diversion, Jack!" chuckled Dennis; "he's going to tip us for our assistance in the gunpowder plot. Look at him now! Faith, he's as short of change as myself. How that half-crown's eluding him in the corner of his pocket! It'll be no less, I assure ye. He's a liberal soul. Now for it!"

And as the young lieutenant drew near, Dennis performed an elaborate salute. But his eyes were brimming with roguishness, and in another moment he burst out laughing, and after one rapid glance, and a twist of his moustache that I thought must have torn it up by the roots, the young officer exploded in the same fashion.

"DENNIS!—What in the name of the mother of mischief (and I'm sure she was an O'Moore) are you masquerading in that dress for, out here?" But before Dennis could reply, the lieutenant became quite grave, and turning him round by the arm, said, "but this isn't masquerading, I see. Dennis, my dear fellow, what does it mean?"

"It means that I was a stowaway, and my friend here a castaway—I mean that I was a castaway, and Jack was a stowaway. Willie, do you remember Barney Barton?"

"Old Barney? Of course I do. How did he come to let you out of his sight?"

Dennis did not speak. I saw that he could not, so I took upon me to explain.

"They were out in the hooker, off the Irish coast, and she went to pieces in a gale. Old Barney was lost, and we picked Dennis up."

He nodded to me, and with his hand through Dennis O'Moore's arm, said kindly, "We'll go to my quarters, and talk it all over. Where are you putting up?"

"We're only just paid off," said I.

"Then you'll rough it with me, of course, both of you."

I thanked him, and Dennis said, "Willie, the one thing I've been wanting to ask you, is if you know where that cousin of my father's lives, who is in business out here. Do you know him?"

"Certainly. I'm going there to-night, for a dance, and you shall come with me. I can rig you out."

They went ahead, arm-in-arm, and I followed at just sufficient distance behind to catch the backward looks of amazement which the young officer's passing friends were too polite to indulge when exactly on a level with him. He capped first one and then another with an air of apparent unconsciousness, but the contrast between his smart appearance and spotless white uniform, and the patched remains of Dennis' homespun suit (to say nothing of the big bundle in which he carried his "duds"), justified a good deal of staring, of which I experienced an humble share myself.

Very good and pleasant are the comforts of civilisation, as we felt when we were fairly established in our new friend's quarters. Not that the first object of life is to be comfortable, or that I was moved by a hairsbreadth from my aims and ambitions, but I certainly enjoyed it; and, as Dennis said, "Oh, the luxury of a fresh-water wash!"—for salt-water really will not clean one, and the only way to get a fresh-water wash at sea is to save out of one's limited allowance. We had done this, to the extent of two-thirds of a pailful, as we approached Guiana, and had been glad enough all to soap in the same bucket (tossing for turns) and rinse off with clean sea-water, but real "tubs" were a treat indeed!

I had had mine, and, clothed in a white suit, nearly as much too big for me as the old miser's funeral gloves, was reposing in a very easy chair, when Dennis and his friend began to dress for the dance. The lieutenant was in his bedroom, which opened to the left out of the sitting-room where I sat, and Dennis was tubbing in another room similarly placed on the right. Every door and window was open to catch what air was stirring, and they shouted to each other, over my head, so to speak, while the lieutenant's body-servant ran

backwards and forwards from one to the other. He was a soldier, an Irishman, and having been with the O'Moores, he treated Dennis with the utmost civility for Dennis's sake. He was waiting for the lieutenant to shout,

"Dennis! what's your length, you lanky fellow?"

"Six foot two by the last notch on the front door-socks, and the Squire measured it with his tape."

"Well, there's half an inch between us, if he's tape's been measuring the O'Moores from the days and I've a notion it has shrunk with age. I think my for you."

"Thank you, thank you, Willie! You're very good."

In a few minutes O'Brien came out with his arms and pursued by his master's voice.

"O'Brien's bringing you the things; can he go in to finish off that fresh-water business, old fellow, and get promised not to be late."

I tried to read a newspaper, but the cross-fire of the thing like attention.

"Was ye wanting me, sorr?"

"No, no. Never mind me, O'Brien. Attend to Mr. he manage with those things?"

"He can, sorr. He looks illigant," replied O'Brien hand chamber. We all laughed, and Dennis began to

"Oh, once we were illigant people,

Though we now live in cabins of mud;

And the land that ye see from the steeple,

Belonged to us all from the flood.

My father was then King of Connaught—

"And mislaid his crown, I'll be bound," shouted.

"Look here, Dennis, you'll get no good partners if you don't get a dance with your cousin's daughter to treat, I can tell you. But dancing out here isn't tried in temperate climates, and cards are made up early."

By-and-by he shouted again,

"O'Brien!"

"Coming, your honour."

"I don't want you. But is Mr. O'Moore ready?"

"He is, sorr, barring the waistcoat. *Take a fresh tie, master Dennis. The master'll not be pleased to take ye out with one like that. Sure it's haste that's the ruin of the white ties all along. Did ye find the young gentleman a pair of shoes, sorr?*"

"Won't those I threw in fit you?" asked our host.

"I've got them. The least bit too large. A thousand thanks."

"Can you dance in them?"

"I'll try," replied Dennis, and, judging by the sound, he did try then and there, singing as he twirled,

"Bad luck to this marching,

Pipe-claying and starching,

How neat one must be to be killed by the French!"

But O'Brien's audible delight and the progress of the song were checked by the lieutenant, who had dressed himself, and was now in the sitting-room.

"O'Brien!"

"Sorr!"

"If Mr. O'Moore is not ready, I must go without him."

"He's ready and waiting, sorr," replied O'Brien. "*Have ye got a pocket handkerchief, Master Dennis, dear? There's the flower for your coat. Ye'll be apt to give it away, maybe; let me use a small pin. Did the master not find ye any gloves? Now as the squire saw ye, it's a proud man he'd be! Will I give the young gentleman one of your hats, sorr?*"

"Yes, of course. Be quick! So there you are at last, you young puppy. Bless me! how like the squire you are."

The squire must have been amazingly handsome, I thought, as I gazed admiringly at my comrade. Our staring made him shy and as he blushed and touched up the stephanotis in his button-hole, the engineer changed the subject by saying, "Talking of the squire, is it true, Dennis, what Jack tells me about the twenty pounds? Did he really forget to put it in."

"As true as gospel," said Dennis, and taking up the tails of his coat he waltzed round the room to the tune of

"They say some disaster
Befell the paymaster,
On my conscience, I think that the money's not there!"

I stood out on the verandah to see them off, Dennis singing, and chaffing and chattering to the last. He waved his hat to me as his friend gathered the reins, a groom sprang up behind, and they were whirled away. The only part of the business I envied them was the drive.

It was a glorious night, despite the oppressive heat, and the almost intolerable biting of mosquitoes and sand-flies. In the wake of the departing trap flew a solitary beetle, making a noise exactly like a scissor-grinder at work. Soft and silent moths—some as big as small birds—went past my face, I fear, to the hanging lamp behind me. Passing footfalls echoed bluntly from the wooden pavement, and in the far-away distance the bull-frogs croaked monotonously. And down below, as I looked upon the trees, I could see fire-flies coming and going like pulsations of light, amongst the leaves.

O'Brien waited on me with the utmost care and civility; served me an excellent supper, with plenty of ice and cooling drinks, and taught me the use of the "swizzle stick" for mixing them. I am sure he did not omit a thing he could think of for my comfort. He had been gone for some time, and I had been writing letters, turning over the engineer's books, and finally dozing in his chair, when I was startled by sounds from his bedroom, as if O'Brien were engaged, first in high argument, and then in deadly struggle with some intruder. I rushed to his assistance, and found him alone, stamping vehemently on the floor.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"Matther is it? Murther's the matther," and he gave another vicious stamp, and then took a stride that nearly cost him his balance, and gave another. "I beg yor pardon, sorr; but it's the cock-roaches. The place swarms wid 'em. Av they'd keep peaceably below, now, but invading the master's bedroom—that's for ye, ye thief!" and he stamped again.

"The creatures here are a great plague," said I, slapping a mosquito upon my forehead.

"And that as true a word as your honour ever spoke. They're murderous, no less! Many's the time I'm wishing myself back in

old Ireland, where there's no venomous beasts at all. Arrah! Would ye, ye skulking——"

I left him stamping, and streaming with perspiration, but labouring loyally on in a temperature where labour was little short of heroism.

I went back to my chair, and began to think over my prospects. It is a disadvantage of idleness that one wearies oneself with thinking, though one cannot act. I wondered how the prosperous sugar-planter was receiving Dennis, and whether he would do more for him than one's rich relations are apt to do. The stars began to pale in the dawn without my being any the wiser for my speculations, and then my friends came home. The young officer was full of hopes that I had been comfortable, and Dennis of regrets that I had not gone with them. His hair was tossed, his cheeks were crimson, and he had lost the flower from his buttonhole.

"How did you get on with your cousin?" I asked. The reply confounded me.

"Oh, charmingly! Dances like a fairy. I say, Willie, as a mere matter of natural history, d'ye believe any other human being ever had such feet?"

A vague wonder crept into my brain whether the cousin could possibly have become half a nigger, from the climate, which really felt capable of anything, and have developed feet like our friend the pilot; but I was diverted by seeing that Dennis was clapping his pockets and hunting for something.

"What have you lost now?" asked his friend.

"My pocket handkerchief. Ah, there it is!" and he drew it from within his waistcoat, and with it came his gloves, and a third one, and they fell on the floor. As he picked the odd one up the lieutenant laughed.

"What size does she wear, Dennis—sixes?"

"Five and three quarters—long fingers; so she tells me." He sighed, and then wandered to the window, whistling 'Robin Adair.'

"Now, Dennis, you promised me to go straight to bed. Turn in we must, for I have to be on an early parade."

"All right, Willie. Good-night, and a thousand thanks to you. It's been a great evening—I never was so happy in my life. Come along, Jack."

And off he went, tossing his head and singing to the air he had been whistling:

"Who in the song so sweet?
Eileen aroon!
Who in the dance so fleet?
Eileen aroon!
Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,
Eileen aroon!"

"She'll be married to a sugar-planter before you've cut your wisdom teeth," bawled the engineer from his bedroom.

"*Will she?*" retorted Dennis, and half-laughing, half-sentimentally, he sang on louder than before,

"Were she no longer true,
Eileen aroon!
What should her lover do?
Eileen aroon!
Fly with his broken chain,
Far o'er the bounding main,
Never to love again,
Eileen aroon!"

Willie made no reply. He evidently meant to secure what sleep there was to be had, and as Dennis did not seem in the mood for discussing our prospects as seamen, I turned into my hammock and pulled it well round my ears to keep out bats, night-moths, and the like.

It was thus that I failed at first to hear when Dennis began to talk to somebody out of the window. But when I lifted my head I could hear what he said, and from the context I gathered that the other speaker was no less than Alister, who, having taken his sleep early in the night, was now refreshing himself by a stroll at dawn. That they were squabbling with unusual vehemence was too patent, and I was at once inclined to lay the blame on Dennis, who ought, I felt, to have been brimming over with generous sympathy, considering how comfortable we had been, and poor Alister had not. But I soon discovered that the matter was no personal one, being neither more nor less than an indignant discussion as to whether the air which

Dennis was singing was "Scotch" or "Irish." As I only caught the Irish side of the argument, I am not qualified to pronounce any opinion.

"Of course facts are facts, no one denies that. And it's likely enough your grandmother sang 'Robin Adair' to it, and your great-grandmother too, rest her soul! But it would take an uncommonly *great grandmother* of mine to have sung it when it was new, for it's one of the oldest of old Irish airs."

* * * * *

"Stole it of course! as they did plenty more in those times—cattle and what not. I'd forgive them the theft, if they hadn't spoilt the tune with a nasty jerk or two that murders the tender grace of it intirely."

* * * * *

"Alister, me boy! You're not going? Ye're not cross, are ye? Faith, I'd give my life for ye, but I can't give ye Eileen aroon. Come in and have some swizzle! We're in the height of luxury here, and hospitality as well, and ye'll be as welcome as daylight."

* * * * *

"Up so late? Up so early, ye mean! Ah, don't put on that air of incorruptible morality. Wait now till I get in on the one side of my hammock and out at the other, and I'll look as early-rising-proud as yourself. Alister! Alister, dear!—"

Through all this the engineer made no sign, and it struck me how wise he was, so I pulled the hammock round me again and fell asleep; not for long, I fancy, for those intolerable sandflies woke me once more before Dennis had turned in.

I looked out and saw him still at the window, his eyes on a waning planet, his cheek resting on the little glove laid in his right hand, and singing more sweetly than any nightingale:

"Youth must with time decay,
Eileen aroon!
Beauty must fade away,
Eileen aroon!
Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star,
Eileen aroon!"

CHAPTER XV.

"Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar."—1

ALISTER did more than pick pink-pale oleanders by the morning. His business with the captain was soon the course of it he "foregathered," as he called it, business who had spoken to us on the night of the whose own warehouse was in ruins. He proved to be a birth, and a man of energy (not a common quality) and he was already busy about retrieving his fort repair of part of the building, in which to secure other similar matters, was his first object; and he overcame the difficulty of inducing any of the coloured people to "fair day's work for a fair day's wage," except when he pressed them. They would then work, he said, but go on working till the job was done, only till they had wages to take another idle "spell" upon.

Several Chinamen were already busy among the ruins, as we saw, and it was Chinese labour that Alister resolved to employ; but he seemed to think that, though those smiling, smooth-faced individuals, who looked as if they came to life off one of my mother's old tea-cups, were alone among the salvage.

"Every thief among 'em 's as good as a conjurer, and can conceal just anything up his sleeve."

Thus it came about that when Dennis and I were strolling to meet Alister, as we had agreed, and delivered of hospitality with which the young engineer and his men had charged us, we found that he had made an arrangement with the burnt-out store owner for such time as we could do our seaman's work, on terms which were to include lodging.

"Alister, dear! I admire ye with all me heart,"

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petuously. "I never saw such an industrious, persevering fellow. If all Scotch lads take the tide of life at the flood as you do, small blame to ye for making your fortunes; and well ye deserve it."

"There's not a doubt about it," replied Alister complacently. "And I'll tell ye more. Find me any grand work, if it's at the other end of the airth, whether it's digging a dyke in the desert, or bigging a mountain up to the moon, and I'll find ye an Aberdeenshire man not far from the head of it."

Dennis's face seemed to twitch with a dozen quick thoughts and smiles, as Alister turned away to meet his new employer, who had just appeared on the stelling.

"They have wonderful qualities," he said gently. "I envy them, I can tell ye, Jack. What's an idle lout like me good for? Will I ever be able to make a home for myself, or for any one else? *They do!*" He spoke earnestly, and then suddenly relapsing into an imitation of Alister's accent, which was his latest joke, he added with twinkling eyes, "and they save a *wee* in wages to their *ain* trumpeters—*whiles!*"

And having drawled out the word "whiles" to the uttermost possible length, he suddenly began to snap his fingers and dance an Irish jig upon the wooden planks of the stelling. This performance completely demoralised the Chinamen who caught sight of it. "Eyah!" they cried, they stopped work, they chuckled, they yelled, they doubled themselves up, some of their pig-tails came down, and one and all they laughed so frankly and immoderately, it was hard to believe that anything like deception could be amongst the faults of these almond-eyed children of the Flowery Land.

Mr. Macdonald (the store-owner) seemed, however, to think that they required pretty close watching, and I do not think he would have been willing to let Alister go back with us to luncheon at Willie's, but for his appreciation of social rank. It was obvious that it did Alister no harm that he had a friend in an officer of her Majesty's Service, and a comrade in the nephew of a sugar-planter of the uppermost level of Demerara society.

We three held a fresh council as we sat with the young engineer. He and Alister got on admirably, and he threw himself into our affairs with wonderful kindness. One point he disposed of at once and that was *my* fate! There could be no question, he said, that *my*

duty was to get back to Halifax, "report myself" to Uncle Henry's agent there, and then go home.

"You're ruthlessly dismembering the Shamrock, Willie," Dennis objected.

"I don't see that. *You're* not to stay here, for instance."

"You're mighty positive," said Dennis, blushing.

"Of course I am. I wouldn't encourage you to waste sentiment anyhow; and the West Indies is no latitude for boys, to go on with. And you know as well as I do, that it's rather more than time the Squire started you in life. You must go home, Dennis!"

"If I do, I go with Jack. And what about Alister?"

The young officer tugged his moustaches right and left. Then he said, "If I were exactly in your place, Auchterlay——"

"Well, sir?" said Alister, for he had hesitated.

—"I should—enlist in the Royal Engineers."

"Nothing like gunpowder," whispered Dennis to me. I kicked him in return.

The pros and cons of the matter were not lengthy. If Alister enlisted in any regiment, the two advantages of good behaviour and good education would tell towards his advancement more rapidly and more certainly than perhaps in any other line of life. If he enlisted into a scientific corps, the chance of being almost immediately employed as a clerk was good, very much of the work would be interesting to an educated and practical man; the "marching, pipe-claying, and starching," of which Dennis sang, was a secondary part of "R.E." duties at any time, and there were special opportunities of employment in foreign countries for superior men. Alister was not at all likely to remain long a private, and it was quite "on the cards" that he might get a commission while he was still young. So much for "peace time." But if—in the event of—and supposing (here the young engineer made a rapid diversion into the politics of the day) there was a chance of "active service"—the Royal Engineers not only offered far more than drill and barrack duties in time of peace, but no branch of the army gave nobler opportunities for distinguished service in time of war. At this point he spoke with such obvious relish, that I saw Dennis was ready to take the Queen's Shilling on the spot. Alister's eyes gave a flash or two, but on the whole he "kept a calm sough," and put the other side of the question.

He said a good deal, but the matter really lay in small compass. The profession of arms is not highly paid. It was true that the pay was poor enough as a seaman, and the life far harder, but then he was only bound for each voyage. At other times he was his own master, and having "gained an insight into" trading from his late captain, he saw indefinite possibilities before him. Alister seemed to have great faith in openings, opportunities, chances, etc., and he said frankly that he looked upon his acquired seamanship simply as a means of paying his passage to any part of the habitable globe where fortunes could be made.

"Then why not stick together?" cried Dennis. "Make your way up to Halifax with us, Alister, dear. Maybe you'll find your cousin at home this time, and if not, at the worst, there's the captain of our old ship promised ye employment. Who knows but we'll all go home in her together? Ah, let's keep the Shamrock whole if we can!"

"But you see, Dennis," said the lieutenant, "Alister would regard a voyage to England as a step backward, as far as his objects are concerned."

Dennis always maintained that you could never contrive to agree with Alister so closely that he would not find room to differ from you.

So he nudged me again (and I kicked him once more) when Alister began to explain that he wouldn't just say *that*, for that during the two or three days when he was idle at Liverpool he had been into a free library to look at the papers, and had had a few words of converse with a decent kind of an old body, who was a care-taker in a museum where they bought birds and beasts and the like from seafaring men that got them in foreign parts. So that it had occurred to him that if he could pick up a few natural curiosities in the tropics, he might do worse, supposing his cousin be still absent from Halifax, than keep himself from idleness, by taking service in our old ship, with the chance of doing a little trading at the Liverpool Museum.

"I wish I hadn't broken that gorgeous lump of coral Alfonso gave me," said Dennis. "But it's as brittle as egg-shell, though I rather fancy the half of it would astonish most museums. You're a wonderful boy, Alister! Ah, we'll all live to see the day when you're a millionaire, laying the foundation stone of some of those big things

the Aberdeen men build, and speechifying away to the rising generation of how ye began life with nothing but a stuffed Demerary parrot in your pocket. Willie, can't ye lend me some kind of a gun, that I may get him a few of these highly painted fowl of the air? If I had but old Barney at my elbow now—God rest his soul!—we'd give a good account of ourselves among the cockatoos. Many's the lot of seabirds we've brought home in the hooker to stuff the family pillows. But I'm no hand at preparing a bird for stuffing."

"I'll cure them," said I; "the schoolmaster taught me."

"Then we're complete entirely, and Alister'll die Provost of Aberdeen. Haven't I got the whole plan in my head? (And it's the first of the O'Moores that ever developed a genius for business!) Swap crimson macaws with green breasts in Liverpool for cheap fizzing drinks, trade them in the thirsty tropics for palm-oil; steer for the north pole, and retail that to the oleaginous Esquimaux for furs; sell them in Paris in the autumn for what's left of the summer fashions, and bring these back to the ladies of Demerary; buy——"

"Dennis! stop that chattering," cried our host; "there's some one at the door."

We listened. There was a disturbance below stairs, and the young officer opened the door and shouted for his servant, on which O'Brien came up three steps at a time.

"What is it, O'Brien?"

"A Chinee, your honour, I asked him his business, and not a word but gibberish will he let out of him. But he's brought no papers nor parcels at all, and sorra peep will I let him have of your honour's room. The haythen thafe!"

But even as O'Brien spoke, a Chinaman, in a China-blue dress, passed between him and the doorpost, and stood in the room.

"Who are you?" asked the engineer peremptorily.

"Ah-Fo," was the reply, and the Chinaman bowed low.

"You can understand English, if you can't speak it, eh?"

The Chinaman smiled. His eyes rolled round the room till he caught sight of Alister, then suddenly producing three letters, fan-wise, as if he were holding a hand at whist, he jerked up the centre one, like a "forced" card in a trick, and said softly, "For you"—and still looking round with the others in his hand, he added, "For two; allee same as you," and as Alister distributed them to Dennis and

me, his wooden face took a few wrinkles of contempt, and he added, "One nigger bringee. Mister Maodonald, he send me."

After this explanation he stood quite still. Even his face was unmoved, but his eyes went round and into every corner of the room. I was so absorbed in watching him, that Dennis was reading his letter aloud before I had opened mine. But they were all alike, with the exception of our names. They were on pink paper, and highly scented. This was Dennis O'Moore's:

"*Hymeneal*.—Mr. Alfonso St. Vincent and Miss Georgiana Juba's compliments are respectfully offered, and will be happy of Mr. Dennis O'Moore's company on the occasion of the celebration of their nuptials. Luncheon at twelve on the auspicious day, Saturday ——"

"Oh, botheration! It's six weeks hence," said Dennis. "Will we be here, I wonder?"

"We'll go if we are." "Poor old Alfonso!" "Well done, Alfonso!" Such were our sentiments, and we expressed them in three polite notes, which the Chinaman instantaneously absorbed into some part of his person, and having put the hand with which he took them to his head and bowed lowly as before, he went away. And O'Brien, giving one vicious dust with his coat-sleeve of the doorpost, which Ah-Fo had contaminated by a passing touch, followed the "heathen thief" to see him safe off the premises.

"That's a strange race, now——" began Alister, but I ran to the window, for Dennis was on the balcony watching for the Chinaman, and remembering the scene on the stelling, I anticipated fun.

"Hi, there! Fee-fo-fum, or whatever it is that they call ye!"

Ah-Fo looked up with a smile of delighted recognition, which, as Dennis gave a few preliminary stamps, and began to whistle and shuffle, expanded into such hearty laughter, that he was obliged to sit down to it by the roadside.

"Look here, Dennis," said our host; "we shall have a crowd collecting if you go on with this tomfoolery. Send him off."

"All right, old fellow. Beg your pardon. Good-bye, Te-to-tum."

It was not a respectful farewell, but there is a freemasonry of friendliness apart from words. Dennis had a kindly heart toward his fellow-creatures everywhere, and I never knew his fellow-creatures fail to find it out.

"Good-bye," said Ah-Fo, lingeringly.

"Good-bye again. I say, old mandarin," added the incorrigible Dennis, leaning confidentially over the balcony, "got on pretty well below there? Or did O'Brien keep the tail of his eye too tight on ye? Did ye manage to coax a great-coat or a hall table, or any other trifle of the kind up those sleeves of yours?"

This time Ah-Fo looked genuinely bewildered, but he gazed at Dennis as if he would have given anything to understand him.

"Uppee sleevee—you know!" said Dennis, illustrating his meaning by signs. ("Chinese is a mighty easy language, Willie, I find, when you're used to it.")

A grin of intelligence spread from ear to ear on Ah-Fo's countenance.

"Eyah!" said he, and with one jerk he produced our three letters, fan-fashion, in his right hand, and then they vanished as quickly, and he clapped his empty palms and cried, "Ha, ha! Ha, ha!"

"It's clever, there's no denying," said Alister, "but it's an uncanny kind of cleverness."

Something uncannier was to come. Ah-Fo had stood irresolute for a minute or two, then he appeared to make up his mind, and coming close under the balcony he smiled at Dennis and said, "You looker here." Then feeling rapidly in the inner part of his dress he brought out a common needle, which he held up to us, then pricked his finger to show that it was sharp, and held it up again, crying "You see?"

"I see," said Dennis. "Needle. Allee same as pin, barring that a pin's got a head with no eye in it, and a needle's got an eye with no head to it."

"You no talkee, you looker," pleaded Ah-Fo.

"One for you, Dennis," laughed the engineer. We looked, and Ah-Fo put the needle into his mouth and swallowed it. He gave himself a pat or two and made some grimaces to show that it felt rather prickly going down, and then he produced a second needle, and tested and then swallowed that. In this way he seemed to swallow twelve needles, nor, with the closest watching, could we detect that they went anywhere but into his mouth.

"Will he make it a baker's dozen, I wonder," gasped Dennis.

But this time Ah-Fo produced a small ball of thread, and it followed the needles, after which he doubled himself up in uneasy contortions, which set us into fits of laughter. Then he put his

fingers into his mouth—we watched closely—and slowly, yard after yard, he drew forth the unwound thread, and all the twelve needles were upon it. And whilst we were clapping and cheering him, both needles and thread disappeared as before.

Ah-Fo was evidently pleased by our approval, and by the shower of coins with which our host rewarded his performance, but when he had disposed of them in his own mysterious fashion, some source of discontent seemed yet to remain. He looked sadly at Dennis and said, "Ah-Fo like to do so, allee same as you." And then began gravely to shuffle his feet about, in vain efforts, as became evident, to dance an Irish jig. We tried to stifle our laughter, but he was mournfully conscious of his own failure, and, when Dennis whistled the tune, seemed to abandon the task in despair, and console himself by an effort to recall the original performance. After standing for a few seconds with his eyes shut and his head thrown back, so that his pigtail nearly touched the ground, the scene appeared fully to return to his memory. "Eyah!" he chuckled, and turned to go, laughing as he went.

"Don't forget the letters. Uppee sleevee, old Teatray!" roared Dennis.

Ah-Fo flirted them out once more. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed he, and went finally away.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Das Haar trennt."—*German Proverb.*

We three were not able to be present at Alfonso's wedding, for the very good reason that we were no longer in British Guiana. But the day we sailed for Halifax, Alfonso and his Georgiana came down to see us on the stelling. "Georgiana" was as black as a coal, but Alfonso had not boasted without reason of the cut of her clothes. She had an upright pretty figure, and her dress fitted it to perfection. It was a white dress, and she had a very gorgeous parasol, deeply fringed, and she wore a kerchief of many colours round her shoulders, and an equally bright silk one cleverly twisted into a little cap on her woolly head. Her costume was in short, very gay indeed.

"Out of all the bounds of nature and feminine modesty," said Alister.

"Of your grandmother's nature and modesty, maybe," retorted Dennis. "But she's no gayer than the birds of the neighbourhood, anyway, and she's as neat, which is more than ye can say for many a young lady that's not so black in the face."

In short, Dennis approved of Alfonso's bride, and I think the lady was conscious of it. She had a soft voice, and very gentle manners, and to Dennis she chatted away so briskly that I wondered what she could have found to talk about, till I discovered from what Dennis said to Alister afterwards, that the subject of her conversation was Alfonso's professional prospects.

"Look here, Alister dear," said Dennis; "don't be bothering yourself whether she employs your aunt's dressmaker or no, but when you're about halfway up that ladder of success, that I'll never be climbing (or I'd do it myself), say a good word for Alfonso to some of these Scotch captains with big ships, that want a steward and stewardess. That's what she's got her eye on for Alfonso, and Alfonso has been a good friend to us."

"I'll mind," said Alister. And he did. For (to use his own expression) our Scotch comrade was "aye better than his word."

Dennis O'Moore's cousin behaved very kindly to us. He was not only willing to find Dennis the money which the Squire had failed to send, but he would have advanced my passage-money to Halifax. I declined the offer for two reasons. In the first place, Uncle Henry had only spoken of paying my passage from Halifax to England, and I did not feel that I was entitled to spend any money that I could avoid spending; and, secondly, as Alister had to go north before the mast, I chose to stick by my comrade, and rough it with him. This decided Dennis. If Alister and I were going as seamen, he would not "sneak home as a passenger."

The elderly cousin did not quite approve of this, but the engineer officer warmly supported Dennis, and he was also upheld in a quarter where praise was still dearer to him, as I knew, for he took me into his confidence, when his feelings became more than he could comfortably keep to himself.

"Perhaps she won't like your being a common sailor, Dennis," I had said, "and you know Alister and I shall quite understand about it. We know well enough what a true mate you've been to us, and Alister was talking to me about it last night. He said he didn't like

to say anything to you, as he wouldn't take the liberty of alluding to the young lady, but he's quite sure she won't like it, and I think so too."

I said more than I might otherwise have done, because I was very much impressed by Alister's unusual vehemence on the subject. He seldom indeed said a word that was less than a boast of Scotland in general, and Aberdeenshire in particular, but on this occasion it had burst forth that though he had been little "in society" in his native country, he had "seen enough to know that a man would easier live down a breach of a' the ten commandments than of any three of its customs." And when I remembered, for my own part, how fatal in my own neighbourhood were any proceedings of an unusual nature, and how all his innocence, and his ten years of martyrdom, had not sufficed with many of Mr. Wood's neighbours to condone the "fact" that he had been a convict, I agreed with Alister that Dennis ought not to risk the possible ill effects of what, as he said, had a "ne'er-doweel, out-at-elbows, or, at last and least, an uncommon look about it;" and that having resumed his proper social position, our Irish comrade would be wise to keep it in the eyes he cared most to please.

"Alister has a fine heart," said Dennis, "but you may tell him I told her," and he paused.

"What did she say?" I asked anxiously.

"She said," answered Dennis slowly, "that she'd small belief that a girl could tell if a man were true or no by what he seemed as a lover, but there was something to be done in the way of judging of his heart by seeing if he was kind with his kith and faithful to his friends."

It took me two or three revolutions of my brain to perceive how this answer bore upon the question, and when I repeated it to Alister, his comment was almost as enigmatical.

"A man," he said sententiously, "that has been blessed with a guid mother, and that gives the love of his heart to a guid woman, may aye gang through the ills o' this life, like the children of Israel through the Red Sea, with a wall on's right hand and a wall on's left."

But it was plain to be seen that the young lady approved of Dennis O'Moore's resolve, when she made us three scarlet night-

caps for deck-wear, with a tiny shamrock embroidered on the front of each.

Indeed, as to clothes and comforts of all sorts, we began our homeward voyage in a greatly renovated condition, thanks to our friends. The many kindnesses of the engineer officer were only matched by his brusque annoyance if we "made a fuss about nothing," and between these, and what the sugar-planter thought due to his relative, and what the sugar-planter's daughter did for the sake of Dennis, the only difficulty was to get our kits stowed within reasonable seaman's limits. The sugar-planter's influence was of course invaluable to us in the choice of a ship, and we were very fortunate. The evening we went on board I accompanied Dennis to his cousin's house to bid good-bye, and when we left, Miss Eileen came with us through the garden to let us out by a short cut and a wicket gate. She looked prettier even than usual, in some sort of pale greenish grey muslin, with knots of pink ribbon about it, and I felt very much for Dennis's deplorable condition, and did my best in the way of friendship by going well ahead among the oleanders and evergreens, with a bundle which contained the final gifts of our friends. Indeed I waited at the wicket gate not only till I was thoroughly tired of waiting, but till I knew that we dare wait no longer, and then I went back to look for Dennis.

About twenty yards back I saw him, as I thought, mixed up in some way with an oleander bush in pink blossom, but, coming nearer I found that it was Eileen's grey-green dress with the pink bows, which, like a slackened sail, was flapping against him in the evening breeze, as he knelt in front of her.

"Dennis," said I, not too loud; not loud enough in fact, for they did not hear me; and all that Dennis said was, "Take plenty, Darlin'!"

He was kneeling up, and holding back some of the muslin and ribbons with one hand, whilst with the other he held out a forelock of his black curls, and she cut it off with the scissors out of the sailor's housewife which she had made for him. I turned my back and called louder.

"I know, Jack. I'm coming this instant," said Dennis.

The night was noisy with the croaking of frogs, the whirring and whizzing of insects, the cheeping of bats, and the distant cries of birds,

but Dennis and Eileen were silent. Then she called out, "Good-bye, Jack, God bless you."

"Good-bye, Miss Eileen, and God bless you," said I, feeling nearly as miserable as if I were in love myself. And then we ran all the rest of the way to the stelling.

Alister was already on board, and the young officer was there to bid us God speed, and Dennis was cheerful almost to noisiness.

But when the shores of British Guiana had become a muddy-looking horizon line, I found him, with his cropped forehead pressed to the open housewife, shedding bitter tears among the new needles and buttons.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Zur tiefen Ruh, wie er sich auch gefunden.

* * * * *

Sein Geist ist's, der mich ruft."—*Wallenstein's Tod.*

Nor the least troublesome part of our enlarged kit was the collection of gay-plumaged birds. Their preservation was by no means complete, and I continued it at sea. But between climate and creatures, the destructiveness of the tropics is distracting to the collector, and one or two of my finest specimens fell into heaps of mangled feathers, dust, and hideous larvæ under my eyes. It was Dennis O'Moore's collection. He and his engineer friend were both good shots, and they had made an expedition on purpose to get these birds for Alister. There were some most splendid specimens, and the grandest of all, to my thinking, was a Roseate Spoonbill, a wading, fish-catching bird of all shades of rose, from pale pink to crimson. Even his long horny legs were red. But he was not a pleasant subject for my part of the work. He smelt like the *Water-Lily* at her worst before we got rid of the fish cargo.

Knowing that he had got them for Alister, I was rather surprised one day when Dennis began picking out some of the rarest birds and put them aside. It was so unlike him to keep things for himself. But as he turned over the specimens, he began to ask me about Cripple Charlie, whose letter he had read. Meanwhile he kept selecting specimens, and then returning them to the main body again, saying, "Ah, we mustn't be robbing Alister, or he'll never die Provost

of Aberdeen." In the end he had gathered a very choice and gorgeous little lot, and then I discovered their destination. "We'll get them set up when we get home," he said; "I hope Charlie'll like 'em. They'll put the old puffin's nose out of joint anyway, for as big as it is!"

Our ship was a steamship, a well-found vessel, and we made a good passage. The first mate was an educated man, and fond of science. He kept a meteorological log, and the pleasantest work we ever did was in helping him to take observations. We became very much bitten with the subject, and I bought three pickle-bottles from the cook, and filled them with gulf-weed and other curiosities for Charlie, and stowed these away with the birds.

Dennis found another letter from his father awaiting him at the Halifax post-office. The Squire had discovered his blunder, and sent the money, and the way in which Dennis immediately began to plan purchases of all sorts, from a birch-bark canoe to a bearskin rug, gave me a clue to the fortunes of the O'Moores. I do not think he would have had enough left to pay his passage if we had been delayed for long. But our old ship was expected any hour, and when she came in we made our way to her at once, and the upshot of it all was, that Dennis and I shipped in her for the return voyage as passengers, and Alister as a seaman.

Nothing can make the North Atlantic a pleasant sea. Of the beauty and variety of warmer waters we had nothing, but we had the excitement of some rough weather, and a good deal of sociability and singing when it was fair, and we were very glad to be with our old mates again, and yet more glad that every knot on our course was a step nearer home. Dennis and I were not idle because we were independent, and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. As to Alister, there was no difficulty in seeing how well he stood with the red-bearded captain, and how good a friend his own energy and perseverance (with perhaps some touch of clannishness to boot) had gained for him. Dennis and I always shared his watches, and they were generally devoted to the discussing and rediscussing of our prospects, interspersed with fragmentary French lessons.

From the day that Alister had heard Dennis chatter to the squaw, through all our ups and downs, at sea and ashore, he had never flagged in his persistent profiting by Dennis's offer to teach him to speak French. It was not, perhaps, a very scholarly method which

they pursued, but we had no time for study, so Dennis started Alister every day with a new word or sentence, and Alister hammered this into his head as he went about his work, and recapitulated what he had learned before. By the time we were on our homeward voyage, the sentences had become very complex, and it seemed probable that Alister's ambition to take part in a "two-handed crack" in French with his teacher, before the shamrock fell to pieces, would be realized.

"What he has learnt is wonderful, I can tell ye," said Dennis to me, "but his accent's horrid! And we'd get on faster than we do if he didn't argue every step we go, though he doesn't know a word that I've not taught him."

But far funnier than Alister's corrections of his teacher, was a curious jealousy which the boatswain had of the Scotch boy's new accomplishment. We could not quite make out the grounds of it, except that the boatswain himself had learned one or two words of what he called *parley-vo* when he was in service at the boys' school, and he was jealously careful of the importance which his shreds and scraps of education gave him in the eyes of the ordinary uneducated seaman. With Dennis and me he was uniformly friendly, and he was a most entertaining companion.

Owing to head winds, our passage was longer than the average. A strange thing happened towards the end of it. We three had turned in for sleep one night, when I woke to the consciousness that Dennis had got out of his hammock and was going past mine, but I was so sleepy that I did not speak, and was only sure that it was not a dream, when Alister and I went on deck for the next watch, and found Dennis walking up and down in the morning mist.

"Have you had no sleep?" I asked, for his face looked haggard.

"I couldn't. For dreaming," he said, awkwardly.

I laughed at him.

"What have you been dreaming about?"

"Don't laugh, Jack. I dreamt of Barney."

"Well, that's natural enough, Dennis. This end of the voyage must recall the poor fellow."

"I wouldn't mind if it was a kindly dream. But I dreamed he'd an old woman's bonnet on and a handkerchief tied over it. It haunts me."

ack to bed," I advised. "Perhaps you'll dream of him again like himself, and that will put this out of your head."

is took my advice, and I stood Alister's watch with him, and by Dennis appeared on deck again, looking more at ease.

and you dream of him again?" I asked. He nodded.

I did. Just his own dear self. But he was sitting alone on the edge of some wharf gazing down into the water, and not a look could I get out of him till I woke."

The following morning Dennis was still sound asleep when I rose and went on deck. The coast of Ireland was just coming into sight through the haze when he joined me, but before pointing it out to him, I felt curious to know whether he had dreamed a third time of old Barney.

"Not I," said he; "all I dreamed of was a big rock standing up out of the sea, and two children sitting on it had hold of each other's hands."

"Children you know?"

"Oh dear, no! Just a little barefoot brother and sister."

He seemed to wish to drop the subject, and at this moment a gleam of sunshine lit up the distant coast line with such ethereal tints, that I did not wonder to see him spring upon the bulwarks and catching a ratlin with one hand, wave his cap above his head with the other, crying, "God bless the Emerald Isle!"

We reached Liverpool about four o'clock in the afternoon, and as we drew up alongside of the old wharf, my first thought was to look for Biddy Macartney. Alister had to remain on board for a time, but Dennis came willingly with me in search of the old woman and her coffee-barrow. At last we betook ourselves to the dock gate-keeper, to make inquiries, and from him we heard a sad story. The old woman had "failed a deal of late," he said. He "had heard she wasn't right in her mind, but whether they'd shifted her to a 'sylum or not, he couldn't say." If she was at home, she was at an address which he gave us.

"Will you go, Dennis? I must. At once."

"Of course."

Biddy was at home, and never whilst I live can I forget the "home." Four blocks of high houses enclosed a small court into which there was one entrance, an archway through one of the buildings. All the houses opened into the court. There were no back-

doors, and no back premises whatever. All the dirt and (as to washing) all the cleanliness of a crowded community living in rooms in flats, the quarreling and the love-making, the old people's resting, and the children's playing;—from emptying a slop-pail to getting a breath of evening air—this court was all there was for it. I have since been told that if we had been dressed like gentlemen, we should not have been safe in it, but I do not think we should have met with any worse welcome if we had come on the same errand—"to see old Biddy Macartney."

Roughly enough, it is true, we were directed to one of the houses, the almost intolerable stench of which increased as we went up the stairs. By the help of one inmate and another, we made our way to Biddy's door, and then we found it locked.

"The missis 'll be out," said a deformed girl who was pulling herself along by the balustrades. She was decent-looking and spoke civilly, so I ventured to ask, "Do you mean that old Biddy is out?"

"Nay, not Biddy. The woman that sees to her. When she's got to go out she looks t'old lass up, to be safe," and volunteering no further help, the girl rested for a minute against the wall with her hand to her side, and then dragged herself in to one of the rooms and shut the door in our faces.

The court without and the houses within already resounded so to the squalling of children, that I paid no attention to the fact that more of this particular noise was coming up the stairs; but in another moment a woman, shaking a screaming baby in her arms and dragging two crying children at her skirts, clenched her disengaged fist (it had a key in it) close to our faces and said, "And which of you vagabones is t'old lass's son?"

"Neither of us," said I, "but we want to see her, if we may. Are you the woman who takes care of her?"

"I've plenty to do minding my own, I can tell ye," she grumbled, "but I couldn't abear to see t'ould lass taken to a 'sylum. They're queer places some on 'em, as I know. And as to t'House! There's a many folks says, 'Well if t'guardians won't give her no relief, let her go in.' But she got hold on me one day, and she says, 'Sally, darling' (that's t'ould lass's way, is calling ye Darling. It sounds soft, but she is but an old Irish woman, as one may say) 'if ever,' she says, 'you hear tell of their coming to fetch me, God bless ye,' she says,

'just give me a look out of your eye, and I'm gone. I'll be no more trouble to any one,' she says, 'and maybe I'll make it worth your while too.'"

At this point in her narrative the woman looked mysterious, nodded her head, craned over the bannisters to see that no one was near, slapped the children and shook up the baby as a sort of mechanical protest against the noise they were making (as to effects they only howled the louder), and drawing nearer to us, spoke in lower tones :

"T'old lass has money, it's my belief, though she gives me nowt for her lodging, and she spends nowt on herself. She's many a time fair clemmed, I'll assure ye, till I can't abear to see it, and I give her the bit and sup I might have had myself, for I'm not going to rob t'children neither for her nor nobody. Ye see it's her son that's preying on her mind. He wrote her a letter awhile ago, saying times was bad out yonder, and he was fair heartbroke to be so far away from her, and she's been queer ever since. She's wanted for everything herself, slaving and saving to get enough to fetch him home. Where she hides it I know no more nor you, but she wears a sight of old rags, one atop of another, and pockets in all of 'em for aught I know—hold your din, ye unrewly children!—there's folks coming. I'll let ye in. I lock t'old lass up when I go out, for she might be wandering, and there's them hereabouts that would reckon nought of putting her out of t'way and taking what she's got, if they heard tell on't."

At last the door was unlocked and we went in. And sitting on a low box, dressed as before, even to the old coat and the spotted kerchief over her bonnet, sat Biddy Macartney.

When she lifted her face, I saw that it was much wasted, and that her fine eyes had got a restless uneasy look in them. Suddenly it ceased, and they lit up with the old intelligence. For half an instant I thought it was at the sight of me, but she did not even see me. It was on Dennis O'Moore that her eyes were bent, and they never moved as she struggled to her feet, and gazed anxiously at his face, his cap, and his seafaring clothes, whilst, for his part, Dennis gazed almost as wildly at her. At last she spoke :

"God save ye, Squire! Has the old country come to this? Is the O'Moore an alien, and all?"

"No, no. I'm the Squire's son," said Dennis. "But tell me quick, woman, what are you to Barney Barton?"

"Barney is it? Sure he was brother to me, as who knows better than your honour?"

"Did *you* live with us, too?"

"I did, acushla. In the heighth of ease and comfort, and done nothin' for it. Wasn't I the big fool to be marryin' so early, not knowin' when I was well off!"

"I know. Barney has told me. A Cork man, your husband, wasn't he? A lazy, drunken, ill-natured rascal of a fellow."

"That's him, your honour!"

"Well, you're quit of him long since. And, as your son's in New York, and all I have left of Barney is you ——"

"She doesn't hear you, Dennis."

I interrupted him, because in his impetuosity he had not noticed that the wandering look had come back over the old woman's face, and that she sat down on the box, and fumbled among her pockets for Mickey's letter, and then crouched weeping over it.

We stayed a long time with her, but she did not really revive. With infinite patience and tenderness, Dennis knelt beside her, and listened to her ramblings about Mickey, and Mickey's hardships, and Mickey's longings for home. Once or twice, I think, she was on the point of telling about her savings, but she glanced uneasily round the room and forbore. Dennis gave the other woman some money, and told her to give Biddy a good meal—to have given money to her would have been useless—and he tried hard to convince the old woman that Mickey was quite able to leave America if he wished. At last she seemed to take this in, and it gave her, I fear, undue comfort, from the conviction that, if this were so, he would soon be home.

After we left Biddy, we went to seek decent lodgings for the night. For Dennis was anxious to see her again in the morning, and of course I stayed with him.

"Had you ever seen her before?" I asked, as we walked.

"Not to remember her. But Jack, it wasn't Barney I saw in that first dream. It was Bridget."

Dennis was full of plans for getting her home with him to Ireland; but when we went back next day, we found a crowd round the archway that led into the court. Prominent in the group was the woman who "cared for" Biddy. Her baby was crying, her children

were crying, and she was crying too. And with every moment that passed the crowd grew larger and larger, as nothing but bad news can make a crowd grow.

We learnt it very quickly. Biddy had been so much cheered up by our visit, that when the woman went out to buy supper for them, she did not lock the door. When she came back, Biddy was gone. To do her neighbours justice, we could not doubt—considering how they talked then—that they had made inquiries in all the streets and courts around.

"And wherever t'owld lass *can* ha' gone!" sobbed the woman who had been her neighbour in the noblest sense of neighbourhood.

I was beginning to comfort her, when Dennis gripped me by the arm :

"I know," said he. "Come along!"

His face was white, his eyes shone, and he tossed his head so wildly he looked madder than Biddy had looked; but when he began to run, and roughs in the street began to pursue him, I ran too, as a matter of safety. We drew breath at the dock gates.

The gate-keeper told us that old Biddy, "looking quite herself, only a bit thinner like," had gone through the evening before, to meet some one who was coming off one of the vessels, as he understood, but he had not noticed her on her return. He had heard her ask some man about a ship from New York.

I wanted to hear more, but Dennis clutched me again and dragged me on.

"I'll know the wharf when I see it," said he.

Suddenly he stopped, and pointed. A wharf, but no vessel, only the water sobbing against the stones.

"That's the wharf," he gasped. "That's where he sat and looked down. *She's there!*"

* * * * *

He was right. We found her there at ebb of tide, with no sign of turmoil or trouble about her, except the grip that never could be loosened with which she held Mickey's one letter fast in her hand.

(To be continued.)

VILLAGE CHIMES.



OW sweetly rhyme the old Church bells,
 With fitful cadence soft and clear,
 As heard afar their music swells
 Upon the lonely wanderer's ear!

Now pealing like a hymn of praise,
 Triumphant thro' the deep blue sky,
 Now faltering as the breeze delays,
 Like whispered prayer of infancy.

They seem to tell of home and rest,
 Of garden trim, and pleasant trees,
 Of holiday and rural feast,
 And household joy, and marriage glee.

They seem to tell of youthful mirth,
 Of loiterings sweet in alleys green,
 Of sports at yule around the hearth,
 When hearts grow warm, and winds blow keen.

. . . . And now, they toll in mournful chimes
 The knell of friends long vanish'd hence,
 Of ties long rent, of bygone times,
 Of childhood's faith and innocence!

Of friends perchance, with whom, as now,
 He paused to hear those Church bells' tone
 Upon the green hill's sunny brow,
 Where now he lingers, changed, alone!

They tell, as on the breeze they die,
 Of hope, now lost, and peace within,
 Of thoughts once turn'd to things on high,
 Forgotten long in care and sin!

With plaintive voice they seem to say,
 "Come back, belov'd, no more to roam!
 Turn, wayward spirit gone astray!
 Return, return, to heaven and home."

Ye old Church bells, ye old Church bells,
 As sounds from far your cadence wild,
 The wanderer's heart within him swells;
 He turns and weeps—again a child!

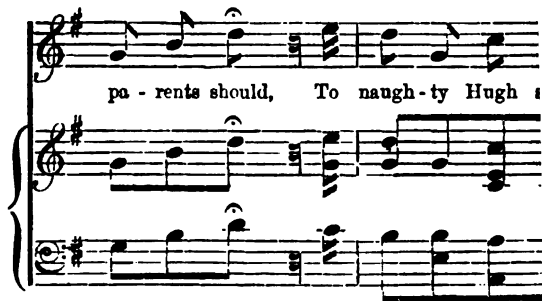
"Naughty Hugh."

Words and Music by A. SCOTT GATTY.

1. Of all the lads I ev - er knew, I ne'er met one like

naugh - ty Hugh, His pa - rents loved him so;

They nev - er would, as



2.

He pinched the dog, he ran the cat,
He tore his clothes, he smash'd his hat,
Then rested for a space;
The people by cried out "O fie!"
He made a vile grimace.

3.

He hit his nurse, he kick'd his Pa,
And what was worse, he struck his Ma
And threw great stones pell mell!
The people came and cried "For sham!
Why don't you whip him well?"

4.

But this of course could never last,
A constable was coming past,
Who lock'd him up all night.
Even his Papa cried out "Hurrah!
I'm sure it serves him right!"

5.

The magistrate next morning said
"He must be whipp'd and sent to bed,
And kept there for a week;
And only fed on stalest bread,
And not allowed to speak!"

6.

He further said, "The one to blame,
My duty bids me now to name,
It is his '*awful Dad!*'
Who'll pay a fine of twelve and nine,
For having spoilt his lad."

NONE OF US LIVETH TO HIMSELF.



AND dost thou murmur that thy work is lowly,
 Thy power and influence nought;
 That all around is earthborn and unholy,
 Not worth one serious thought?

Beware that thou repin'st not at the station
 Thy God hath set for thee;
 The humble post whereat thy soul's salvation
 Must consummated be.

To each of us GOD gives a holy calling,
 Where'er his lot be cast;
 Sweet bands of love the willing soul enthralling,
 To labour to the last.

We live not to ourselves—O awful warning!
 We shall not pass away,
 Like clouds of mist on sun-bright summer morning;
 Some trace of us will stay.

There must be some to follow up our leading,
 However small our sphere;
 Some hungry souls our crumbs of comfort needing,
 Are ever waiting near.

Perchance thy lot is cast in some vast city,
 Mid toil and care and pain;
 And thou hast nought to give save love and pity
 To all that struggling train.

Canst thou not work for these, thy fellow-mortals?
 Thou hast the power of prayer;
 Thy pleadings may burst open Heaven's high portals,
 And find blest answers there.

Be patient then, be brave, and true, and holy,
 To all around a light;
 And grieve not that thy task is poor and lowly,
 Thou workest out of sight.

HEMERA.

COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

All replies must be signed with initials, and sent to the EDITOR, ECCLESFIELD, SHEFFIELD, by the 20th of September. Each set must be accompanied by a separate paper giving full name and address, and stating whether the competitor is over or under 14 years of age. The marks will be published in November. It is also requested that care shall be taken to pay the full amount of postage, and that the replies, if written on more than one sheet, shall be fastened together.

QUESTIONS ON GEOLOGY.—SEPTEMBER.

1. ENTION the lowest strata in which remains of mammalia or birds have been found.
2. What kind of vertebrate animals lived in the carboniferous period?
3. What was the climate of the coal period?
4. Describe generally the flora of the coal measures.
5. How do you account for the absence of earthy matter or sand in coal?
6. Explain the origin and describe the composition of mountain limestone.

The following are the marks obtained by competitors for answers to questions set in July.

The full number of marks in each class was 120.

Class I., over 14 years of age.

A. L. F., 80.
A. M. G., 115.
A. M. S., 117.
*B. E. B., 125.
O. F. D., 102.
E. C. E., 120.
E. L., 113.
E. T. M., 110.

E. & B. B., 93.
E. E. S., 107.
E. E. A. S., 116.
E. B. C., 95.
E. H., 97.
E. M. P., 99.
F. S. G., 101.
G. A. R. D., 116.

J. H. & E. W., 103.
K. M. C., 107.
K. M. W., 116.
K. M. B., 120.
M. R., 53.
M. L., 101.
M. E., 78.
M. A. P., 92.

* Five extra marks allowed.

M. I. M., 105.
M. E. P., 98.
M. H. J., 50.
M. E. F., 76.
M. H. G., 106.
M. H., 113.

M. M. S., 111.
M. P. F., 120.
M. M. D. S., 110.
M. E. D., 98.
M. C., 118.

M. G., 103.
M. F. V., 106.
S. L. H., 116.
T. A. A., 116.
V. A. F. S., 114.

Class II., under 14 years of age.

C. V., 105.
C. M. A., 70.

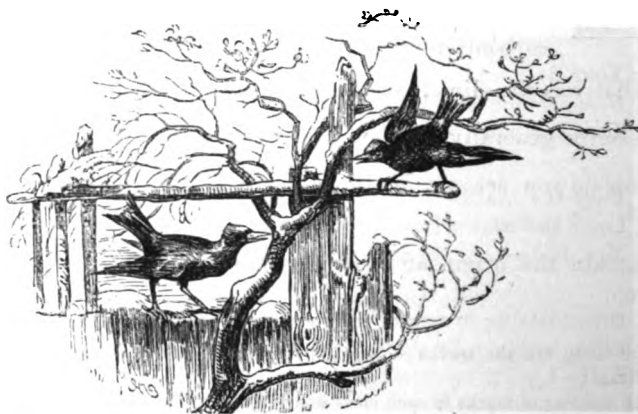
E. F., 97.
E. M. P. B., 118.

G. P., 46.
M. E. M., 115.

The following are credited with marks for June:—Class I.—G. F., 88. M. M. D. S., 94. Class II.—G. P., 37. C. M. A., 112.

FLITTING.

From the German.



“**D**O you see that?” cried Cock of all the Starlings.
“Wife, I’m amazed! our pretty summer villa,
Occupied, seized, infested by a pair of
Impudent sparrows!”

“Out of the place, you good-for-nothing knave there!
That home is mine; I’ll show you who’s the landlord.”
Sighed Mrs. Starling, “Lackaday, my drawing-room
Curtains and carpet!”



"What," piped the sparrow, peeping from the
"What do you want here, hanging on my door?"
"Don't talk to me, you ragamuffin vagrants;
Pack yourselves!"

"Your door, indeed. Come, that's a pretty
"Nest-robbing burglar. You shall feel my
"That for your pains." But sparrow in defence
Not to be beaten!

Busy the beaks—out flew the pretty feathers;
Loud the wild cries of battle of the heroes
Mrs. S. ousted, all the tribe of sparrows
Flies to her rescue!

Breathless at last, and nearly torn to pieces
Pipes to his wife the sparrow—the intruder
"Sadly I yield my treasure to the stronger,
Beaten in battle!"

She to her spouse, by way of consolation,
"Don't be cast down, there's Mrs. Swallow's
Drop into that, for, don't you recollect, it
Is not the first time!"

"Woe's me!" the wife of Cock of all the Sings
Cried in distraction, "Ruined is the bedding
Spoilt are the carpets, tattered are the curtains
Then began flitting!"



GERMAN BOOKS FOR ENGLISH SCHOOLROOMS.



WE are glad to be able to recommend a German story which, as its title-page justly says, is fitted "for children, and those who love them." In this little volume, named from the first of the two stories which it contains, 'Heimathlos,'* we have the story of two orphans, a girl and a boy, and it is difficult to say which history is the most gracefully told. On the whole, however, we prefer that of 'Wiseli,' a patois form of the stately name of Aloisa. Who can read without sympathetic delight of the moonlight rides in sledges under the leafless trees, which is the joy of the village children, or not rejoice when the little orphan girl finds a home and a father in the good carpenter, who has loved her dead mother so silently and faithfully? There is nothing sentimental or morbid in these stories; the trials of these children are simple and natural, bravely met, and tempered with much kindness from friends and neighbours. The first story is less probable and natural, though very prettily told; and the wistful longing of the little hero to return to the lovely Italian home, which haunted him like a vision, will awaken a kindred feeling in many older hearts.

In 'Die Geschwister,' the fifth volume of Freytag's 'Ahnen,' we have two sketches of the Thirty Years' War, which would suit the elder members of schoolrooms. Freytag's historical studies are so good that we regret his turning them into novels, which, after all, are rather heavy, but though defective as to plot and character, they are valuable as giving a picture of the times, modified,

indeed, in 'Die Geschwister,' for who could venture to put into plain words the wild horrors of the Thirty Years' War? The second story is seventy-three years later in date than the first, and we are introduced to the stern discipline of military life under King Frederick William of Prussia, and a revolt in Poland, which shows us the hard measure dealt to Germans under Polish and priestly rule, and of the causes which have led to the rise of Prussia into the head of Germany. The correctness of all which is historical in Freytag's books makes them peculiarly useful as schoolroom reading. Another historical novel, too little known in England, and unmatched as a picture of the Thirty Years' War, is Laube's 'Junker Hans.' It is a great pity that there is no cheap edition of this work.

In 'Die Kammerjungfer' of Frau Mathesius we have a very useful little story, which mistresses who have German servants might be glad to give or lend, though it has not the rare charm of 'Langenstein und Boblingen,' by the same author, a story which would be popular with girls of all classes. The name of Otilie Wildermuth is so well known as that of a delightful writer for young and old, that praise would be superfluous. Her stories for children of from eight to twelve years old, 'Aus Schloss und Hütte,' are, however, less known in England than they deserve to be, nor does 'Im Tageslicht' seem to have reached us, though published some time ago. This last is a sort of German 'Our Village,' only far more natural and realistic than Miss Mitford's sketches, and lacking their abounding delight in

* By the author of 'Ein Blatt von Vrong's Grab.' Gotha: Perthes.

the country and all its sights and sounds. It has all the gaiety and wholesome cheerful tone which so pleasantly characterises Otilie Wildermuth's sketches, and forms a worthy companion volume to her 'Beldir aus Schwaben.' We name these works the more gladly that they

are free from the objectionable tone which seems, unhappily, to be creeping into many modern German tales, making it almost as necessary to be on one's guard as in modern French fiction.

M. R.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

 Z." has not yet got sufficient members for the "Working Club" that she advertised last month. She intends it for girls under twenty years of age, and proposes that prizes shall be given half-yearly for the work, and the articles made sent to Hospitals for children. The first parcel of goods to be sent to the patients in 'AUNT JUDY' Cots, 49 Great Ormond Street. Further particulars can be had on sending a stamped and addressed envelope to *Miss A. Selby, Oak Cottage, Windsor.*

'AUNT JUDY' wishes to call "A. Z.'s" attention to a kindly and sensible remonstrance that has been sent on the subject of the "Working Club" by "Mrs. S." and "Mrs. F." These ladies think it a pity that the age of the members should be restricted to girls under twenty, and advise "A. Z." to throw the club open to willing workers of any age. 'AUNT JUDY' thoroughly agrees with this advice, and thinks that "A. Z." will do well to communicate at once with *Mrs. S. and Mrs. F., Bentworth Lodge, Alton.*

The third quotation asked for last month is from 'Childe Harold,' iv. Canto. 27 Stanza.

"Pudge and Budge" (1) wish to hear of an Early Rising Society in which the

fact that they are *obliged* to be up by 8 A.M. will not prevent them from competing for prizes? (2) The first part of 'We and the World' began in November 1877, and was continued up to June 1878. (The whole of this part is contained in the Christmas volume for 1878). Owing to Mrs. Ewing's ill-health the commencement of Part II. had to be deferred until April 1879. The story will be concluded in October.

"E. R. E." kindly writes to tell the author of our late paper on 'Cats,' the following interesting fact: "The Romans were not allowed to keep cats, lest they should learn their sneaking ways. The Roman manner of fighting was almost invariably an open attack—ambushes were always discouraged—and a cat, which lies quietly in wait for its prey, and then makes a sudden spring, was considered an evil example." We shall be glad if our readers can refer us to any book in which an account of this prohibition is given. "E. R. E." did not send any authority for the statement and it is so remarkable we are anxious to learn more about it.

"Lucy Peel" will be glad to receive coloured pictures and cards towards making a scrap-book for the children in Great Ormond Street Hospital. *Burghwallis Rectory, Doncaster.*

to exchange them for the same number of foreign stamps. 2 *Wood Hill Place, Bathwick Hill, Bath.*

"Q." wishes to hear of an hour Reading Society, in which prizes are given. 2 *Wood Hill Place, Bathwick Hill, Bath.*

"Sophie E." asks whether it is possible to make any practical use of the silk from her silk-worms? They have been well fed on mulberry leaves, and "Sophie" thinks she has seen in an old number of our Magazine a statement that if silk is properly wound, it can be sold. She will be glad to receive any information on the subject, as she has a great number of silk-worms, and would like to earn something from the sale of their silk to put into her "Hospital box." *Miss Merriman, Tottenham, Middlesex.*

"K. C." asks the same question. *Miss K. Crawshaw, The Hague, Chesterfield.*

"G." wants small pieces of silk, satin, velvet, or print, for patchwork, and begs that senders will state what they require in exchange. Also she wants coloured scrap pictures towards making a book for the children in Oheyne Hospital for Incurables. *Miss G. M. Selby, Oak Cottage, Windsor.*

"A. C. F." offers 120 crests and monograms in exchange for others. *Pilmuir, Torquay.*

"A Lady" is anxious to sell pinafores for children, worked in crewels, pattern forget-me-nots, at 6s. 6d. each; also chair-backs beautifully worked on crash (School of Art design), 7s. each; and D'Oyleys worked in crewels, patterns, forget-me-nots and buttercups, 8s. per dozen. *Miss L. Savile, 26 Walton Street, Hans Place, London, S.W.*

"H. R." has five dozen foreign stamps,

Thirsk.

"C. Frere" (1) asks if our readers have any old copies (bound), or odd numbers (unbound), of 'The Cottager's Monthly Visitor,' that they will give her for use in a village library? She will be glad to accept copies of any other suitable periodicals also. (2) She offers to exchange twenty foreign stamps for others. *Hilborough Hall, Hilborough, Norfolk.*

"Rosin" offers a stamp snake for sale, price 4s. 6d., or rather less. *Norman Tower, Windsor Castle, Berks.*

"M. T." will be glad to hear of some good and easy farces in which there are two male, and three or four female characters. Perhaps some of those in 'Plays for Young People,' with songs and choruses, by J. Barmby, B.D., and T. Rodgers, M.A. (Tinsley & Co.), may suit her wants. The plots of the plays are chiefly taken from old fairy tales, and one from Mr. Tennyson's 'Princess.' Address, *Falconhurst, Eden Bridge, Kent.*

A sale of work will be held at the end of this month in aid of the restoration of a church in a poor agricultural parish. Contributions of needlework, finished or otherwise, will be gratefully received by *Mrs. Holmes, Marsh Gibbon Rectory, Bicester (L. & N. W. Railway).*

"F. D." offers to sell a strong netted string hammock, nearly ten feet in length, price 6s. 6d. Address, 14 *Clifton Terrace, Brighton.*

A lady will be glad to receive orders for shirts suitable for poor boys, strongly made, from good materials. Prices: in flannel, 2s. 10d.; in linen, 1s. 10d. Address care of the *Editor, Ecclesfield, Sheffield.*

*Report of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine'
Cots at the Hospital for Sick Children,
49 Great Ormond Street, London,
August 12, 1879.*

The 'AUNT JUDY' little girl was yesterday sent to Highgate in a convalescent state, so the cot now awaits a fresh occupant.

The 'AUNT JUDY' boy is a pitiable sight, owing to the akin disease from which he has suffered ever since he was born. But he is certainly much better than he was, and is as cheerful as possible.

About a fortnight ago, a Mr. Ralston, who is well known both as a great authority upon Russian folk-lore literature, and as a public teller of stories for the entertainment of children, most kindly came to the Hospital to amuse our little patients for an hour or so. All who were well enough to be moved from other wards, were carried into the Victoria, and, standing in the middle of the room with all the children's eyes turned eagerly towards him, Mr. Ralston told three stories of the marvellous fairy-tale kind. 'Perhaps the 'AUNT JUDY' readers would care to hear one of them, only they must please prepare themselves for something very simple and very absurd :

There was once a cock, an unkind and proud bird, who thought his cock-a-doodle-do better than any other cock's. One day he walked into a wood, where he saw a fire which was just going out. "Oh, highly respectable fowl!" cried the poor sparks, "flap us with your wings, or we must die." "What do I care?" said the cock, keeping his wings tight to his sides as he walked away. But one little spark feebly called out after him, "My big brother will punish you for this some day." Then the cock came to some drops of water. "Oh, highly respectable fowl!" said they, "pick us up in your beak, and take us to that river which is near, or we must die." (Here Mr. Ralston cried

dismally, and the children's gaze became more intent than ever.) But instead of giving any help, the cock drank them all up, the last little drop having only just time to gasp out, "My big brother will remember this some day."

Then the cock went on till he found a hut, from which came forth some loud cries. (Here a prolonged howl was given with striking effect.) "Very odd!" thought the cock, but he soon discovered it was only the wind whistling through the key-hole, which he good-naturedly stopped up with some clay. Now the wind was tired of making such a miserable noise, and, feeling grateful to the cock for helping him to be quiet, he said to himself, "I'll do that fallow a good turn if ever I have the chance."

On looking round the hut, the cock then saw a very thin old man, who was boiling something over the fire, and when he went to get a spoon, the cock looked into the pot, and saw a lot of oyster-shells in the water, which the old man hoped would make him some nice soup. (Here the nurses all laughed, but the children looked perfectly grave.) And a few bright new half-pence had been thrown in, to give the soup a rich colour. When the old man returned, he cried, "What's better than chicken-broth?" and taking the cock by the legs, he threw him into the pot. "Oh, good fire, save me!" shrieked the poor fowl. "Who refused to help my little brothers the sparks?" asked the flames, and burned more fiercely than before. "Oh, good water, do please let me out!" begged the cock, who was cooking fast by this time. "Who drank up my little brothers the drops?" asked the water, and boiled all the more quickly. But when the wind heard what was going on, he came down the chimney with a roar and a rush, blew out the fire, blew the cock right out of the pot and up the chimney, and happening, as they went on together through the air, to meet with a tall

church steeple, the cock was stuck on the top of it, and ever afterwards was called a weather-cock. Perhaps the bright half-pence with which he had been boiled gave him that yellow look we all know quite well.

This being the end of the story, the children all clapped applause, and no one thought of asking for the moral, but perhaps it was intended to be something like this: "Be unkind, and you will be sure to have cause to regret it; do kindnesses, and kindnesses will be done to you." Mr. Ralston's quick changes of face and voice, and his animated gestures made the story told a very different thing from the story read.

Johnny—the Hospital celebrity who swallowed the bit of ivory—happened to have come that afternoon to see his friends in the Victoria Ward, and so was among the delighted listeners.

"Didn't he do the wind 'owling splendid?" he said afterwards enthusiastically. The boy still looks very delicate, but reported himself as being "a wonderful deal better" than he used to be.

Other scraps of Hospital news, for which there is no room in this Report, shall be given, if possible, in the next.

Contributions to the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Account in aid of the Building Fund, received to August 15, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Williams, Tring (annual)	1	1	0
Mary, Susan, Alice, and Lily (annual)	0	3	6
A White Rose (monthly)	0	1	0
Sandy Cat (for three months)	0	3	0
Hester (monthly)	0	1	0
Four little Ripples (monthly)	0	1	6
Five young Bees (monthly)	0	1	0
Maidenhair (monthly)	0	1	0
W. Hamilton, Thompson, Edgbaston (monthly)	0	1	0
Mary and Florence (monthly)	0	0	6
Abracadabra (monthly)	0	0	4
Lisette 2s. 5d., Minette 1s. 10d., Nanette 9d., Octairen 2s. 2d., Kirtle Red 6d.	0	7	8
Sandy Cat's Brother	0	1	0
A Grand Aunt of three	1	1	0
Mary and Henry Cayley	1	0	0
Pax, Pepper, and two Cockatoos	0	14	7
Pet, Colpetty	0	0	6
Maiden May	0	0	3
Queenie, Ceylon	0	0	3
Irene Eleanor	0	0	6
A. K. L.	0	16	0
May Drury, sale of Pussey	0	2	6



well-known Gentleman of the Road to protect us against the French. But that, of course, made him none the less useful to the Johnson's Nurse, when the little Miss Johnsons were naughty.

"You leave off crying this minnit, Miss Jane, or I'll give you right away to that horrid wicked officer. Jemima! just look out o' the windy, if you please, and see if the Black Cap'n's a-coming with his horse to carry away Miss Jane."

And there, sure enough, the Black Captain strode by, with his sword clattering as if it did not know whose head to cut off first. But he did not call for Miss Jane that time. He went on to the Green, where he came so suddenly upon the eldest Master Johnson, sitting in a puddle on purpose, in his new nankeen skeleton suit, that the young gentleman thought judgment had overtaken him at last, and abandoned himself to the howlings of despair. His howls were redoubled when he was clutched from behind and swung over the Black Captain's shoulder, but in five minutes his tears were stanch'd, and he was playing with the officer's accoutrements. All of which the Grey Goose saw with her own eyes, and heard afterwards that that bad boy had been whining to go back to the Black Captain ever since, which showed how hardened he was, and that nobody but Bonaparte himself could be expected to do him any good.

But those were "trying times." It was bad enough when the pickle of a large and respectable family cried for the Black Captain; when it came to the little Miss Jessamine crying for him, one felt that the sooner the French landed and had done with it the better.

The big Miss Jessamine's objection to him was that he was a soldier, and this prejudice was shared by all the Green. "A soldier," as the speaker from the town had observed, "is a bloodthirsty, unsettled sort of a rascal, that the peaceable, home-loving, bread-winning citizen can never conscientiously look on as a brother, till he has beat his sword into a ploughshare, and his spear into a pruninghook."

On the other hand there was some truth in what the Postman (an old soldier) said in reply; that the sword has to cut a way for us out of many a scrape into which our bread-winners get us when they drive their ploughshares into fallows that don't belong to them. Indeed, whilst our most peaceful citizens were prosperous chiefly by means of cotton, of sugar, and of the rise and fall of the money-market (not to speak of such saleable matters as opium, firearms, and

"black ivory"), disturbances were apt to arise in India, Africa, and other outlandish parts, where the fathers of our domestic race were making fortunes for their families. And, for that matter, even on the Green we did not wish the military to leave us in the lurch, so long as there was any fear that the French were coming.

To let the Black Captain have little Miss Jessamine, however, was another matter. Her Aunt would not hear of it; and then, to crown all, it appeared that the Captain's father did not think the young lady good enough for his son. Never was any affair more clearly brought to a conclusion.

But those were "trying times;" and one moonlight night, when the Grey Goose was sound asleep upon one leg, the Green was rudely shaken under her by the thud of a horse's feet. "Ga, ga!" said she, putting down the other leg, and running away.

By the time she returned to her place not a thing was to be seen or heard. The horse had passed like a shot. But next day, there was hurrying and skurrying and cackling at a very early hour, all about the white house with the black beams, where Miss Jessamine lived. And when the sun was so low, and the shadows so long on the grass that the Grey Goose felt ready to run away at the sight of her own neck, little Miss Jane Johnson, and her "particular friend" Clarinda, sat under the big oak-tree on the green, and Jane pinched Clarinda's little finger till she found that she could keep a secret, and then she told her in confidence that she had heard from Nurse and Jemima that Miss Jessamine's niece had been a very naughty girl, and that that horrid wicked officer had come for her on his black horse, and carried her right away.

"Will she never come back?" asked Clarinda.

"Oh, no!" said Jane decidedly. "Bony never brings people back."

"Not never no more?" sobbed Clarinda, for she was weak-minded, and could not bear to think that Bony never never let naughty people go home again."

Next day Jane had heard more.

"He has taken her to a Green."

"A Goose Green?" asked Clarinda.

"No. A Gretna Green. Don't ask so many questions, child," said Jane, who, having no more to tell, gave herself airs.

Jane was wrong on one point. Miss Jessamine's niece did come

JACKANAPES.

GOOSE GREEN—BIG MISS JESSAMINE, LITTLE MISS JESSAMINE, AND THE GREY GOOSE—"TRYING TIMES"—BONY AND THE BLACK CAPTAIN—WHAT JANE TOLD CLARINDA, ABOUT THE HORRID WICKED OFFICER AND HIS BLACK MARE—BLACKBERRIES AND BRYONY-WREATHS—THE POSTMAN'S FAREWELL—WHAT NEWS THE STAGE BROUGHT—KILLED AND WOUNDED.



WO Donkeys and the Geese lived on the Green, and all other residents of any social standing lived in houses round it. The houses had no names. Everybody's address was, "The Green," but the Postman and the people of the place knew where each family lived. As to the rest of the world, what has one to do with the rest of the world, when he is safe at home on his own Goose Green? Moreover, if a stranger did come on any lawful business, he might ask his way at the shop.

Most of the inhabitants were long-lived, early deaths (like that of the little Miss Jessamine) being exceptional; and most of the old people were proud of their age, especially the sexton, who would be ninety-nine come Martinmas, and whose father remembered a man who had carried arrows, as a boy, for the battle of Flodden Field. The Grey Goose and the big Miss Jessamine were the only elderly persons who kept their ages secret. Indeed, Miss Jessamine never mentioned any one's age, or recalled the exact year in which anything had happened. She said that she had been taught that it was bad manners to do so "in a mixed assembly."

The Grey Goose also avoided dates, but this was partly because her brain, though intelligent, was not mathematical, and computation was beyond her. She never got farther than "last Michaelmas," "the Michaelmas before that," and "the Michaelmas before the Michaelmas before that." After this her head, which was small, became confused, and she said, "Ga, ga!" and changed the subject.

But she remembered the little Miss Jessamine, the Miss Jessamine with the "conspicuous" hair. Her aunt, the big Miss Jessamine, said it was her only fault. The hair was clean, was abundant, was glossy, but do what you would with it it never looked quite like other

people's. And at church, after Saturday night's wash, it shone like the best brass fender after a spring cleaning. In short, it was conspicuous, which does not become a young woman—especially in church.

Those were worrying times altogether, and the Green was used for strange purposes. A political meeting was held on it with the village Cobbler in the chair, and a speaker who came by the stage coach from town, where they had wrecked the bakers' shops, and discussed the price of bread. He came a second time, by stage, but the people had heard something about him in the meanwhile, and they did not keep him on the Green. They took him to the pond and tried to make him swim, which he could not do, and the whole affair was very disturbing to all quiet and peaceable fowls. After which another man came, and preached sermons on the Green, and a great many people went to hear him; for those were "trying times," and folk ran hither and thither for comfort. And then what did they do but drill the ploughboys on the Green, to get them ready to fight the French, and teach them the goose-step! However, that came to an end at last, for Bony was sent to St. Helena, and the ploughboys were sent back to the plough.

Everybody lived in fear of Bony in those days, especially the naughty children, who were kept in order during the day by threats of, "Bony shall have you," and who had nightmares about him in the dark. They thought he was an Ogre in a cocked hat. The Grey Goose thought he was a Fox, and that all the men of England were going out in red coats to hunt him. It was no use to argue the point, for she had a very small head, and when one idea got into it there was no room for another.

Besides, the Grey Goose never saw Bony, nor did the children, which rather spoilt the terror of him, so that the Black Captain became more effective as a Bogey with hardened offenders. The Grey Goose remembered his coming to the place perfectly. What he came for she did not pretend to know. It was all part and parcel of the war and bad times. He was called the Black Captain, partly because of himself, and partly because of his wonderful black mare. Strange stories were afloat of how far and how fast that mare could go, when her master's hand was on her mane and he whispered in her ear. Indeed, some people thought we might reckon ourselves very lucky if we were not out of the frying-pan into the fire, and had not got a certain

JACKANAPES ON HIS LEGS—THE OTHER YELLOW THING.

The Grey Goose remembered quite well the year that Jackanapes began to walk, for it was the year that the speckled hen for the first time in all her motherly life got out of patience when she was sitting. She had been rather proud of the eggs—they were unusually large—but she never felt quite comfortable on them; and whether it was because she used to get cramp, and go off the nest, or because the season was bad, or what, she never could tell, but every egg was addled but one, and the one that did hatch gave her more trouble than any chick she had ever reared.

It was a fine, downy, bright yellow little thing, but it had a monstrous big nose and feet, and such an ungainly walk as she knew no other instance of in her well-bred and high-stepping family. And as to behaviour, it was not that it was either quarrelsome or moping, but simply unlike the rest. When the other chicks hopped and cheeped on the Green about their mother's feet, this solitary yellow brat went waddling off on its own responsibility, and do or cluck what the speckled hen would, it went to play in the pond.

It was off one day as usual, and the hen was fussing and fuming after it, when the Postman, going to deliver a letter at Miss Jessamine's door, was nearly knocked over by the good lady herself, who, bursting out of the house with her cap just off and her bonnet just not on, fell into his arms, crying—

“Baby! Baby! Jackanapes! Jackanapes!”

If the Postman loved anything on earth, he loved the Captain's yellowed-haired child, so propping Miss Jessamine against her own door-post, he followed the direction of her trembling fingers and made for the Green.

Jackanapes had had the start of the Postman by nearly ten minutes. The world—the round green world with an oak-tree on it—was just becoming very interesting to him. He had tried, vigorously, but ineffectually, to mount a passing pig the last time he was taken out walking; but then he was encumbered with a nurse. Now he was his own master, and might, by courage and energy, become the master of that delightful downy, dumpy, yellow thing, that was bobbing along over the green grass in front of him. Forward! Charge! He aimed well, and grabbed it, but only to feel the delicious downiness and dumpiness slipping through his

fingers as he fell upon his face. "Quawk!" said the yellow thing, and wobbled off sideways. It was this oblique movement that enabled Jackanapes to come up with it, for it was bound for the pond, and therefore obliged to come back into line. He failed again from top-heaviness, and his prey escaped sideways as before, and, as before, lost ground in getting back to the direct road to the Pond.

And at the Pond the Postman found them both, one yellow thing rocking safely on the ripples that lie beyond duck-weed, and the other washing his draggled frock with tears, because he too had tried to sit upon the Pond, and it wouldn't hold him.

UP-BRINGING AND ITS RESULTS—BROWN PAPER SEGARS, WITH A VERY LITTLE TOBACCO INSIDE THEM, AND THEIR RESULTS—A DELICATE QUESTION—THE FAIR—HOW TO STICK ON—HOW TO RUN AWAY—LOLLO—THE GENERAL—A RIDE FOR A RED-HAIRED PONY—TIES OF BLOOD.

YOUNG Mrs. Johnson, who was a mother of many, hardly knew which to pity more; Miss Jessamine for having her little ways and her antimacassars rumpled by a young Jackanapes; or the boy himself, for being brought up by an old maid. Oddly enough, she would probably have pitied neither, had Jackanapes been a girl. (One is so apt to think that what works smoothest works to the highest ends, having no patience for the results of friction.) That Father in God, who bade the young men to be pure, and the maidens brave, greatly disturbed a member of his congregation, who thought that the great preacher had made a slip of the tongue.

"That the girls should have purity, and the boys courage, is what you would say, good Father?"

"Nature has done that," was the reply; "I meant what I said."

In good sooth, a young maid is all the better for learning some robuster virtues than maidenliness, and not to move the antimacassars. And the robuster virtues require some fresh air and freedom. As, on the other hand, Jackanapes (who had a boy's full share of the little beast and the young monkey in his natural composition) was none the worse, at his tender years, for learning some maidenliness—so far as maidenliness means decency, pity, unselfishness and pretty behaviour.

And it is due to him to say that he was an obedient boy, and a boy whose word could be depended on, long before his grandfather the general came to live at the Green.

back, and she and her husband were forgiven. The Grey Goose remembered it well, it was Michaelmas-tide, the Michaelmas before the Michaelmas before the Michaelmas—but, ga, ga! What does the date matter? It was autumn, harvest-time, and everybody was so busy prophesying and praying about the crops, that the young couple wandered through the lanes, and got blackberries for Miss Jessamine's celebrated crab and blackberry jam, and made guys of themselves with bryony-wreaths, and not a soul troubled his head about them, except the children, and the Postman. The children dogged the Black Captain's footsteps (his bubble reputation as an Ogre having burst), clamouring for a ride on the black mare. And the Postman would go somewhat out of his postal way to catch the Captain's dark eye, and show that he had not forgotten how to salute an officer.

But they were "trying times." One afternoon the black mare was stepping gently up and down the grass, with her head at her master's shoulder, and as many children crowded on to her silky back as if she had been an elephant in a menagerie; and the next afternoon she carried him away, sword and *sabre-tache* clattering war-music at her side, and the old Postman waiting for them, rigid with salutation, at the four cross roads.

War and bad times! It was a hard winter, and the big Miss Jessamine and the little Miss Jessamine (but she was Mrs. Black-Captain now), lived very economically that they might help their poorer neighbours. They neither entertained nor went into company, but the young lady always went up the village to the coach-office, for air and exercise, when the London stage came in.

One day (it was a day in the following June) the stage came in earlier than usual, having pressed on with news from the Seat of War. Miss Jessamine was sitting with her niece under the oak-tree on the Green, when the Postman put the paper silently into her hand. Her niece turned quickly—

"Is there news?"

"Don't agitate yourself, my dear," said her aunt. "I will read it aloud, and then we can enjoy it together; a far more comfortable method, my love, than when you go up the village, and come home out of breath, having snatched half the news as you run."

"I am all attention, dear aunt," said the little lady, clasping her hands tightly on her lap.

Then Miss Jessamine read aloud—she was proud of her reading—and the old soldier stood at attention behind her, with such a blinding of pride and pity on his face as it was strange to see :

“DOWNING STREET,
June 22, 1815, 1 A.M.”

“That’s one in the morning,” gasped the Postman ; “beg your pardon, mum.”

But though he apologised, he could not refrain from echoing here and there a weighty word. “Glorious victory.”—“Two hundred pieces of artillery,”—“immense quantity of ammunition,”—and so forth.

“The loss of the British Army upon this occasion has unfortunately been most severe. It had not been possible to make out a return of the killed and wounded when Major Percy left headquarters. The names of the officers killed and wounded, as far as they can be collected, are annexed.

“I have the honour——”

“The list, aunt ! Read the list !”

“My love—my darling—let us go in and——”

“No. Now ! now !”

To one thing the supremely afflicted are entitled in their sorrow—to be obeyed—and yet it is the last kindness that people commonly will do them. But Miss Jessamine did. Steadying her voice, as best she might, she read on, and the old soldier stood bare-headed to hear that first Roll of the Dead at Waterloo, which began with the Duke of Brunswick, and ended with Ensign Brown. Thirteen British Captains fell asleep that day on the Bed of Honour, and the Black Captain slept among them.

* * * * *

There are killed and wounded by war, of whom no returns reach Downing Street.

Three days later, the Captain’s wife had joined him, and Miss Jessamine was kneeling by the cradle of their orphan son, a purple-red morsel of humanity, with conspicuously golden hair.

“Will he live, Doctor ?”

“Live ? God bless my soul, ma’am ! Look at him ! The young Jackanapes !”

assisted him to alight, and he sat down rather suddenly and said he had enjoyed it very much.

The Grey Goose always ran away at the first approach of the caravans, and never came back to the Green till there was nothing left of the Fair but footmarks and oyster-shells. Running away was her pet principle; the only system, she maintained, by which you can live long and easily, and lose nothing. If you run away when you see danger, you can come back when all is safe. Run quickly, return slowly, hold your head high, and gabble as loud as you can, and you'll preserve the respect of the Goose Green to a peaceful old age. Why should you struggle and get hurt, if you can lower your head and swerve, and not lose a feather? Why in the world should any one spoil the pleasure of life, or risk his skin, if he can help it?

“‘What's the use?’

Said the Goose.”

Before answering which one might have to consider what world—which life—and whether his skin were a goose-skin; but the Grey Goose's head would never have held all that.

Grass soon grows over footprints, and the village children took the oyster-shells to trim their gardens with; but the year after Tony rode Bucephalus there lingered another relic of Fair-time, in which Jackanapes was deeply interested. “The Green” proper was originally only part of a straggling common, which in its turn merged into some wilder waste land where gipsies sometimes squatted if the authorities would allow them, especially after the annual Fair. And it was after the Fair that Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked over by the Gipsy's son riding the Gipsy's red-haired pony at break-neck pace across the common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse, except for being heels over head in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown by the wind!

The Gipsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride.

“Do you mean to kill the little fine gentleman, and swing us all on

the gibbet, you rascal?" screamed the Gipsy-mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He would get on," replied her son. "It'll not kill him. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's as tough as a cocoa-nut."

But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony as he had stuck to the hobby-horse, but oh, how different the delight of this wild gallop with flesh and blood! Just as his legs were beginning to feel as if he did not feel them, the Gipsy boy cried, "Lollo!" Round went the pony so unceremoniously, that, with as little ceremony, Jackanapes clung to his neck, and he did not properly recover himself before Lollo stopped with a jerk at the place where they had started.

"Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering in the wiry mane.

"Yes."

"What does Lollo mean?"

"Red."

"Is Lollo your pony?"

"No. My father's." And the Gipsy boy led Lollo away.

At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the common. This time he saw the Gipsy-father, smoking a dirty pipe.

"Lollo is your pony, isn't he?" said Jackanapes.

"Yes."

"He's a very nice one."

"He's a racer."

"You don't want to sell him, do you?"

"Fifteen pounds," said the Gipsy-father; and Jackanapes sighed and went home again. That very afternoon he and Tony rode the two donkeys, and Tony managed to get thrown, and even Jackanapes' donkey kicked. But it was jolting, clumsy work after the elastic swiftness and the dainty mischief of the red-haired pony.

A few days later Miss Jessamine spoke very seriously to Jackanapes. She was a good deal agitated as she told him that his grandfather the General was coming to the Green, and that he must be on his very best behaviour during the visit. If it had been feasible to leave off calling him Jackanapes and to get used to his baptismal name of Theodore before the day after to-morrow (when the General was due), it would have been satisfactory. But Miss Jessamine feared

He was obedient; that is he did what his great aunt told him. But—oh dear! oh dear!—the pranks he played, which it had never entered into her head to forbid!

It was when he had just been put into skeletons (frocks never suited him) that he became very friendly with Master Tony Johnson, a younger brother of the young gentleman who sat in the puddle on purpose. Tony was not enterprising, and Jackanapes led him by the nose. One summer's evening they were out late, and Miss Jessamine was becoming anxious, when Jackanapes presented himself with a ghastly face all besmirched with tears. He was unusually subdued.

"I'm afraid," he sobbed; "if you please, I'm very much afraid that Tony Johnson's dying in the churchyard."

Miss Jessamine was just beginning to be distracted, when she smelt Jackanapes.

"You naughty, naughty boys! Do you mean to tell me that you've been smoking?"

"Not pipes," urged Jackanapes; "upon my honour, Aunt, not pipes. Only segars like Mr. Johnson's! and only made of brown paper with a very very little tobacco from the shop inside them."

Whereupon, Miss Jessamine sent a servant to the churchyard, who found Tony Johnson lying on a tombstone, very sick, and having ceased to entertain any hopes of his own recovery.

If it could be possible that any "unpleasantness" could arise between two such amiable neighbours as Miss Jessamine and Mrs. Johnson—and if the still more incredible paradox can be that ladies may differ over a point on which they are agreed—that point was the admitted fact that Tony Johnson was "delicate," and the difference lay chiefly in this: Mrs. Johnson said that Tony was delicate—meaning that he was more finely strung, more sensitive, a properer subject for pampering and petting than Jackanapes, and that, consequently, Jackanapes was to blame for leading Tony into scrapes which resulted in his being chilled, frightened, or (most frequently) sick. But when Miss Jessamine said that Tony Johnson was delicate she meant that he was more puling, less manly, and less healthily brought up than Jackanapes, who, when they got into mischief together, was certainly not to blame because his friend could not get wet, sit a kicking donkey, ride in the giddy-go-round, bear the noise of a cracker, or smoke brown paper with impunity, as he could.

Not that there was ever the slightest quarrel between the ladies. It never even came near it, except the day after Tony had been so very sick with riding Bucephalus in the giddy-go-round. Mrs. Johnson had explained to Miss Jessamine that the reason Tony was so easily upset, was the unusual sensitiveness (as a doctor had explained it to her) of the nervous centres in her family—"Fiddlestick!" So Mrs. Johnson understood Miss Jessamine to say, but it appeared that she only said "Treaclestick!" which is quite another thing; and of which Tony was undoubtedly fond.

It was at the Fair that Tony was made ill by riding on Bucephalus. Once a year the Goose Green became the scene of a carnival. First of all, carts and caravans were rumbling up all along, day and night. Jackanapes could hear them as he lay in bed, and could hardly sleep for speculating what booths and whirligigs he should find fairly established, when he and his dog Spitfire went out after breakfast. As a matter-of-fact, he seldom had to wait so long for news of the Fair. The Postman knew the window out of which Jackanapes' yellow head would come, and was ready with his report.

"Royal Theatre, sir, in the old place, but be careful o' them seats, sir; they're rickettier than ever. Two sweets and a ginger-beer under the oak-tree, and the Flying Boats is just a-coming along the road."

No doubt it was partly because he had already suffered severely in the Flying Boats, that Tony collapsed so quickly in the giddy-go-round. He only mounted Bucephalus (who was spotted, and had no tail,) because Jackanapes urged him, and held out the ingenious hope that the round-and-round feeling would very likely cure the up-and-down sensation. It did not, however, and Tony tumbled off during the first revolution.

Jackanapes was not absolutely free from qualms, but having once mounted the Black Prince, he stuck to him as a horseman should. During the first round he waved his hat, and observed with some concern that the Black Prince had lost an ear since last Fair; at the second, he looked a little pale, but sat upright, though somewhat unnecessarily rigid; at the third round he shut his eyes. During the fourth his hat fell off, and he clasped his horse's neck. By the fifth he had laid his yellow head against the Black Prince's mane, and so clung anyhow till the hobby-horses stopped, when the proprietor

"If I could have as much as I want, I should know what to buy," said he.

"And how much do you want, if you could get it?"

"Wait a minute, sir, till I think what twopence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve ten, and carry one. Please remember ten, sir, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't, borrow twenty. One from twenty, nineteen, and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds nineteen and—what did I tell you to remember?"

"Ten," said the General.

"Fourteen pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence then, is what I want," said Jackanapes.

"God bless my soul, what for?"

"To buy Lollo with. Lollo means red, sir. The Gipsy's red-haired pony, sir. Oh, he is beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such little feet, sir, and they go like lightning! Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse! But he's a racer, and the Gipsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

"If he's a racer, you couldn't ride him. Could you?"

"No—o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"The deuce you did! Well, I'm fond of riding myself, and if the beast is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

"Don't you weigh a good deal?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the General, slapping the breast of his military frock-coat. "We'll have the little racer on to the Green the first thing in the morning. Glad you mentioned it, grandson. Glad you mentioned it."

The General was as good as his word. Next morning the Gipsy and Lollo, Miss Jessamine, Jackanapes and his grandfather and his dog Spitfire, were all gathered at one end of the Green in a group, which so aroused the innocent curiosity of Mrs. Johnson, as she saw it from one of her upper windows, that she and the children took their early promenade rather earlier than usual. The General talked to

the Gipsy, and Jackanapes fondled Lollo's mane, and did not know whether he should be more glad or miserable if his grandfather bought him.

"Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir?"

"I've bought Lollo, but I believe you were right. He hardly stands high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I'll give him to you."

How Jackanapes tumbled on to Lollo's back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins when the Gipsy-father took him by the arm.

"If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman——"

"I can make him go!" said Jackanapes, and drawing from his pocket the trumpet he had bought in the fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes' hat. His golden hair flew out, an aureole from which his cheeks shone red and distended with trumpeting. Away went Spitfire, mad with the rapture of the race, and the wind in his silky ears. Away went the geese, the cocks, the hens, and the whole family of Johnson. Lucy clung to her mamma, Jane saved Emily by the gathers of her gown, and Tony saved himself by a somersault.

The Grey Goose was just returning when Jackanapes and Lollo rode back, Spitfire panting behind.

"Good, my little gentleman, good!" said the Gipsy. "You were born to the saddle. You've the flat thigh, the strong knee, the wiry back, and the light caressing hand, all you want is to learn the whisper. Come here!"

"What was that dirty fellow talking about, grandson?" asked the General.

"I can't tell you, sir. It's a secret."

They were sitting in the window again, in the two Chippendale arm-chairs, the General devouring every line of his grandson's face, with strange spasms crossing his own.

"You must love your aunt very much, Jackanapes?"

"I do, sir," said Jackanapes warmly.

"And whom do you love next best to your aunt?"

The ties of blood were pressing very strongly on the General him-

it would be impossible in practice, and she had scruples about it on principle. It would not seem quite truthful, although she had always most fully intended that he should be called Theodore when he had outgrown the ridiculous appropriateness of his nickname. The fact was that he had not outgrown it, but he must take care to remember who was meant when his grandfather said Theodore.

Indeed for that matter he must take care all along.

"You are apt to be giddy, Jackanapes," said Miss Jessamine.

"Yes, aunt," said Jackanapes, thinking of the hobby-horses.

"You are a good boy, Jackanapes. Thank God, I can tell your grandfather that. An obedient boy, an honourable boy, and a kind-hearted boy. But you are—in short, you *are* a Boy, Jackanapes. And I hope"—added Miss Jessamine, desperate with the results of experience—"that the General knows that Boys will be Boys."

What mischief could be foreseen, Jackanapes promised to guard against. He was to keep his clothes and his hands clean, to look over his catechism, not to put sticky things in his pockets, to keep that hair of his smooth—"It's the wind that blows it, Aunt," said Jackanapes—"I'll send by the coach for some bear's-grease," said Miss Jessamine, tying a knot in her pocket-handkerchief)—not to burst in at the parlour door, not to talk at the top of his voice, not to crumple his Sunday frill, and to sit quite quiet during the sermon, to be sure to say "sir" to the General, to be careful about rubbing his shoes on the door-mat, and to bring his lesson-books to his aunt at once that she might iron down the dog's ears.

The General arrived, and for the first day all went well, except that Jackanapes' hair was as wild as usual, for the hairdresser had no bear's-grease left. He began to feel more at ease with his grandfather, and disposed to talk confidentially with him, as he did with the Postman. All that the General felt it would take too long to tell, but the result was the same. He was disposed to talk confidentially with Jackanapes.

"Mons'ous pretty place this," he said, looking out of the lattice on to the Green, where the grass was vivid with sunset, and the shadows were long and peaceful.

"You should see it in Fair-week, sir," said Jackanapes, shaking his yellow mop, and leaning back in his one of the two Chippendale arm-chairs in which they sat.

"A fine time that, eh?" said the General, with a twinkle in his left eye. (The other was glass.)

"Jackanapes shook his hair once more. "I enjoyed this last one the best of all," he said. "I'd so much money."

"By George, it's not a common complaint in these bad times. How much had ye?"

"I'd two shillings. A new shilling Auntie gave me, and elevenpence I had saved up, and a penny from the Postman—*sir!*" added Jackanapes with a jerk, having forgotten it.

"And how did ye spend it—*sir?*" inquired the General.

Jackanapes spread his ten fingers on the arms of his chair, and shut his eyes that he might count the more conscientiously.

"Watch-stand for auntie, threepence. Trumpet for myself, twopence, that's fivepence. Ginger-nuts for Tony, twopence; and a mug with a Grenadier on for the Postman, fourpence, that's elevenpence. Shooting-gallery a penny, that's a shilling. Giddy-go-round, a penny, that's one and a penny. Treating Tony, one and twopence. Flying Boats (Tony paid for himself), a penny, one and threepence. Shooting-gallery again, one and fourpence; Fat Woman a penny, one and fivepence. Giddy-go-round again, one and sixpence. Shooting-gallery, one and sevenpence. Treating Tony, and then he wouldn't shoot, so I did, one and eightpence. Living Skeleton, a penny—no, Tony treated me, the Living Skeleton doesn't count. Skittles, a penny, one and ninepence. Mermaid (but when we got inside she was dead), a penny, one and tenpence. Theatre, a penny (Maria Martin, or the Red-barn Murder. A beautiful young lady, *sir*, with pink cheeks and a real pistol), that's one and elevenpence. Ginger beer, a penny (I *was* so thirsty!), two shillings. And then the Shooting-gallery man gave me a turn for nothing, because, he said, I was a real gentleman, and spent my money like a man."

"So you do, *sir*, so you do!" cried the General. "Egad, *sir*, you spend it like a prince. And now I suppose you've not got a penny in your pocket?"

"Yes I have," said Jackanapes. "Two pennies. They are saving up." And Jackanapes jingled them with his hand.

"You don't want money except at fair-times, I suppose?" said the General.

Jackanapes shook his mop.

self, and perhaps he thought of Lollo. But Love is not bought in a day, even with fourteen pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence. Jackanapes answered quite readily, "The Postman."

"Why the Postman?"

"He knew my father," said Jackanapes, "and he tells me about him, and about his black mare. My father was a soldier, a brave soldier. He died at Waterloo. When I grow up I want to be a soldier too."

"So you shall, my boy. So you shall."

"Thank you, grandfather. Auntie doesn't want me to be a soldier for fear of being killed."

"Bless my life! Would she have you get into a feather-bed and stay there? Why, you might be killed by a thunderbolt, if you were a butter-merchant!"

"So I might. I shall tell her so. What a funny fellow you are, sir! I say, do you think my father knew the Gipsy's secret? The Postman says he used to whisper to his black mare."

"Your father was taught to ride as a child, by one of those Sikh horsemen who swoop and dart and wheel about a plain like swallows in autumn. Grandson! Love me a little too. I can tell you more about your father than the Postman can."

"I do love you," said Jackanapes. "Before you came I was frightened. I'd no notion you were so nice."

"Love me always, boy, whatever I do or leave undone. And—God help me—whatever you do or leave undone, I'll love you! There shall never be a cloud between us for a day; no, sir, not for an hour. We're imperfect enough, all of us, we needn't be so bitter; and life is uncertain enough at its safest, we needn't waste its opportunities. God bless my soul! Here sit I, after a dozen battles and some of the worst climates in the world, and by yonder lych gate lies your mother, who didn't move five miles, I suppose, from your aunt's apron-strings, —dead in her teens; my golden-haired daughter, whom I never saw!"

Jackanapes was terribly troubled.

"Don't cry, grandfather," he pleaded, his own blue eyes round with tears. "I will love you very much, and I will try to be very good. But I should like to be a soldier."

"You shall, my boy, you shall. You've more claims for a com-

mission than you know of. Cavalry, I suppose; eh, ye young Jackanapes? Well, well; if you live to be an honour to your country, this old heart will grow young again with pride for you; and if you die in the service of your country—Egad, sir, it can but break for ye!”

And beating the region which he said was all waistcoats, as if they stifled him, the old man got up and strode out on to the Green.

AFTER MANY YEARS—THE TRUMPETER'S FIRST BATTLE—A RIDE FOR LIFE.

TWENTY and odd years later the Grey Goose was still alive, and in full possession of her faculties, such as they were. She lived slowly and carefully, and she lived long. So did Miss Jessamine; but the General was dead.

He had lived on the Green for many years, during which he and the postman saluted each other with a punctiliousness that it almost drilled one to witness. He would have completely spoiled Jackanapes if Miss Jessamine's conscience would have let him; otherwise he somewhat dragooned his neighbours, and was as positive about parish matters as a ratepayer about the army. A stormy-tempered, tender-hearted soldier, irritable with the suffering of wounds of which he never spoke, whom all the village followed to his grave with tears.

The General's death was a great shock to Miss Jessamine, and her nephew stayed with her for some little time after the funeral. Then he was obliged to join his regiment, which was ordered abroad.

One effect of the conquest which the General had gained over the affections of the village, was a considerable abatement of the popular prejudice against “the military.” Indeed the village was now somewhat importantly represented in the army. There was the General himself, and the Postman, and the Black Captain's tablet in the church, and Jackanapes, and Tony Johnson, and a Trumpeter.

Tony Johnson had no more natural taste for fighting than for riding, but he was as devoted as ever to Jackanapes, and that was how it came about that Mr. Johnson bought him a commission in the same cavalry regiment that the General's grandson (whose commission had been given him by the Iron Duke) was in, and that he was quite content to be the butt of the mess where Jackanapes was the hero; and

that when Jackanapes wrote home to Miss Jessamine, Tony wrote with the same purpose to his mother; namely, to demand her congratulations that they were on active service at last, and were ordered to the front. And he added a postscript to the effect that she could have no idea how popular Jackanapes was, nor how splendidly he rode the wonderful red charger, whom he had called after his old friend Lollo.

* * * * *

“Sound Retire!”

A Boy Trumpeter, grave with the weight of responsibilities and accoutrements beyond his years, and stained, so that his own mother would not have known him, with the sweat and dust of battle, did as he was bid; and then pushing his trumpet pettishly aside, adjusted his weary legs for the hundredth time to the horse which was a world too big for him, and muttering, “Taint a pretty tune,” tried to see something of this, his first engagement, before it came to an end.

Being literally in the thick of it, he could hardly have seen less or known less of what happened in that particular skirmish if he had been at home in England. For many good reasons; including dust and smoke, and that what attention he dared distract from his commanding officer was pretty well absorbed by keeping his hard-mouthed troop-horse in hand, under pain of execration by his neighbours in the *melée*. By-and-by, when the newspapers came out, if he could get a look at one before it was thumbed to bits, he would learn that the enemy had appeared from ambush in overwhelming numbers, and that orders had been given to fall back, which was done slowly and in good order, the men fighting as they retired.

Born and bred on the Goose Green, the youngest of Mr. Johnson's gardener's numerous offspring, the boy had given his family “no peace” till they let him “go for a soldier” with Master Tony and Master Jackanapes. They consented at last, with more tears than they shed when an elder son was sent to gaol for poaching, and the boy was perfectly happy in his life, and full of *esprit de corps*. It was this which had been wounded by having to sound retreat for “the young gentlemen's regiment,” the first time he served with it before the enemy, and he was also harassed by having completely lost sight of Master Tony. There had been some hard fighting before the backward movement began, and he had caught sight of him once, but not

since. On the other hand, all the pulses of his village pride had been stirred by one or two visions of Master Jackanapes whirling about on his wonderful horse. He had been easy to distinguish, since an eccentric blow had bared his head without hurting it, for his close golden mop of hair gleamed in the hot sunshine as brightly as the steel of the sword flashing round it.

Of the missiles that fell pretty thickly, the Boy Trumpeter did not take much notice. First, one can't attend to everything, and his hands were full. Secondly, one gets used to anything. Thirdly, experience soon teaches one, in spite of proverbs, how very few bullets find their billet. Far more unnerving is the mere suspicion of fear or even of anxiety in the human mass around you. The Boy was beginning to wonder if there were any dark reason for the increasing pressure, and whether they would be allowed to move back more quietly, when the smoke in front lifted for a moment, and he could see the plain, and the enemy's line some two hundred yards away.

And across the plain between them, he saw Master Jackanapes galloping alone at the top of Lollo's speed, their faces to the enemy, his golden head at Lollo's ear.

But at this moment noise and smoke seemed to burst out on every side, the officer shouted to him to sound retire, and between trumpeting and bumping about on his horse, he saw and heard no more of the incidents of his first battle.

Tony Johnson was always unlucky with horses, from the days of the giddy-go-round onwards. On that day—of all days in the year—his own horse was on the sick list, and he had to ride an inferior, ill-conditioned beast, and fell off that, at the very moment when it was a matter of life or death to be able to ride away. The horse fell on him, but struggled up again, and Tony managed to keep hold of it. It was in trying to remount that he discovered, by helplessness and anguish that one of his legs was crushed and broken, and that no feat of which he was master would get him into his saddle. Not able even to stand alone, awkwardly, agonizingly unable to mount his restive horse, his life was yet so strong within him! And on one side of him rolled the dust and smoke-cloud of his advancing foes, and on the other, that which covered his retreating friends.

He turned one piteous gaze after them, with a bitter twinge, not

of reproach, but of loneliness; and then, dragging himself up by the side of his horse, he turned the other way and drew out his pistol, and waited for the end. Whether he waited seconds or minutes he never knew, before some one gripped him by the arm.

"*Jackanapes! God bless you! It's my left leg. If you could get me on——*"

It was like Tony's luck that his pistol went off at his horse's tail, and made it plunge; but Jackanapes threw him across the saddle.

"Hold on anyhow, and stick your spur in. I'll lead him. Keep your head down, they're firing high."

And Jackanapes laid his head down—to Lollo's ear.

It was when they were fairly off, that a sudden upspringing of the enemy in all directions had made it necessary to change the gradual retirement of our force into as rapid a retreat as possible. And when Jackanapes became aware of this, and felt the lagging and swerving of Tony's horse, he began to wish he had thrown his friend across his own saddle, and left their lives to Lollo.

When Tony became aware of it, several things came into his head.

1. That the dangers of their race for life were now more than doubled.
2. That if Jackanapes and Lollo were not burdened with him they would undoubtedly escape.
3. That Jackanapes' life was infinitely valuable, and his—Tony's—was not.
4. That this—if he could seize it—was the supremest of all the moments in which he had tried to assume the virtues which Jackanapes had by nature; and that if he could be courageous and unselfish now——

He caught at his own reins and spoke very loud——

"*Jackanapes! It won't do. You and Lollo must go on. Tell the fellows I gave you back to them, with all my heart. Jackanapes, if you love me, leave me!*"

There was a daffodil light over the evening sky in front of them, and it shone strangely on Jackanapes' hair and face. He turned with an odd look in his eyes that a vainer man than Tony Johnson might have taken for brotherly pride. Then he shook his mop, and laughed at him.

"*Leave you? To save my skin? No, Tony, not to save my soul!*"

THE MAJOR AND THE SURGEON—IN HORÂ MORTIS.

Coming out of a hospital-tent, at headquarters, the surgeon cannoned against, and rebounded from, another officer; a sallow man, not young, with a face worn more by ungentle experiences than by age; with weary eyes that kept their own counsel, iron-grey hair, and a moustache that was as if a raven had laid its wing across his lips and sealed them.

"Well?"

"Beg pardon, Major. Didn't see you. Oh, compound fracture and bruises, but it's all right. He'll pull through."

"Thank God."

It was probably an involuntary expression, for prayer and praise were not much in the Major's line, as a jerk of the surgeon's head would have betrayed to an observer. He was a bright little man, with his feelings showing all over him, but with gallantry and contempt of death enough for both sides of his profession; who took a cool head, a white handkerchief and a case of instruments, where other men went hot-blooded with weapons, and who was the biggest gossip, male or female, of the regiment. Not even the Major's taciturnity daunted him.

"Didn't think he'd as much pluck about him as he has. He'll do all right if he doesn't fret himself into a fever about poor Jackanapes."

"Whom are you talking about?" asked the Major hoarsely.

"Young Johnson. He——"

"What about Jackanapes?"

"Don't you know? Sad business. Rode back for Johnson, and brought him in; but, monstrous ill-luck, hit as they rode. Left lung——"

"Will he recover?"

"No. Sad business. What a frame—what limbs—what health—and what good looks! Finest young fellow——"

"Where is he?"

"In his own tent," said the surgeon sadly.

The Major wheeled and left him.

* * * * *

"Can I do anything else for you?"

"Nothing, thank you. Except—Major! I wish I could get you to appreciate Johnson."

"This is not an easy moment, Jackanapes."

"Let me tell you, sir—he never will—that if he could have driven me from him, he would be lying yonder at this moment, and I should be safe and sound."

The Major laid his hand over his mouth, as if to keep back a wish he would have been ashamed to utter.

"I've known old Tony from a child. He's a fool on impulse, a good man and a gentleman in principle. And he acts on principle, which it's not every—some water, please! Thank you, sir. It's very hot, and yet one's feet get uncommonly cold. Oh, thank you, thank you. He's no fire-eater, but he has a trained conscience and a tender heart, and he'll do his duty when a braver and more selfish man might fail you. But he wants encouragement; and when I'm gone——"

"He shall have encouragement. You have my word for it. Can I do nothing else?"

"Yes, Major. A favour."

"Thank you, Jackanapes."

"Be Lollo's master, and love him as well as you can. He's used to it."

"Wouldn't you rather Johnson had him?"

The blue eyes twinkled in spite of mortal pain.

"Tony *rides* on principle, Major. His legs are bolsters, and will be to the end of the chapter. I couldn't insult dear Lollo, but if you don't care——"

"Whilst I live—which will be longer than I desire or deserve—Lollo shall want nothing, but—you. I have too little tenderness for—my dear boy, you're faint. Can you spare me for a moment?"

"No, stay—Major!"

"What? What?"

"My head drifts so—if you wouldn't mind."

"Yes! Yes!"

"Say a prayer by me. Out loud please, I am getting deaf."

"My dearest Jackanapes—my dear boy——"

"One of the Church Prayers—Parade Service, you know——"

"I see. But the fact is, God forgive me, Jackanapes—I'm a very

different sort of fellow to some of you youngsters. Look here, let me fetch——”

But Jackanapes' hand was in his, and it wouldn't let go.

There was a brief and bitter silence.

“'Pon my soul I can only remember the little one at the end.”

“Please,” whispered Jackanapes.

Pressed by the conviction that what little he could do it was his duty to do, the Major—kneeling—bared his head, and spoke loudly, clearly, and very reverently—

“The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ——”

Jackanapes moved his left hand to his right one, which still held the Major's—

“—The love of God.”

And with that—Jackanapes died.

HOW THE COBBLER TOOK IT—HOW MISS JESSAMINE TOOK IT—LIFE LOST AND SAVED—THE GOOSE GREEN NOW—THE MILITARY ONCE MORE—A RELIC—AT EVENTIDE THERE SHALL BE LIGHT—QUO FAS ET GLORIA DUCUNT.

JACKANAPES' death was sad news for the Goose Green, a sorrow just qualified by honourable pride in his gallantry and devotion. Only the cobbler dissented, but that was his way. He said he saw nothing in it but foolhardiness and vainglory. They might both have been killed, as easy as not, and then where would ye have been? A man's life was a man's life, and one life was as good as another. No one would catch him throwing his away. And, for that matter, Mrs. Johnson could spare a child a great deal better than Miss Jessamine.

But the parson preached Jackanapes' funeral sermon on the text, “Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it;” and all the village went and wept to hear him.

Nor did Miss Jessamine see her loss from the cobbler's point of view. On the contrary, Mrs. Johnson said she never to her dying day should forget how, when she went to condole with her, the old lady came forward, with gentlewomanly self-control, and kissed her, and thanked God that her dear nephew's effort had been blessed with

success, and that this sad war had made no gap in her friend's large and happy home circle.

"But she's a noble, unselfish woman," sobbed Mrs. Johnson, "and she taught Jackanapes to be the same, and that's how it is that my Tony has been spared to me. And it must be sheer goodness in Miss Jessamine, for what can she know of a mother's feelings? And I'm sure most people seem to think that if you've a large family you don't know one from another any more than they do, and that a lot of children are like a lot of store-apples, if one's taken it won't be missed."

Lollo—the first Lollo, the Gipsy's Lollo—very aged, draws Miss Jessamine's bath-chair slowly up and down the Goose Green in the sunshine.

The ex-postman walks beside him, which Lollo tolerates to the level of his shoulder. If the postman advances any nearer to his head, Lollo quickens his pace, and were the postman to persist in the injudicious attempt, there is, as Miss Jessamine says, no knowing what might happen.

In the opinion of the Goose Green, Miss Jessamine has borne her troubles "wonderfully." Indeed, to-day, some of the less delicate and less intimate of those who see everything from the upper windows, say (well behind her back) that "the old lady seems quite lively with her military beaux again."

The meaning of this is, that Captain Johnson is leaning over one side of her chair, whilst by the other bends a brother officer who is staying with him, and who has manifested an extraordinary interest in Lollo. He bends lower and lower, and Miss Jessamine calls to the postman to request Lollo to be kind enough to stop, whilst she is fumbling for something which always hangs by her side, and has got entangled with her spectacles.

It is a twopenny trumpet, bought years ago in the village fair, and over it she and Captain Johnson tell, as best they can, between them, the story of Jackanapes' ride across the Goose Green; and how he won Lollo—the Gipsy's Lollo—the racer Lollo—dear Lollo—faithful Lollo—Lollo the never vanquished—Lollo the tender servant of his old mistress. And Lollo's ears twitch at every mention of his name.

Their hearer does not speak, but he never moves his eyes from the

trumpet, and when the tale is told, he lifts Miss Jessamine's hand and presses his heavy black moustache in silence to her trembling fingers.

The sun, setting gently to his rest, embroiders the sombre foliage of the oak-tree with threads of gold. The Grey Goose is sensible of an atmosphere of repose, and puts up one leg for the night. The grass glows with a more vivid green, and, in answer to a ringing call from Tony, his sisters, fluttering over the daisies in pale-hued muslins, come out of their ever-open door, like pretty pigeons from a dovecote.

And, if the good gossips' eyes do not deceive them, all the Miss Johnsons, and both the officers, go wandering off into the lanes, where bryony wreaths still twine about the brambles.

* * * * *

A sorrowful story, and ending badly?

Nay, Jackanapes, for the End is not yet.

A life wasted that might have been useful?

Men who have died for men, in all ages, forgive the thought!

There is a heritage of heroic example and noble obligation, not reckoned in the Wealth of Nations, but essential to a nation's life; the contempt of which, in any people, may, not slowly, mean even its commercial fall.

Very sweet are the uses of prosperity, the harvests of peace and progress, the fostering sunshine of health and happiness, and length of days in the land.

But there be things—oh, sons of what has deserved the name of Great Britain, forget it not!—"the good of" which and "the use of" which are beyond all calculation of worldly goods and earthly uses: things such as Love, and Honour, and the Soul of Man, which cannot be bought with a price, and which do not die with death. And they, who would fain live happily EVER after, should not leave these things out of the lessons of their lives.

J. H. E.



ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.

A Sketch. By Lady Lamb.

DO not think that the character of the lady generally known as "Bess of Hardwick" is as agreeable a one as I might have chosen for this paper, but on referring to a foregoing article on Arabella Stuart, I see that I have promised to give some account of the maternal grandmother under whose care she passed many if not most of her childish years. The disposition of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, is too much characterised by ambition and an imperious, despotic temper, to be one that awakes much sympathy; a thoroughly self-reliant woman, and one with not only the will but the capability of management, hers is a character which, from several points of view, is almost repellant in its masculine force, did not, by its very contrast, the tender love she bore to her little grandchild shine out as one of the few qualities which redeemed her life from the stigma of uninterrupted self-seeking aggrandisement.

Having given the reason which has induced me to select Elizabeth of Shrewsbury as the subject of this sketch, I must ask my readers to let me take them with me into Derbyshire, and bid them come through the pleasant parks and woods of Hardwick, and, looking on the ivy-mantled ruin which stands a short distance nearer to us than the "New Hall," imagine this pile of grey silent stones filled with busy life and peopled with numerous inmates, and the site on which stands the princely new building still covered with soft green sward and beautiful with the spreading branches of the stately oaks, in whose leafy shade nestles, cherishing her fledglings, many a blackbird and thrush, while her mate sings sweet love-songs in her ear from a neighbouring bough, and children of all ages play hide-and-seek among the bushes and behind the trees, waking the echoes with their joyous laughter and merry voices.

Hardwick Hall, in the days when old folks had hardly got used to writing, 1500, was inhabited by a country gentleman of ancient family, named John Hardwick; and here he, with his wife and all their children, lived year in and year out. Mistress Hardwick was also a

native of Derbyshire, and coming as she did from Loasland, all her family thus being within easy reach, there was no incentive to travelling; especially when we stop to think of the bad roads and cumbersome uncomfortable means of locomotion which were the fashion at this date; so she, like a wise woman, contented herself with attainable objects, looked after her household and family, and left the desire for town frivolities to those who could command them. The cares of housekeeping meant something in those days too, when each good manager prided herself on her "confections," and personally superintended the bakery, kitchen, and all the separate departments of the little government over which she ruled absolutely. Then there were the children to be thought of; and the girls to be brought up so as to finally develop into notable wives and mothers. They must be taught all the household economies, and by partaking in them, show themselves worthy pupils of their mother. They were somewhat awkward at first, doubtless, but, with a little good will, and an inexhaustible stock of patience, great things may be brought about; "witness Bess," Mistress Hardwick would say, with pardonable pride, as she reviewed her little band of recruits, and saw her daughter Elizabeth stirring up some wondrous confection over the fire. Of all her mother's pupils, Bess was the most promising; none so quick as she to grasp an idea or detect a fault; her bright hazel eyes took in every detail of the cooking, herb-drying, baking, and brewing, that went on in the busy colony around her, while her little white hands weighed with the utmost exactitude the necessary condiments used therein. Bess, now thirteen, was her mother's chief assistant, and kept all in such good order, though without "superflueté" or waste of any kind, that whatever department came under her rule was well and comfortably managed.

John Hardwick, though he seems to have had an income amply sufficient to keep an excellent establishment at the Hall, yet was not a wealthy man, since we read that his daughters had to look to their comeliness, and reputation as clever housekeepers, for their favour in the eyes of wife-seeking bachelors, as their dowry was to be the very small one of forty marks, or less than twenty-seven pounds apiece.

When Bess was fourteen an invitation came from a relative asking her to spend some time in London; this was indeed a piece of good luck, and I am afraid the manchets and conserves suffered somewhat on

the day this treat was first mentioned to her. Lady Zouche was a rich and influential person, and a visit to her house must have meant to any young girl a jump into a terrestrial paradise, but to Elizabeth, a country maiden who had never seen the great city, to be chaperoned about and go to solemn festivities under the wing of such a patroness was the height of glory; so forthwith all possible preparations were made, and behold Mistress Bess triumphantly proceeding to London where a warm reception awaited her from the great town-lady, whose heart was made young again in seeing the keen enjoyment with which her little country cousin entered into everything. By degrees, however, the ideas of Mistress Bess expanded, and she began to think seriously that her present position ought to be only the introduction to an existence of happy luxury: moreover, the identical individual through whom she could attain wealth and position was in the very house with her, in the presence of a young gentleman from her own county of Derbyshire, named Robert Barlow. But Mr. Barlow was ill, and therefore could not join in those gaieties which made Bess's life in town one of enchantment; he was confined to his chamber, and spent in dreary solitude the hours she devoted to amusement. This would not forward Bess's views, so with a deep sigh and many a reluctant thought of what she was giving up, she determined to cheer the lonely days of the wealthy invalid. Mistress Bess was a girl to carry out her decisions, so we next find her assuming the duties of nurse, and establishing herself as an authority in the sick-room; with improved health, gratitude visited the heart of the interesting patient, and he made an offer of his hand and possessions to our heroine, whose consent was soon obtained. Mr. Barlow made a settlement by which the whole of his estates were secured to her, and Bess Hardwick became Elizabeth Barlow, and returned to Derbyshire very different in appointments and equipages from the young girl who had with a slenderly stocked wardrobe set forth so short a time since for the good town of London. Bess's married life was not to last long, for early in 1588 Robert Barlow died, leaving his wife young and wealthy, and a good prize for matrimonial speculators. But canny Bess had no idea of abandoning her liberty without getting an equivalent, and for this she patiently waited fourteen years, at the end of which time she married, as his third wife, Sir William Cavendish, who, though full twenty years older than his bride, pos-

essed the qualities, charming in her eyes, of title and wealth. This fortune by the way Bess thought might as well be added to that already hers through Robert Barlow's gift, and the new husband being of an easy and generous disposition, she had no difficulty in securing all his property. In Derbyshire now she became one of the most important dames, and we find the names of many great personages among those invited to the baptisms of her eight children. Wealthy and ambitious, it was at this time that Elizabeth's passion for building first manifested itself; not content with the houses and lands already in her possession, she determined to leave a memorial of her presence in Derbyshire, and inducing her husband to purchase a property known as "Chattesworthes," began to erect a mansion to which the present palace is the successor. Sir William, however, her "well-beloved" husband, was called away from this world before Bess could complete her new house, and though she professed some grief at his loss, still the building progressed as though his words of praise failed not; and as time went on, his fair widow allowed her susceptible heart to receive consolation from the flattering attentions of a handsome "Captain of the Guard" to Queen Elizabeth.

Before long this gallant soldier laid himself and his possessions at her feet, and now we must greet our heroine as Lady St. Loe. No such idea as disinterested love entered her mind on the occasion of this marriage, any more than it had done during the preceding ones, and we find that before she would consent to take his name, the bride-elect had exacted that all St. Loe's fair Gloucestershire lordships should be conferred on her, which rather than lose her promise to marry him, St. Loe agreed to, though he thereby disinherited the children of his former marriage. Again death came to disturb the conjugal happiness of Lady St. Loe, and now again we see her in garments of woe, and mourning the loss of her third helpmate. Surely fortune had smiled upon the almost penniless daughter of John Hardwick; she had by the deaths of her father and brothers inherited a large portion of the Hardwick property; as we have seen, Robert Barlow had left her all his estates; from Sir William Cavendish she gained large fortune and lands; and now again, from St. Loe came another addition to her already extensive possessions. Left a widow for the third time at the age of fifty, we might well imagine that all desire of forming new ties was gone, and

that Lady St. Loe might have administered her large properties for the good of her six surviving children, whose interest she had always so well guarded, and for whom she had the sort of fierce affection a tigress may feel for her young. She had annexed all the lands and moneys which her several husbands had possessed, and they were all to become the property of the young Cavendishes. I will now mention these sons and daughters by name, as also the positions they attained, in order to avoid future confusion: Henry, the eldest son, died without leaving children; William, who became first Earl of Devonshire; and Sir Charles Cavendish, ancestor of the Duke of Newcastle. Her three daughters were: Frances, married to Sir Henry Pierrepont, ancestor of the Dukes of Kingston; Elizabeth (her favourite), married to Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, brother of Lord Darnley, and whose daughter was Arabella Stuart; Mary, the third daughter, married Gilbert Talbot, and became Countess of Shrewsbury.

Elizabeth St. Loe, at fifty, "had not survived her charms of wit and beauty;" she had taken her place at Court, and was intimate with the greatest noblesse in the land; add to this, the fact that she had well-farmed her large possessions, bought and sold estates, built mansions and done much business, "with selling lead, coals, and timber," and it is evident that Lady St. Loe must have been one of the wealthiest widows in England, and no bad match from any point of consideration.

Among her neighbours, and therefore likely to have a good notion of all her charms, both matrimonial and sentimental, was George, Earl of Shrewsbury; like herself, no longer young, and also like herself the possessor of vast riches, this noble was the man of all others who might most fitly realise all Lady St. Loe's visions of ambitious aggrandisement for herself and her children; the Earl was a widower, independent, powerful and magnificent, with sons and daughters who would make first-rate alliances for the young Cavendishes. When the widow had duly considered all these advantages, she determined to avail herself of them; fascinating as ever, the syren had but to will it, and the proud Earl bent before her and presently offered himself and all his unentailed property, everything in fact he had to offer, could he only persuade the widow to become Countess of Shrewsbury; but, though this was a portion of her programme, it was only a portion, and she meant to have her views carried out entirely; so

she hesitated, and then, when she had made her suitor thoroughly uncomfortable, imposed her conditions, which were as follows: first, a splendid fortune was to be settled on herself; secondly, she insisted that her son, Henry Cavendish, should marry the Lady Grace Talbot, the Earl's daughter; and thirdly, that her daughter, Mary Cavendish, should espouse the Earl's heir, Gilbert. In an "evil day and an hour of woe," the infatuated Earl agreed to these conditions, and considered himself the happiest man alive, when, amid great pomp and magnificence, the marriage-service was performed.

It was at this time that Mary Stuart came to England to throw herself on the scant mercy of her "good sister" Queen Elizabeth, and now we find a letter from the Earl to his new-made Countess, full of eagerness for the honour of guarding the unfortunate Queen of Scots. When the queen consented to this wardship it was because, though suspicious to the extreme of all around her, she believed implicitly in the unshaken integrity of the Earl; there was, as we all know, a very strong party in favour of her rival, who were ready to attempt any daring adventure for her sake, and aid from abroad once obtained, the virgin sovereign might have found it a hard matter to keep herself on a throne from the succession to which a sentence of illegitimacy had once nearly debarred her. The Earl soon began to find that being jailor to a queen was but a barren honour, for he was hurried about at his liege lady's will, surrounded by spies and plots; the jealousy of his Countess was aroused, and his domestic peace utterly destroyed. From Sheffield many letters are written by both the Earl and his wife, showing the constant and strict guard they were obliged to keep over their captive, and the great inconvenience to which they were put from the irregular payments of the sums allowed for the maintenance of "the lady Marye."

Now it was that a marriage took place which gave great annoyance to Queen Elizabeth and threatened to divert the run of her favour from the House of Shrewsbury for many a long day. The aged Countess of Lennox, the mother of the murdered Darnley, was travelling northwards with her son, when Lady Shrewsbury, hearing they would pass near her house at Rufford, sent to offer them hospitality; and this proposal was so pressing and the preparations for their entertainment so great, that, as the aged Countess said, "they must accept for very courtesy."

None, or at all events very few of Lady Shrewsbury's deeds were without a motive, and for the one which urged her to invite the Countess of Lennox and her son to Rufford, we need not search far, when we find that there was still an unmarried daughter in the household of our ambitious heroine, in the person of her favourite daughter, Elizabeth Cavendish. This girl, young, gentle, affectionate, and needless to say completely under the sway of her mother, was easily tutored in her part, and forthwith, as in everything else which the Countess desired, we see this new plan progressing without let or hindrance towards a successful end. The young Earl of Lennox fell under the spell, and almost before we realise the fact of the arrival of these unexpected guests at Rufford Abbey, we find that the young Elizabeth Cavendish has taken, "for better for worse," the connexion of her step-father's prisoner. News of this marriage quickly reached the Queen's ears, and as speedily followed the message of her wrath in a summons for the newly-married pair and the two mothers to go up to Town. By slow stages the dismal little party proceeded to the metropolis to encounter the effects of Her Majesty's wrath; when they arrived, they first went to the Countess of Lennox's house at Hackney, but since Elizabeth had summoned them to London for no pleasant sojourn, both the Countesses of Lennox and Shrewsbury were quickly removed to the Tower, to seek repentance for their ill-advised matrimonial speculation in its gloomy apartments. All the Earl of Shrewsbury's powers of entreaty and persuasion were now taxed to their utmost to procure the release of his "dere wyfe," and many and anxious were the letters he penned to Leicester, Burghley, and the Queen herself, in behalf of his Countess. At length, after a long trial and a miserable time of impatience and disappointed ambition to our heroine, she and the Countess of Lennox were permitted to leave their cheerless quarters; a feverish excitement had fretted her during the conclusion of her trial, and she lost not a moment in hastening to her favourite daughter at Hackney, who a few days previously had become the mother of the little girl afterwards the darling of her grandmother's heart as "my juyll Arbella." Not long was the Earl of Lennox to share the joy of seeing this last bud of his race expanding into bloom, for, be it from sickness or anxiety, in less than three years we have a letter from his widow to Lord Burghley speaking of her "late husband" and her "poore orphantht." The

domestic affairs of Lady Shrewsbury and her fourth husband seem to have been going on amicably, and in the letters extant from her to him, it is very pleasant to remark the loving tender allusions made by this ambitious hard-natured woman, whenever she has occasion to mention her little grandchild, who is always introduced by some sweet love-name as "my juyll," "my swete-harte." But this friendly feeling was destined to suffer such cruel blows that before many years were over, the Earl, who in the first days of their married life had thought no testimony of affection too great to show his appreciation of his Countess, came to regard with vindictive hatred the woman he had loved so well, and who by her arts and professions had contrived to wheedle him out of the possessions which, once in her hands, she with her usual greed refused to let him even share. Her expenses or rather outlay at this period must have been very great, as she was constantly employed with her "byldyngs" at Chatsworth, Oldootes, and Hardwick, which she was decorating with a royal magnificence. Her monogram E. S. appears on every possible piece of stone, wood, or tapestry; her initials form the conspicuous tracery of the stone parapet of the "new" Hardwick Hall, and the arms of Hardwick, Cavendish, and Shrewsbury, with shields enclosed in involved scrolls, testify to her wish to assert her identity in every imaginable manner.

Things were now going from bad to worse, as far as the affection between the Earl and his Countess was concerned; she, abandoning all regard for appearance and instigated by an insatiable avarice, took possession of lands and manors which he disputed, made claims to which he would not agree, and finally entangled herself and him in endless quarrels, which ended in the contentions of the law. Not satisfied with this, she estranged his son Gilbert from him, and altogether in every way made the weak old man recall with bitter grief the day when he had allowed himself to fall under the spell of her fascinations. Angry letters and endless recriminations followed thick and fast, and by degrees the whole family, father, mother, sons and daughters, became involved in a vindictive warfare one against the other; the execution of his unhappy ward also grieved and saddened Lord Shrewsbury terribly, and utter weariness of mind and sickness of body found him when the grim visitor Death called him, in 1590, ready and willing to shake himself free from the heart-breaking and overpowering troubles which had attended the last years of his life. For

seventeen years Elizabeth Shrewsbury survived the Earl, who, alas ! owed so many bitter hours to her ; she gave herself up to the two great passions of her life ; the educating, loving, and tending of her " little juyll Arbella," and the carrying into effect divers projects of " byldynge." The only other soft feeling of her heart died out when her favourite daughter Elizabeth Lennox was laid in her grave, and now, unloving and unloved, save by this little blossom of a royal stock, she passed the years of an old age which separated her from the end. The *furor* of building seemed insatiable ; some people say from a prophecy she had heard pronounced on herself, that when she could build no longer, she would die ; any way, she continued her " worke " with undiminished ardour until a hard frost, occurring in 1607, obliged all her army of workmen to suspend their operations. Then it was that the prediction was verified : " Elizabeth of Hardwick " could build no longer, and she died.

A grand monument had been erected under her auspices for her remains in the Church of All Saints at Derby, and here she was buried with a pomp and magnificence which, could she have known it, would have been well in accordance with the overweening ambition of her nature. I must not forget to mention the good works of Elizabeth of Shrewsbury ; more particularly do I feel bound to notice them, since I have been compelled to present her under some very unfavourable lights to my readers. The place of her final repose was much beautified under her auspices, a great part of the aisle on the south-side having been built by her for herself and her children, from whom she desired that not even the icy hand of Death should separate her. She also established a row of almshouses in Derby, which she endowed with funds for the support of twelve poor pensioners, who were to wear a livery and silver badge having the well-known " E. S." and a coronet above.

Bearing in mind as we cannot help doing, her arrogance and ambition, her avarice and self-assertion, let us rather linger with pleasure over the memory of her untiring love and devotion to her ill-fated grandchild, Arabella Stuart, than dwell with harsh judgment on the faults of " Bess of Hardwick."

L. M. C. LAMB.

WE AND THE WORLD.

By J. H. Ewing, Author of 'Jan of the Windmill,' &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse-top I see?
Is this the hill? Is this the Kirk?
Is this mine own countree?"

"We drifted o'er the harbour bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway."—*The Ancient Mariner.*



WHEN Alister joined us the first evening after we came back from poor Biddy, he was so deeply interested in hearing about her, that he would have gone with us the next morning, if he had not had business on hand. He had a funny sort of remorse for having misjudged her the day she befooled the sentry to get me off. Business connected with Biddy's death detained Dennis in Liverpool for a day or two, and as I had not given any warning of the date of my return to my people, I willingly stayed with him. My comrades had promised to go home with me before proceeding on their respective ways, but (in answer to the letter which announced his safe arrival in Liverpool) Alister got a message from his mother summoning him to Scotland at once on important family matters, and the shamrock fell to pieces sooner than we had intended. In the course of a few days, Dennis and I heard from our old comrade.

"The Braes of Buie.

"MY DEAR JACK AND DENNIS: I am home safe and sound, though not in time for the funeral, which (as partly consequent on the breaking of a tube in one engine, and a trifling damage to the wheels of a second that was attached, if ye understand me, with the purpose of rectifying the deficiencies of the first, the company being, in my humble judgment, unwisely thrifty in the matter of secondhand boilers) may be regarded as a Dispensation of Providence, and was in no degree looked upon by any member of the family as a wanting of

respect towards the memory of the deceased. With the sole and single exception of Miss Margaret MacCan tywhapple, a far-away cousin by marriage, who, though in good circumstances, and a very virtuous woman, may be said to have seen her best days, and is not what she was in her intellectual judgment, being afflicted with deafness and a species of palsy, besides other infirmities in her faculties. I misdoubt if I was wise in using my endeavours to make the peer body understand that I was at the other side of the world when my cousin was taken sick, all her response being, '*they aye say so.*' However, at long and last, she was brought to admit that the best of us may misjudge, and as we all have our faults, and hers are for the most part her misfortunes, I theld her imputations on my veracity in the consideration of her bodily infirmities.

"My dear mother, thank God, is in her usual, and overjoyed to see my face once more. She desires me to present her respects to both of you, with an old woman's blessing. I'm aware that it will be a matter of kindly satisfaction to you to learn that her old age is secured in carnal comforts through my father's cousin having left all his worldly gear for her support; that is, he left it to me, which is the same thing. Not without a testimony of respect of my father's memory, that all the gear of Scotland would be cheap to me by the side of; and a few words as to industry, energy, and the like, which, though far from being deserved on my part, sound—like voices out of the mist upon a mountain side—sweeter and weightier, it may be, than they deserve, when a body hears them, as ye may say, out of the grave.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and it's not for me to complain of the downbreak in the engines, seeing that in place of rushing past the coast, we just crawled along the top of these grand cliffs in the bonny sunshine, which hardly wakes a smile upon the stern faces of them, while the white foam breaks at no allowance about their feet. Many's the hour, Jack, I've lain on the moss, and looked down into a dark cove to watch the tide come in, and turn blue, and green, and tawny purple over the weeds and rocks, and fall back again to where the black crags sit in creamy surf with sea-birds on their shoulders. Eh! man, it's sweet to come home and see it all again; the folk standing at their doors, and bairns sitting on the dykes with flowers in their hands, and the waving barley-fields on the cliff tops

shining against the sea and sky, as lights and shades change their places over a woman's hair. There were some decent bodies in the train beside me, that thought I was daft, with my head out of the window, in an awful draught, at the serious risk of brow-ague, not to speak of coal smuts, which are horrid if ye get them in your eye. And not without reason did they think so, for I'll assure ye I would have been loth to swear whether it was spray or tears that made my cheeks so salt when I saw the bit herring-beats stealing away out into the blue mist, for all the world as if they were laddies leaving home to seek their fortunes, as it might be ourselves.

"But I'm taking up your time with havers about my own country, and I ask your pardon; though I'm not ashamed to say that, for what I've seen of the world—tropics and all—give me the north-east coast of Scotland!

"I am hoping, at your leisure, to hear that ye both reached home, and found all belonging to ye as ye could wish; and I'm thinking that if Dennis wrote in French, I might make it out, for I've come by an old French Dictionary that was my father's. GOD save the shamrock! Your affectionate friend,

"ALISTER AUCHTERLAY."

"I am ill at saying all that I feel, but I'll never forget."

Dennis and I tramped from Liverpool. Partly for the walk, and partly because we were nearly penniless. His system, as I told him, seemed to be to empty his pockets first, and to think about how he was to get along afterwards. However, it must be confessed that the number and the needs of the poor Irish we came across in connection with Biddy's death and its attendant ceremonies, were enough to be "the ruination" of a far less tender-hearted Paddy than Dennis O'Moore.

And so—a real sailor with a real bundle under my arm—I tramped Home.

Dennis had been a good comrade out in the world; but that was a trifle to the tact and sympathy he displayed when my mother and father and I were making fools of ourselves in each other's arms.

He saw everything, and he pretended he saw nothing. He picked up my father's spectacles, and waltzed with the dogs whilst the old gentleman was blowing his nose. When Martha broke down in hysterics (for which, it was not difficult to see, she would punish

herself and us later on, with sulking and sand paper), Dennis "brought her to" by an affectionate hugging, which, as she afterwards explained, seemed "that natteral" that she never realised its impropriety till it was twenty-four hours too late to remonstrate.

When my dear mother was calmer, and very anxious about our supper and beds, I ascertained from my father that the Woods were from home, and that Jem had gone down to the farm to sit for an hour or so with Charlie; so, pending the preparation of our fatted calf, Dennis and I went to bring both Jem and Charlie back for the night.

It was a dark, moonless night, only tempered by the reflections of furnace fires among the hills. Dennis thought they were northern lights. The lane was cool, and fresh, and damp, and full of autumn scents of fading leaves, and toadstools, and Herb Robert and late Meadow Sweet. And as we crossed the grass under the walnut-trees, I saw that the old schoolroom window was open to the evening air, and lighted from within.

I signalled silence to Dennis, and we crept up, as Jem and I had crept years ago to see the pale-faced relation hunting for the miser's will in the tea-caddy.

In the old arm-chair sat Charlie, propped with cushions. On one side of him Jem leant with elbows on the table, and on the other side sat Master Isaac, spectacles on nose.

The whole table was covered by a Map of the World, and Charlie's high, eager voice came clearly out into the night.

"Isaac and I have marked every step they've gone, Jem, but we don't think it would be lucky to make the back-mark over the Atlantic till they are quite safe Home."

"Jem!"

"Jack!"

When Jem released me and I looked round, Charlie was resting in Dennis O'Moore's arms and gazing up in his own odd, abrupt, searching way into the Irish boy's face.

"Isaac!" he half laughed, half sobbed: "Dennis is afraid of hurting this poor rickety body of mine. Come here, will you, and pinch me or pull my hair, that I may be sure it isn't all a dream!"

THE END.

TO THE WINDS.

SKETCH FROM NATURE.

1.



Ye winds that round my bower
 In wrath or revel blustering pour along,
 Breaking the stillness of the midnight hour
 With clarion song;

2.

How pleasant in mine ear,
 The measured cadence of your Organ swell,
 As aye, of life and strength your wild career
 Doth seem to tell!

3.

Yea—Carol in your might!
 When dreary darkness lingers round my bed,
 As oft from some fell vision of the night
 I wake in dread.

4.

Wild winds, methinks ye bring
 A message from a friend that loves me well,
 Bidding "Good cheer," and breaking as ye sing
 Some darkening spell.

5.

Thus to the heart in doubt,
 Ye breathe of freedom, while each guardian sleeps;
 Showing that Nature, the long night throughout,
 Her vigils keeps.

6.

Ye winds pursue your way,
 Driving the white clouds o'er the azure deep;
 While ever and anon, with fitful ray,
 Pale moonbeams peep.

7.

Yea—Whistle loud and high,
 And rock my lattice with your welcome breath;
 Night, Silence, Solitude, do prophecy
 Of naught save death!

H. S. E.

MOTHER MOLLY.

By the Author of 'The Rose Garden,' 'Through Rough Waters,' &c.

XX.

RETURN.

Let Gallia mourn! th' insulting foe,
Who sees by all the winds that blow
Her treasures wafted to the coast,
She insolently deem'd was lost.

* * * * *
Like her own oak, the forest's king,
Tho' Britain feel the blows around,
E'en from the steel's infictive sting
New force she gains, new scyons spring,
And flourish from the wound.—

(Ode for His Majesty's Birthday, 1779.

By W. Whitehead, Esq., Post Laureate.)

I stood breathless, immovable. Had it been all a dream? No other cry reached my ear, and yet I was sure I had heard one. I called again and again, and then, close under the rock, nearer than I had dared hope for, there came an answer—more than one answer—two, and three, in men's voices, some which seemed familiar, though I could scarce believe it.

"Which side?" cried some one. Was it Dick?

"Here, here!" I screamed. "Help! help Molly!"

I have thought since that the minutes when the help I called for was so near—and yet, as I dreaded, perhaps too late—were the worst of all. I longed to rush to the edge, to hasten them, to show exactly where we were, but I could not leave her, could not loose that slender hold upon life which seemed somehow to belong to the ivy rope. I spoke to her constantly, getting no answer, and called again, till my voice ended altogether for hoarseness. Once or twice a voice called back to me, and then suddenly I heard the breaking of branches, and the sound of hard breathing close by; some one was coming up with extraordinary quickness, so that I need not have cried to him, as I did, to hasten. The next moment he had swung himself up; a strange

figure with a white face, and clothes hanging in ribbons, and I saw, though my mind had no room for wonder or any thought but the one that filled it, that 'twas George Coplestone.



“Where?” he said, with almost a fierceness in the word.

I pointed downwards, and he flung himself on the ground with a groan, and stretched over, and cried out most bitterly, “Molly! my Molly!” The next instant he was up again and dragging a piece of

rope from his pocket. "Pray Heaven it may not be too short!" he muttered, and shouted again with all his force, "This way, Dick! Coombes! Quick, men!"

When Coombes came, having mounted by another way, and Dick close behind him, George was knotting the rope under his arms, and flung them the end without a word. I saw him going over, and the edge of the pit breaking away under his weight, and then I fell down on my knees and prayed, and I recollect no more.

It was the touch of cold water which brought me to my senses, and I opened my eyes to a dim sky, with a dull wonder where I was, and why Dick's face should be so near. My next impulse was to cry out for Molly.

"She is here, she is safe, Nan," said Dick with most eager tenderness. "Drink a little of this, dear. You are better, aren't you?"

For I believe, with both of us stretched side by side, the poor men hardly believed either would come to life again, and Dick was very grateful to me for doing it. Molly lay much longer. George had found her insensible, her hands still clutching the ivy, which I believe had helped to keep her motionless, slight though it was. How he got her up I have never been able to think, but now he was kneeling by her, his eyes riveted on her face with a dread which 'twould have gone to any one's heart to see. John Coombes was talking with emphatic slowness.

"Ef I'd thoft of their climmin' thiecy rock, I'd ha' putt a stop tu't. I heerd 'em tellin', but niver comed in my head as they'd go oop."

Nobody took any notice of him: we were all watching Molly. When, at length, she gave a little sigh and turned her head, the joy seemed as great as the anguish had been, and 'twould be hard to say more. But it was very slowly that her senses came back to her, and that she took in where she was, and who was bending over her; and even then she was so weak that I, for one, wondered how we should ever get her down the rock. George never hesitated any more than he had throughout. He fastened the rope to him again, and took her in his arms, and told her to shut her eyes, and then, with one look in her sweet face, he carried her down without a helping hand from any one. John Coombes, who knew the rock well, had the end of the

cord, and shouted to him just where to go, for the darkness made the holes more dangerous; and Dick and I got down together as we could, I having an odd trembling all about me which made me glad of a hand. There at the bottom was Harry standing, holding Jack, and George with Molly still in his arms, as if he could not bear to give her up.

What a strange ride home that was, in the dewy stillness of the evening: Molly and I on the old horse, and George and Dick on either side. 'Twas not so dark but that we could see all the sweep of the moor, dusky outlines stretching far away. Overhead the stars were beginning to shine out with a grave sweet radiance, and the fresh faint smell of heather and wild thyme came up from our feet, and there were happy hearts among us whose thankfulness was too deep for words.

I don't think till now that I had had any room in my mind for wonder that George and Dick should have come to us. Yet how wonderful 'twas!—and yet again, when Dick had explained it to me in a low voice, how simple! For it seemed that, whether from being drawn away by a hope of taking our fleet, or from not knowing fully how defenceless the town lay, or from the expectation of the stormy season when they would have no safe anchorage,—at any rate, from some merciful interposition of our God in our behalf, the French and Spanish ships had sailed away from Plymouth, and our admiral was watching them. Something had happened to the Invincible which needed repairs, and she had come into Plymouth for a few days, and Father gave George Coplestone a short leave to come up with Dick and fetch us back. Fine fun they had had, riding up a couple of old cart-horses, and thinking they could get a cart up at the farm! Just as they get there, they met John Coombes and Harry coming home earlier than usual; and when 'twas found we were not back, Jehn showed uneasiness about the tin-pits, saying he had never thought of our going up beyond just a little way. George took alarm at once, and would set off and take a piece of rope and some brandy with him, besides the pack-horse; and all the rest fell out as I have told it. But how merciful a Guidance 'twas which had led them there at that very moment, no words of mine can ever come near expressing.

And the knowing they had started took off some of grandfather's fear, which otherwise might have been too great for him. Betty per-

suaded him that the meeting and all the explanations would delay us, and boldly declared we should not be home till after dark, though in her own heart she was most uneasy. Harry, who had spoken but little, ran ahead of us to say that we were coming, and brought them out; and when George had lifted off Molly by the gate, she put her arms round grandfather's neck and clung to him, and I saw Dick hide his face against the horse's neck.

We got her to bed as quickly as we could, though she was like herself again, and would have it that I was the one to be cossetted. But once in the night a little noise awoke me, and there was Mother Molly kneeling at the window, and I caught in a whisper the words of the ninety-first Psalm.

The next day seemed one whirl from beginning to end; and when I think of it, I can think of little but Betty. She was here, there, and everywhere, in a state of wild excitement in going back to Plymouth, and wondering how Thirza and Izzy could get on without her. Dick and Harry were up early to get a cart, which they managed, though 'twas not such a convenient one as Mr. Andrews' waggon; and Betty dragged down all our things, and put them in, and took them out, and was always changing. The very first thing she settled this time was the fish-kettle, which had never had anything in it but Harry's adder from the time it came. As for Molly, George would have her to himself; and, indeed, though she said nothing ailed her, she did not look fit for hard work, and there were plenty of hands. The saddest in the house was little Izzy. She cried most bitterly, but at last we found a way to cheer her by promising that she and her mother should come in to Plymouth next month, and spend a fortnight with us, and this, with the prospect of the sea and the ships and the houses, quite put an end to her tears. Madge did her part in the comforting by what brought herself a sharp pang, the giving her her doll.

A week ago 'twould have cost me more to leave the moor and the wood and my stream. But Dewerstone Rock had taken away my present taste for adventures, so that I could not think of them without a shudder, and scarcely liked the others to be out of my sight. And then at Plymouth there was Father—a joy we had not dared to hope was possible. And I knew Mrs. Harty was longing for us, and I began to have a yearning to see the house again, and to be thankful not to

find it burnt. Polly seemed to know what was going on, for he chattered in the highest spirits, and when at last everything—Betty included—was got into the waggon, and John Coombes had actually given up half a day's work to see us off, and we had started three times, and three times stopped with screaming from Betty for things she had left behind, and little Izzy's hand had waved from her window, and a misty rain was sweeping down from the tors—Molly stretched out her arms to me and kissed me without a word. But I knew what she meant.

'Twas the happiest home-going! George and Dick walked the greater part of the way, and Harry and I a good deal. The first and softest touch of autumn had just reached the vales and woods, and the brightness of berry-time was in the hedges. Betty, whose mind had been a good deal depressed by the thought of how little she would find ready to her hand in the house—though we found when we got there that Mrs. Harty had cared for all that—was cheered by the great basket of blackberries we brought her, and by and by, when we reached Boringdon camp, and she could see far away Plymouth Sound glittering in a gleam of sunlight, and no foreign vessels lying there to threaten us, she wiped her eyes and said she was sorry to think what Loveday had proved herself, but that she made no doubt 'twould all turn out for the best.

And so the cart went rumbling and bumping down towards Loughtor Mill, where even grandfather walked, and George and Molly drew off together. Mother Molly had said but little all that day, but there was a marvellous shining sweetness in her eyes, which made it no wonder that George should look at them so often. We all looked, indeed, feeling as if she had been given back to us from the dead.

And now we had got to Plympton St. Mary, and thought how we had passed through it with the other flying people that night. Now the bells were ringing merrily, and all was changed. More changed yet was Plymouth, for there 'twas like a gala, and the streets that had been so full of panic were gay with flags, and all the town was rejoicing at its deliverance, so that there was quite a confusion of gladness to pass through before we could reach our own home; and that we found open and ready for us, Mrs. Harty's cook at the door, and the kitchen fire lit, and the windows open, and a nosegay of flowers on the sitting-room table. Not Father. It gave me a minute's

disappointment, but George had always said he could not be there, though he would come up in the evening when George went back to the ship. I wanted him first to go off directly, and then to take me, but he would do neither the one nor the other, and I knew Father could not bear for us girls to go on board. George Coplestone came in with us, and worked hard at unlading the waggon, and would not let Molly so much as put a hand to anything. Indeed, I thought he had grown too masterful, and told her so, but she only laughed.

I had meant, of course, to be the first to see Father. George went off at last, to my great delight, after stopping twice as long as was necessary, and I was down in the parlour with grandfather, where I could watch from the window, and be near the door. But I suppose that Dewerstone Rock had tired me more than I knew, and the driving in and all, for while grandfather was talking gently about all that had happened, I dropped off to sleep. For long afterwards my sleep was haunted by dreams of that awful pit and Molly, and they fell upon me now, but something stirred me to open my eyes, and there before me stood Father, with Mother Molly clinging to his arm, and both smiling at me, and in another moment my arms were round his neck.

"Why, my long Nan," he said, putting me from him, and looking, "you are grown out of all knowledge! And is this the way you keep watch? Fie, for shame!"

But he was only laughing. He could not get over the way I had shot up, perhaps owing to the kindly moor air which had strengthened us all. He came back, he said, to find two women in the house.

"And she has grown so thoughtful, Father," put in Molly, with eagerness.

Well, the delight of that evening comes back to me now with a freshness which sometimes startles me. He had so much to hear and see, and now one began and then another with their separate stories. It was Dick who told him about M. de Lantenac in a straightforward manly way which none could have helped admiring; for it cost him something to tell, and Father to hear, as one could see by the way he kept down his eyes and clenched his hand. Dick made so little excuse for himself, that no one would have understood the feeling for the French Count which ran through Plymouth, if Molly had not gently put in her word here and there, and repeated some of the things Mr.

Newman had said, and how his fascination had got hold of older men than Diok.

When the story was finished, Father said briefly that 'twas well for Plymouth and him—Father—too, that the Frenchman came to his end as he did; and then he would speak no more about it before us. But Dick went back with him that night to the ship, and they had a long talk.

As for our Dartmoor experiences, he first called Betty into the room and thanked her for her faithfulness, and made her a present. Betty's eyes overflowed, and, when she tried to speak, she choked herself so that her cheeks were crimson and the tears streaming down them, and she most uncomfortable between her feelings and her sufferings, and what does the parrot do but call out "Spake up, can't 'ee!" which was just what Betty herself used to say sometimes to Izzy, but very odd for him to bring out at that moment.

Father laughed a good deal to hear Harry's account of our adventures in the fog; and afterwards how he got pulled off the stones by a girl, which was a part he got through very quickly, and then we both talked as hard as we could about our mysterious stranger.

"Taller than you, Father."

"With a long beard?—Strong?"

"Oh, I should think so!"

"And grumpy?"

"No, now. Not a bit."

I said this so indignantly that Father pulled my hair, and said he had a mind to run up the next day and see for himself, and perhaps he should find he was one of his sailors who deserted a year or two ago. But I think he was pleased that we had not been frightened at him.

As for what we had gone through the day before—which seemed at least a week ago—we had not come yet to be able to talk about it. George had told all that he could, but Molly trembled and turned pale at the first allusion, and it seemed almost more than Father could bear. He had her close to his side, and now and then looked at her in a way which showed what thoughts were passing through his mind, and once hurriedly laid his hand on her head, as if to assure himself that he had her there, safe and sound.

. For himself, he had not so much to tell as he wished, so he said. It

had been trying work, beating about, all of them longing for a brush with the enemy, and yet kept back by orders. But they were hoping for better things, and he was anxious to have his repairs hastened so that they might get off after one more day. That was all, it seemed, we were to have of him; and it was very little, now that he was come. Molly was greatly pleased to hear the way Father spoke of George Coplestone—a good man and a brave officer, was what he called him, and it brought the colour back to her cheek more than I had yet seen it.

'Twas proposed the next day that we should go over to Mrs. Harty; but there came a message from her, that she meant to see us all together, and that nothing else would content her but to be brought to our house after dinner: such an event, that we could not make too much of it. And before that came, Mr. Boscawen, with his wig quite straight, and everything about him as dapper as could be, and a whole budget full of news of how this person and that had got through the panic, and how one family of his friends that were flying got upset in a quagmire, and another left a servant locked up in the house, which had to be broken into in order to have her out, and a third laded their coach so heavily that the springs broke, so that we seemed to have come off better than our neighbours. The person that Plymouth appeared most proud of was Mr. Bastard, who had been so prompt in calling out the volunteers.

One walk I had with Father, all by myself, after Mrs. Harty had been and gone. 'Twas Molly managed it for me, knowing, as she did, how I always enjoyed such a walk. This was like the old ones, and yet different; for he had my hand in his, and yet talked to me as he had never talked before. We went up through the Hoe Gate, so as to look down on the Sound, which was all white and grey with the strong wind that was blowing; and he put me against the wall, and we looked over and enjoyed it: I better than either, because I had not seen it for so long.

"Now," said Father, suddenly, "show me where Harry and you went over that night."

And he would go down the path and make me point out where we stood, and hear what M. de Lantenac had said, and how he read the letter, looking very stern all the while he listened to me. Then he put his hand on my shoulder and said, in a changed voice,—

"You and Harry were good children, Nan; if he had carried out

that letter to the enemy, I think 'twould have broken my heart. Dick is as fine a lad as ever was born, but it will take him a good while to learn not to trust every fair speaker; and you girls must stand by your brothers and help them, as Mother Molly has ever done, God bless her!"

He lifted his hat as he stood there, and looked up. The wind was blowing his hair, and there was a brightness like tears in his eyes.

As Mother Molly has ever done, God bless her!

* * * * *

Many good things came to her in after days, husband and children, and great love. But I used to think, when I looked at her, and I think now, when I go, as I often do, to the quiet little village churchyard where she rests with some of those most dear to her, that, of all these good things, Father's words must have been among the best. And I felt—not, I humbly hope, envy of her, but—an intense longing that some day such words might be said of me, and a shame which forced the tears into my eyes to think of the impatience which made it difficult for me to forbear, which makes it difficult, yes—even now, when others might think I had had time enough given me in which to learn life's lessons. Well, they think so, and I don't wonder: my slowness over the task has been a constant marvel to me, yet not half so great a marvel as that other—the infinite Love which has borne so much and waited so patiently!

In another way, perhaps, I am not like other people. It is a pleasure to me to look back upon old days, and to gather together little things which belong to them: odd little relics they are, which will puzzle those who one day will gaze at them without any key to their value. What will they say to bits of moss, and a few scarlet feathers, and the end of a letter of which the ink is yellow and faded and the words are only,—

“— of one who, believe me, dear sir, is always your devoted and obliged
RICHARD BLIGH.”

But perhaps what will seem most strange of all, and especially when they find 'tis to be laid with me in my coffin, is a long trail of withered ivy, brittle and brown with age, and knotted together in the most hasty fashion.

A feeble thing once to have made the link between life and death!

THE END.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF STAGNELIUS.

“**T**HE wild birds are flocking for flight to far lands,
 But they sigh as they travel from Gauthiod's strand;
 With the autumn wind mingles their sorrowing cry,
 What strange shores await us? which path do we try?
 'Tis thus to GOD murmur the birds as they fly.

“So happy we skimmed Scandinavia's heights,
 So sadly forsake we its whilhom delights,
 'Mid the flowers of the linden we hung our warm nest,
 Where the whispering breezes would rock us to rest;
 Now to countries unknown is our long flight address'd.

“With rosy crown circling her locks golden bright,
 In the sweet-scented wood sat fair Midsummer night;
 Though her smile was too lovely for sleep to come near,
 With delight we were speechless till day breaking clear
 Aroused us anew in its brilliant career.

“There pleasant trees cast on the hillocks their shade,
 With pearls was besprinkled the rose's sweet glade;
 Now bare are the oak-trees and faded the rose,
 And wild o'er the forest the Autumn wind blows,
 And the frost-flower white on the May meadow grows.

“Then why should we linger where shortens the day,
 And the sun becomes lost in the northerly grey?
 And why should we sorrow? we leave but a grave—
 To fly to a distance GOD wings to us gave—
 Then be thou propitious, O boisterous wave!”

So warbled the birds in their hurrying flight,
 In a lovelier country ere long they alight;
 There through boughs almond-laden soft summer airs blow,
 There myrtles cast shadows on streamlets below,
 And the songsters with hope and with joy overflow.

* * * * *

When troubles come o'er thee thou canst not control,
 When Autumn winds whistle, lament not, O soul;
 There smiles o'er the ocean for wild birds a strand,
 And for thee, past the gloom of the grave, lies a land,
 Illumed with perpetual morning's bright brand.

COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

All replies must be signed with initials, and sent to the EDITOR, 131, FINBOROUGH ROAD, SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON, by the 20th of October. Each set must be accompanied [by a separate paper giving full name and address, and stating whether the competitor is over or under 14 years of age. The marks will be published in December. It is also requested that care shall be taken to pay the full amount of postage, and that the replies, if written on more than one sheet, shall be fastened together.

QUESTIONS ON GEOLOGY.—OCTOBER.

1.  INTO what two types have the old red sandstone strata been classified? Give reasons for the classification.
2. What is the colouring matter of red sandstone rocks? How far does its presence account for the "dearth of calcareous matter characteristic of the old red sandstone?"
3. What is the lowest rock in which fossil vertebrata have been found?
4. Trace generally the succession of fossil animal forms in the earth's crust, estimating the value of the evidence of the rocks for or against the progressive development of species from lower to higher forms.
5. Compare the Devonian with the carboniferous flora, and examine the evidence of fossil floras generally bearing upon the question of the progressive development of plant species on the earth.
6. Describe the oldest fossil hitherto discovered.

The following are the marks obtained by competitors for answers to questions set in August.

The full number of marks in each class was 120.

Class I., over 14 years of age.

A. L. F., 88.
A. M. G., 117.
A. F. F., 101.

C. F. D., 112.
C. L. G., 84.
E. L., 112.

*E. C. E., 125.
E. E. S., 101.
E. E., 65.

* Five extra marks allowed.

E. B. C., 95.
 E. T. M., 120.
 E. M. P., 106.
 E. & B. B., 105.
 E. B. L., 103.
 G. F., 97.
 G. A. R. D., 105.
 J. H. & E. W., 113.
 K. M. B., 114.
 K. M. W., 115.
 K. M., 88.

L. S., 91.
 M. H., 115.
 M. A. P., 116.
 M. C., 110.
 M. M. S., 90.
 *M. D., 120.
 M. G., 96.
 M. I. M., 76.
 M. E. F., 73.
 M. H. G., 109.

M. E. P., 82.
 M. P. F., 120.
 M. M. D. S., 114.
 M. H. J., 75.
 M. L., 85.
 M. R., 74.
 M. F. V., 108.
 S. L. H., 115.
 T. A. A., 117.
 V. A. F. S., 86.

Class II., under 14 years of age.

C. V., 118.
 C. M. A., 116.

E. F., 107.
 E. M. P. B., 113.

G. P., 64.
 M. E. M., 112.

The following are credited with marks for July:—*M. D., 108. M. A. E., 86.
 E. B. L. is credited with 120 marks for January.

* Distinguished as in the April list.

FRENCH BOOKS FOR ENGLISH SCHOOLROOMS.



HE title of 'La Petite Duchesse' (Fleuriet, 5s.) suggests either a baby marriage, such as that of poor little Richard, son of Edward IV., with the still younger heiress of Anne Mowbray, or else another 'Countess Kate.' It is, however, only the story of a wilful damsel who rebels against the monotonous discipline of convent life, persuades a frivolous married sister to take her to live with her, and goes through various trials, pleasures, and sorrows, until of her own accord she decides that her school life was best after all, and returns to it of her own free will. It is prettily told, but scarcely worked out enough, especially the part which relates to the influence exerted on her (and the very disagreeable English children with whom she forms a doubtful friendship), by the soldier cousin who only returns to die. Much more natural, but surely too sad for a work of fiction, is the touching story by the same author, 'Une Parisienne sous la foudre.' (2s.) It cannot but be good to read of so pure

and loving a household as the one described so simply and charmingly in the first pages; with the excellent, beloved grandmother; the father, so loved and trusted, that even love troubles cannot shake his daughter's affection for him; the delightful mother, at first wrapped up in her family and her house in Alsace, so that she is, not selfish,

"Walled about with blessing is her lot,
 And dark winds howl without, and are forgot—"

until the miseries of the siege of Paris, and death and sorrow disperse all her happy dreams for ever. Of course the whole story is strongly told from the French point of view; no French writer in speaking of "the barbarities" of the Prussians, ever seems to remember the unutterably more cruel conduct of Napoleon's armies in Germany.

Mdme. Colomb has given another beautiful story in 'L'Héritière de Vauclain.' (5s.) She has a special gift of writing to young girls, and her characters are always life-like. This story has a faint resemblance to the 'Maison de Penarvan,' one

If Jules Sandeau's best tales, only it deals rather with the child than with the mother, as is natural in a story meant for young readers. 'Avec et sans dot' Etienne Marcel (2s.), is meant for both older readers and girls just growing up, and is thoroughly to be recommended. It is the story of a millionaire's daughter, and the sad doubts forced upon her that she is loved, not for herself, but for her dowry. The one man whom she feels she could trust and love holds back,

determined not to be confounded with the throng of fortune-hunters, and the speculations which swallow up her wealth come as a happy conclusion to the dilemma. French writers are too apt to lose all interest and spirit when they write for young readers, as if to be dull and moral must need go together, but happily works now constantly appear which solve this difficulty, and make us hopeful for the young generation for whom they are destined. M. R.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



ENQUIRIES are so often made for Homes where boys may be received and trained, that we willingly call our readers' attention to one which has been lately brought before our notice, the "Torquay Errand Boys' Association, and Orphan Home." The Errand Boys' Association we believe to be peculiar to Torquay, where after a ten years' trial, it has been found to succeed so well, and has proved itself so useful to both visitors and residents, that it may fairly claim the attention of other towns. We have not space here to give particulars of its working, but they would be readily furnished by *D. W. R. Buchanan, Esq., Hon. Sec., Errand Boys' Association, Cotenold, Torquay.* In connection with it, and under the same roof, has been opened an Orphan Home, into which boys may be received on a payment of 12l. per annum, being guaranteed by those who place them there. Twenty-three boys have been received into the Home since its commencement, and of these twelve have had situations provided for them, and eleven remain in the Home. There is accommodation at Cotenold for thirty. The Home is under the direction of a committee of gentlemen

and ladies, and the boys attend the Parish Church and Sunday School.

"A. M. S." will be glad to receive contributions of pictures from 'Punch' towards making scrap-books for the patients in the Men's wards of the London Hospital. The Hospital is one of the largest in London, containing 800 beds, and the scrap-books are very gratefully welcomed for the amusement of the patients. *Miss A. M. Scott, West Ham Vicarage, Stratford, London, E.*

'AUNT JUDY' has much pleasure in recommending two correspondence classes for instruction; the first in Latin, the second in Arithmetic. The Latin class is conducted by *Signor Guerrieri, Torquay.* Terms 1l. a year. (Signor Guerrieri has vacancies for a few members in his Italian class, mentioned before in our pages.) The Arithmetic class is conducted on the Cambridge system by *Miss Wilson, Daldowie, Torquay.* Terms moderate. Communications must contain a stamped and addressed envelope.

"An Anonymous Friend" has very kindly offered to give a small writing machine to any one who is really in need of such a thing, and cannot afford to buy one. It is suitable for the use of

a person whose eyesight is bad, and who has much writing to do; and to such a case the gift would be a great boon. All applications to be sent to the care of the *Editor, 131 Finborough Road, South Kensington, London.*

Votes for the October election to Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, are earnestly asked on behalf of Clara Prentice, aged 11 years, one of a family of ten children; the eldest child is under 16; the father is a coachman. Letters and enquiries to be addressed to *Lady Chichester, Arlington Court, Barnstaple, Devon.*

"M. F. J. P." is anxious to obtain orders for small round pincushions, painted on silk, 1s. 6d. each. The proceeds to be given to a Consumptive Hospital, and other charities. *Elford Rectory, Tamworth.*

"E. A. D." wishes to sell a white crocheted chair-back, beautifully made by a poor woman who is crippled from spine complaint, and unable to walk. The pattern is raised roses, and there is a deep fringe round the piece of work. Price 5s. *Shellingford Rectory, Farringdon, Berks.*

"Mary Peel" will be glad to receive coloured pictures and cards towards making a Scripture scrap-book for the children in Great Ormond Street Hospital. *Burghwallis Rectory, Doncaster.*

"A. Z." begs to state that the proposed Working Club for Hospitals will commence in October, and (in accordance with the suggestion last month) will be open to members of all ages; but in order that the younger members may have a fair chance of competing for prizes, it has been decided to award the prizes to three distinct classes: those over twenty years, over fifteen, and under fifteen. Further information can be had on sending a stamped and addressed envelope to *Miss A. Selby, Oak Cottage, Windsor.*

"A. J. S." will be glad to hear of an

Early Rising Society and a Practising Society that she can join. *Miss Selby, Oak Cottage, Windsor.*

"M. L." thinks that "Pudge and Budge" will find an Early Rising Society to suit them mentioned in the September No. of 'The Penny Post' (J. Parker & Sons). The members of this society are not allowed to rise later than 7 o'clock, unless prevented by illness. They pay a small subscription, and fines are imposed. The money is divided between prizes and a charity.

"Madcap May" wishes to hear of a MS. Magazine to which she can be admitted as a contributor, as soon as possible. Address, *Corriechoillie, Kingussie, Invernesshire, N. B.*

"Ge." will be glad to receive orders for dolls' clothes. Hats of coloured silk price 1d. upwards, according to size; crocheted hats and muffs 2d. each; striped hearth-rugs 2d. She offers packets containing 60 addresses at 2d.; and others with 8 crests and monograms at 1d. *Miss Ge. Selby, Oak Cottage, Windsor.*

"Edith J. C." asks where she can obtain wooden articles to paint upon; such as glove-boxes, fans, &c. Also what sort of varnish she ought to use when finishing her work? *Ravenoak, Cheadle, Hulme, Stockport.* 'AUNT JUDY' is sorry to be unable to answer "Edith's" questions, but thinks that the wooden articles are sure to be sold in such places as the cheap bazaars in London, Soho Bazaar in Baker Street, or the Lowther Arcade.

"E. M. A." offers silkworms' eggs at 2d. per 100. Address, *care of Mr. Ward, Huntingdon.*

"G. H. G." offers to sell 25 foreign postage-stamps for 8d. or to exchange them for an equal number of crests and monograms. Offers (with stamped envelope) to be sent to *Hucking Hill, Sittingbourne, Kent.*

"Eccerolf" will be glad if anyone can tell her how to treat a canary and a bullfinch, whose feathers are dropping off their heads apparently without cause. The birds are kept in large clean cages, have plenty of green food, and are not moulting. 'AUNT JUDY' advises "Eccerolf" to consult Beeton's excellent book on the 'Management of Cage Birds.'

"M. A. B" offers a copy of the 'Bric-a-Brac Schottische' in exchange for the 'Bric-a-Brac Polka.' A MS. copy of the latter not objected to. *The Ryes, Sudbury, Suffolk.*

"M. D. S." offers foreign stamps at 2d. per dozen; a copy of 'The History of Prince Perrytops,' by Louisa Knatchbull-Hugessen, for 2s. 6d.; a copy of 'The Flower of the Family' for 9d. *Miss M. D. Sewell, Manor House, Long Stratton, Norwich.*

"Mud Pie" must send an address, and be ready to pay for the postage of rules.

"Miss Tawney" offers to sell three white washing frocks for young children, trimmed with lace and ribbon. Further particulars can be had on application. Proceeds towards an organ fund. *Wroton, Banbury.*

"H." offers crests or books in exchange for coloured scraps (not cut out). *Miss H. M. Peel, Skipton-on-Swale, Thirsk.*

"R." wishes to hear of a Reading Society in which the members are only required to read for half an hour daily. Address, *Care of Miss H. Peel, as above.*

"A Uterpeian" offers fifty foreign stamps for forty others that she has not already got. A list can be had on application. *28 Gordon Square, London.*

"A Sandy Cat" will be glad to have a list of some good books on Nursing. Address care of the *Editor, 131 Finborough Road, South Kensington, London.*

"Dickie." The German song was written by a private of the German army during the war of 1870, and became very popular. 'AUNT JUDY' will try to send a copy of the words if you will forward a stamped envelope with your name and address to 131 *Finborough Road, South Kensington.*

"A Tabby Cat." The use of the sign in the places you mention is a remnant of an old custom, it is purely optional. In both cases it probably stands as a mark of reverence.

Quotation wanted:

"Lead me, she said, where love
Shows but one shaft, one dove,
One heart, one hand.
A shore like that, my dear,
Lies where no man would steer,
No maiden land."

Report of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Cots at the Hospital for Sick Children, 49 Great Ormond Street, London, September 12, 1879.

A new boy is in the 'AUNT JUDY' Cot, but there is nothing very interesting to say about him. "He lies still and grins," is the only description of his looks and ways that could be obtained for this Report.

Maggie, a three-year-old child, with a sweet voice and pretty smile, is the occupant of the other Cot. She is now just well enough to get up and lie on the comfortable couch which is in the middle of the Helena Ward.

Without mentioning any names, we shall give a short account of what was done lately by some young people in the country who are lovers of our Hospital. With the help of friends, they prepared a good number of useful and fancy articles, which were to be sold in a tent put up for the purpose in their father's grounds. The day was so wet, however, that the sale had to take place in the house, and a most successful one it was. Though the admission was only a penny, and the things were sold at

very reasonable prices, the amount realised was 45*l.*, and this handsome sum was sent off as a contribution to our Hospital funds. Our young friends acted themselves as the sales-people, and we can easily imagine how delighted they must have been to receive the eager purchasers, who came crowding in long after the hour which had been first thought of as the time for closing. The country place at which this happened is, we believe, quite a small one.

A lady, who is now out of town, has kindly arranged that during her absence her carriage should come to the Hospital two or three times a week, that some of our little patients might have the enjoyment of a drive. It is a most pleasant sight to see a party of four or five under a nurse's charge all ready to start, their pale faces beaming with delight; and it is no less interesting to witness the return, and hear the remarks upon all that has been seen. If the owner of the carriage keeps a book for her own "happy thoughts," this idea of drives for Hospital children should certainly be put down in capital letters.

Not long ago, the Hospital received a visit from the Grand-duchess of Baden, the daughter of the Emperor of Germany, who came by Miss Nightingale's recommendation to take any hints which might prove useful in the management of her own Children's Hospital at Baden. She came at an early morning hour, when the active work, which is, of course, never seen by afternoon visitors, was still going on, and was much pleased with the order and freshness of the wards. The glazed bricks of the walls were especially noticed and approved of by her, and even the caps of the nurses were remarked upon and admired.

The boy who shrinks from a sunbeam is still in the Hospital, a little better than he was. He can now sometimes walk without actually falling over a spot on the floor which is covered by a bright

ray of light, though you may see him give a great stagger the moment he is upon it.

The new "Abbot's Cliff Cot" ought to have been mentioned ere now. It is in the Victoria Ward, and the ranunculus and daffodil form the ornaments of its pretty label.

Contributions to the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' Account in Aid of the Building Fund, received to September 15, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
A Tabby Cat (quarterly) . . .	0	3	0
E. M. D. (two months) . . .	0	4	0
M. D. (two months) . . .	0	2	0
Maidenhair (monthly) . . .	0	1	0
Four Little Ripples (monthly) . . .	0	1	6
Hester (monthly) . . .	0	1	0
W. Hamilton Thompson, Edg-			
baston (monthly) . . .	0	1	0
May Barrows (monthly) . . .	0	1	0
F. V. E. V., in loving memory			
of "Meta," died 27th of			
September, 1870, aged 11			
years (annual) . . .	0	10	0
Mary and Florence (monthly)	0	0	6
A Sandy Cat (monthly) . . .	0	1	0
D. G. (for the Samaritan			
Fund) . . .	5	5	0
A Waddling Duck . . .	0	0	3
Mistress Mobbs . . .	0	0	6
Jack 1 <i>d.</i> , Bob 1 <i>d.</i> , Bill 1 <i>d.</i> . . .	0	0	3
Agnes . . .	1	0	0
Evelyn . . .	1	0	0
H. G. . .	0	1	0
"A Small Filibuster" . . .	0	0	4
Patty Parker . . .	0	0	3
Two School-girls . . .	0	0	6
4th October, J. H. E. . .	0	2	6
4th October, H. K. F. G. . .	0	2	6
Jacques-O!—Frère-O! . . .	0	1	0
Anonymous, a basket of toys.			
The Misses and Master Davy,			
a parcel of books and pic-			
tures.			
Anonymous, some magazines.			
E. F., a parcel of books.			



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